

A citizen of the United States has no excuse for not knowing the terms of elementary politics. The Federal Constitution is in his school-books. Mr. John Fiske's book on the "Civil Government of the United States" is the best of many manuals destined to make the subject intelligible, not only to the young voter, but to his little sister or his future wife. State Constitutions, too, are periodically revised, and their provisions discussed in detail in the Press. A Swiss child, at least in the Protestant Cantons, and, we believe, a French boy in an elementary school, has sound elementary teaching as to the outline of the Constitution of his country. The Swiss voter has his Dubs, and the Swiss politician his Blumer-Morel. Why should such blundering as Mr. Chamberlain's be possible in the parent land of modern free institutions? Our political system, with its unwritten Constitution, its legal fictions, its Constitutional understandings, its archaic text-books, is partly responsible. But why should not someone write a First Book on Political Science, for the use of schools and older students, stating the principles of English constitutional law, and giving some elementary definitions in politics and jurisprudence? Then we should not have an ex-Cabinet Minister hopelessly puzzled by the double meaning of the word "acts," or confusing an Executive—which does single actions in carrying a law into effect—with a Legislative, which issues general commands and is composed (in the States) of two legislative bodies and a governor. And it would probably be mentioned, by way of illustration, that in no country in the world have the Executive and the Legislative authorities been so carefully distinguished, or the legislative bodies made so subordinate a part of the latter authorities, as in the United States of America.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

EARLY this week it was remarked by a Swiss paper that almost every nation in Europe was in some stage or other of a Parliamentary crisis. France is still without a Ministry. In Prussia the Elementary Schools Bill has not yet emerged from the Committee of the Landtag to which it has been referred; but the amazing speech of the Emperor on Wednesday indicates that it is to be forced through at all costs, and without substantial alteration. If so the Emperor may come off second-best in the struggle. In Austria the upsetting of the compromise between the Germans and Czechs as to the division of Bohemia into language-districts may very likely introduce further complications into the situation in the Reichsrath; in Hungary the opening of the session has been marked by incidents showing that the obstructionist minority are determined to fight hard; in Italy the disturbances at the Universities, and the alarming condition of the unemployed, have given rise to rumours of impending Ministerial changes, and there has been a meeting of Ministerialists to consider the political situation; in Servia there is a split in the Ministerial majority; in Greece the Premier has averted danger by throwing over the report of his own Committee appointed last summer to formulate charges against M. Tricoupis; in Spain the Protectionists and the Anarchists between them are very likely to cause a Parliamentary battle, and a great deal besides; in Norway the Radical Ministry are in conflict with the King on a point of Constitutional procedure. In our own House of Commons the proceedings of Thursday week have impressed foreign opinion in a manner very unfavourable to the Government. But the two salient facts on the Continent since our last issue are the Papal Encyclical and the Ministerial crisis in France.

Of these, the former explains the latter. M. de Freycinet last week knew the substance of what the Pope had said, and this was the reason of his indecision. The Encyclical itself is a very remarkable document. Its political philosophy is specially curious. Briefly, it insists on the duty of Catholics to submit to any existing Government—that is, not to attempt to change its form. Governments depend on the conditions of their time, but their legislation is human and fallible, and it is the duty of Catholics to combat all anti-Christian legislation. But they must, for the safety of the Church, preserve the Concordat. Peace between Church and State is urgently needed, and the work of pacification will be carried on by the bishops.

The document has, of course, been very variously interpreted. While the *Temps* lauds its sound political philosophy, recalling Montesquieu rather than Bossuet, the Catholics, as in duty bound, accept it (verbally) as completely in accord with the Declaration of the Cardinal-Archbishops, and emphasise the duty incumbent on Catholics of combating anti-Christian legislation. The Radicals, on the other hand, treat it as the militant Catholics would if they dared. The *Radical* summarises it pithily thus: "You must accept the Republic, and fight against it with all your might." The *Paris* treats it as "merely a strategic manœuvre." The *Justice*, M. Clémenceau's organ, regards it as written to the order of M. Ribot. But to the unbiassed reader it is a counter-manifesto to that of the Cardinals. While they lay more stress on the duty of attacking the Republican policy, the conspicuous feature of the Encyclical is its inculcation of the duty of submission. The new French Ministry is less combative than it might have been; but it can hardly be conciliatory.

M. Carnot has spent the week in consultation with many sorts of Republicans. On Saturday it is understood that he invited M. Ribot and M. de Freycinet tentatively to return to power, and that both eventually refused. On Monday he conferred with MM. Constans and Bourgeois, and took the advice of MM. Léon Say, Méline, Cavaignac, and some minor lights of the Radical party. On Tuesday he consulted other ex-Ministers and the Senators and deputies connected with the Press. It is said that M. Maret, of the *Radical*, advised him not to form a decidedly anti-Clerical Ministry. A dissolution was talked of, particularly by the *Temps*; but there was no definite issue on which to go to the country, and the Union Républicaine talked of inducing the Senate to refuse its sanction. A Ministry of Moderates was talked of, comprising MM. Casimir-Périer, Mézières, and Cavaignac. Eventually on Wednesday M. Rouvier, who had been ill for some days, undertook the formation of a Cabinet, which was to contain all the former Ministers save M. Fallières and M. Yves Guyot. M. Rouvier, however, aroused the hostility of the Radicals when General Boulanger was compelled to resign the Ministry of War; and M. Bourgeois, being invited to join the Cabinet, declined on the ground that it was not sufficiently anti-Clerical. For the moment, M. Rouvier's prospects are not encouraging. A Ministry under M. Bourgeois is spoken of, but nothing is settled as we go to press.

M. Laur has prosecuted M. Constans, but, as he had not obtained the requisite authorisation of the Senate, the case was dismissed on Wednesday, and the incident definitely closed.

M. Lamendin, the Socialist and Labour candidate, headed the poll for a deputy in the Bethune division of the Pas-de-Calais last Sunday. Doubtless he will be returned at the second ballot by Conservative votes, as M. Lafargue was at Lille.

In Belgium parties become more and more divided as to the details of the proposed Constitutional Revision. The Right are determined to limit them as much as possible, and have shown special hostility to the proposal (which does not emanate from the

Government) of making Flemish and Walloon official languages, and bringing in a conflict of nationalities like that in Bohemia. M. Nothomb, an ex-Minister, has resigned his membership of a Conservative association because he favours universal suffrage. The Socialist and Labour Congress at Brussels on Sunday determined on holding a great demonstration eight days before the General Election, on suspending all work on that day, and on ordering a general strike if the present Chamber refuses Revision, or if the new Parliament (or, rather, Constituent Assembly charged with the revision) indicates its intention to reject universal suffrage. The delegates from Antwerp and Ghent, however, declined to promise that the workmen of those towns would join in a general strike.

We noted last week the defeat of the German Government in the Reichstag on the question of the publicity of court-martial. In one way the matter is unimportant; the Government need not, and will not, pay any attention to the vote. In another the result does not merit the absolute suppression it has received, in the *Times*, for instance; for the hostile voters included National Liberals and Bavarian Catholics. In Bavaria courts-martial are already public, and the cruelties outside Prussia are ascribed on good authority to imported Prussian sergeants. Is there to be an anti-Prussian coalition in the Reichstag? The eccentricities of a Prussian Emperor might very well bring it about.

That Emperor, at any rate, is quite determined to be independent of Parliamentary opposition. Grumblers had better leave Germany; he himself is responsible to God for his course, and will keep to it, independently of anyone. Such is the pith of his speech at the annual dinner of the Landtag of Brandenburg at Berlin on Wednesday. Another confidential order on the subject—this time in Bavaria—is published by the Socialist *Vorwärts*, and more are promised. It is said the new law against military espionage will contain clauses dealing with such publications.

An attempt to obtain the signature of the representative of the King of Hanover to a formal renunciation of his claims, in return for the release of the "Guelph Fund"—representing the Crown property of Hanover—from sequestration, has met with a refusal. Serious troubles with the unemployed are impending, especially in Brunswick and Dantzic.

In Austria an income-tax is to be proposed, differing in amount on salaries, trade profits, and interest on stocks and shares respectively. It is to be progressive, and a reduction is to be made to fathers of families for each child above two in number in a large town, or four in smaller places—a bit of anti-Malthusianism which reminds one of the disabilities of unmarried men in Imperial Rome.

In Hungary the opening of the session has been marked by a demand from some of the Extreme Radicals that the King Francis Joseph shall come to Parliament for its opening, instead of its waiting on him, as is now customary. The Speech from the Throne, delivered on Monday, contained a passage as to the observance of the compromise on which is based the dual monarchy, which was received by the same party with shouts of dissent.

M. Deliyannis, as we have said, asked the Greek Chamber on Monday to abandon the first count of the indictment against M. Tricoupis, and declined to discuss the second, as it referred to financial irregularities, and the financial situation is very grave—which he ascribes to foreign intrigue. His motion was adopted by 91 to 54. The Tobacco Monopoly Bill has been declared urgent by 76 to 28.

In Bulgaria the wives of M. Karaveloff and two other political prisoners have been tried on the charge of promoting foreign interference in Bulgaria—they having recently petitioned the representatives of foreign Powers at Sofia to urge the speedy trial of their husbands, who have been in prison since M. Belteheff's murder last April. All three were acquitted on Tuesday.

MR. BALFOUR'S LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

IT is a pity that Mr. Chamberlain is not a member of the Cabinet. If he were, we might hope to know the name of the person who proposed to put a County Council in the dock. The name deserves to be known and handed down to posterity as that of the mightiest master of unconscious humour whom our century has produced.

I want, however, to be fair and even to be serious. The Irish party were ready to give to any reasonable measure a full and careful consideration. It has been their principle for many years to take what they could get. Is there anything good in this Bill which would make it worth taking? Let me sum up the good points; they are few, though the Bill contains seventy-eight clauses, four schedules, and fifty-seven pages. The management of roads and bridges and a few other matters is to be transferred to local bodies of a more or less representative kind, and if they can manage the roads and bridges without ever borrowing a halfpenny, or ever being accused of corruption, or ever having their proposals traversed, those bodies will be able to get along without much outside control. The local bodies are to contain no aldermen, and (except at first) no *ex-officios*, whom Mr. Balfour rightly described as "irritating without being effectual."

This is the most favourable statement which could be made as to the provisions of the Bill, and even in that favourable form no unprejudiced man can say that it gives us anything worth fighting for. But the whole scheme bristles with impracticabilities. The grand juries are corrupt and unrepresentative, but it would be better to bear with them a little longer rather than see so useless and confused a proposal passed into law. In saying this I do not ground my contention solely or mainly on the natural objection—partly sentimental if you like—which every Irishman feels to the unnecessary and insulting "safeguards." I refer principally to the positive provisions which have escaped criticism in consequence of the absurdities of the negative checks.

The first essential of local government is a tolerable simplicity of areas, and a corresponding simplification of authorities. In every country local bodies are liable to become instruments of corruption, or to be so neglected as to produce monuments of incapacity. The only effectual check upon such bodies is the constant pressure of public opinion. And, to make such pressure effectual, the system must be simple enough to be easily understood by the electors, and the bodies not too numerous for honest local men to attend to them without neglecting their own business. It is for these reasons that every local government reformer objects to overlapping boundaries and conflicting authorities. We have in Ireland quite enough of such difficulties already. We have, leaving out the towns altogether, the county, with its subdivision the barony, and Unions (often overlapping the counties) with their electoral divisions (often overlapping the baronies). Many people hoped that the barony, which is an unequal and antiquated unit, varying from 1,600 to 310,000 acres, would be neglected altogether in the new scheme, that the electoral division for county purposes, and the unit for District Councils, would be a group of poor-law electoral divisions. But Mr. Balfour, instead of removing our difficulties, proposes to increase them. He proposes that the barony should be the area for district councils. But he admits the awkwardness of the barony when he proposes that the area for election to the County Council shall be a different one, carved out afresh. That is one new area, but, not content with this, Mr. Balfour proposes that for sanitary purposes the county shall be divided into an altogether new set of administrative areas, units, presumably, also for sanitary assessment, under the control of a committee appointed by the County

Council. So that if this precious scheme were to pass into law we should have—

1. The Poor Law Union.
2. The Poor Law Electoral division.
3. The Barony.
4. The County Council Electoral division.
5. The Rural Sanitary area.

As there are many areas, so there will be many authorities. The intelligent voter will have to watch the fifteen baronial councillors for his barony meeting at one town, the Poor Law representatives for his Poor Law division meeting perhaps at another, the fifteen county councillors for his division of the county meeting at a third town, the sanitary committee for his sanitary district meeting somewhere else, not to speak of the other local authorities: the governors of the lunatic asylum and of the county infirmary, the drainage boards, and perhaps the harbour boards, all of which will have the power to increase the burden on the occupier. The popular local man who had to attend on all these local boards would never find time for any business of his own. The honest man would too often give up the work in hopeless disgust. If Mr. Balfour had been designing a scheme for the purpose of encouraging corruption, he could not have been more successful.

Now let me very shortly sum up the various "checks and safeguards" against the "mere Irishry." The first is the franchise. The clause relating to the qualification of electors is so drawn that only those who pay their rates directly are enabled to vote. The theory of constructive rate-paying is entirely ousted. Indeed, the clause goes irrelevantly further, and provides that though the landlord may have contracted to pay half the rates, he shall not pay more than half the average amount of the rates for the five years before the passing of the Act. So that in a very essential matter the franchise is considerably narrower than in England. In the city of Belfast the franchise is the same as in English boroughs. If I rightly interpret the Bill, the effect of it will be to disfranchise many thousands of Belfast citizens. No doubt the action of the Labour party in municipal contests there has alarmed the Tory managers.

The second check is the cumulative vote. One county electoral division is to elect about fifteen county councillors, and the barony is to elect about ten baronial councillors at one time, on the English School Board system. This provision is not to extend to Belfast, where alone there is a considerable minority (the 70,000 Catholics) who have failed to find representation on the Borough Council. But the real objection to the proposal is not a party objection. The cumulative vote as it is proposed to be applied will be fatal to good government. Some of the Irish baronies are three times as large as Rutland. The voters cannot possibly know all the candidates for their suffrages. At the same time, the system requires, as Mr. Balfour says, great care in educating voters "to get them so to manage their votes as to get exactly the same value for them." In fact, the cumulative vote necessitates machine politics; and moreover, the members, being many of them alike representatives of a large area, will not pay the same attention to local wants as under the single-member system.

The third check is the refusal of any provision for the illiterate voter. This, it may be noted, is the more important where the voting is cumulative, and the ballot-paper contains, perhaps, twenty or thirty names. The English Government kept the older generation of Irishmen ignorant. It has driven the younger generation, who have been educated, to America. It now proposes to refuse to the old men who have stayed at home the right to vote on a matter which concerns roads and bridges. It is hardly necessary to say that Irishmen of all sections, knowing how bitter a struggle their fathers made for education in hedge-school and night-school, will oppose this insulting provision.

The fourth check is the provision that four landlords are to have places on the first County Council. This is probably designed to give the Tories a majority in some of the doubtful counties in Ulster.

The fifth, and in some ways the most objectionable, check is the control of the standing Joint Committee. The County Council will not be enabled to borrow a farthing without the consent, as in England, of the Local Government Board. What is more, the Irish County Council may not borrow to the extent of more than one-tenth the rateable value, an absurd limit, without obtaining a provisional order requiring the consent of Parliament. But this is not enough. A special body is to be formed, consisting of the High Sheriff, a landlord, and seven representatives of the Grand Jury, who must by the Bill be landlords, as well as seven representatives of the County Council. To this body, on which landlords must, by statute, have a majority, is given an absolute control over all capital expenditure of the County Council. The Scotch parallel referred to by Mr. Balfour is entirely inapplicable. In Scotland the rate is divided between owner and occupier; in Ireland (in most cases) it is not. Nor is the constitution of the similar body in Scotland really the same as that proposed to be created in Ireland.

The sixth check is that the Grand Jury is to retain its power of mulcting the county for so-called malicious injuries. Not content with leaving to the Grand Jury this antiquated power, Mr. Balfour removes the one existing safeguard—the inquiry at Presentment Sessions, which are partly representative. In fact this part of the Bill is a distinct step backwards.

The seventh check is the right of traverse. Any order of the County Council may be brought up for review by the High Court of Justice. Heretofore the traverse was heard before the Judge of Assize in the county concerned. Now the inquiry is to take place in Dublin or any venue ordered by the Court. This is another step backwards.

The eighth check is the power to the judges to order imperative rates, the ninth is the exaggerated safeguard given to existing officers, and the tenth is the power of dissolution by two judges, about which it is unnecessary to say anything further. Taking the ten checks all in all, since the ten plagues of Egypt there has been nothing like them.

If the House of Commons passes such a Bill, one might wish to empower two judges to dissolve even that honourable House. Of one thing they may at least be certain: they will not pass this Bill until they have used the closure times without number.

E. F. V. KNOX.

FROM GREEN BENCHES.

THIS will be a Session of new revelations. Under its searching, and sometimes cruel, lights, there will be glimpses of personal character such as have been undreamt of before. On Tuesday night, for instance, there was a new view of Mr. Chamberlain. It is the misfortune of parliamentary leaders that many of their councils of war have to be held before the watchful eyes of a world of observers and enemies. This it was that lent such additional interest and disaster to Mr. Balfour's confusion and breakdown last week, when he allowed the debate to be closed which he desired to continue. Something of the same sort happened to Mr. Chamberlain on Tuesday night. A debate on Welsh Disestablishment, and still more a division upon it, had its inconveniences for a gentleman who still insists on his Liberalism; who had written the famous letter in which Lord Salisbury was recommended to Liberal Nonconformists as the shortest cut to Disestablishment; and who at the same time did not want to further hasten the approaching end of a dying Administration, or injure the prospects of a promising young son.

It was probably in the solution of this question that Mr. Chamberlain was engaged when he and a number of the gentlemen who are disrespectfully described as the "Birmingham gang," gathered close to the post-office in the lobby a short time before the division hour. The faithful Jesse was there; also Mr. Kenrick, most devoted of brothers-in-law, and several others of those who take their inspiration from the Prophet of Highbury. What these gentlemen said to each other, they themselves, of course, alone know; but this remarkable result followed. When the division was called, Mr. Chamberlain was to be found in the uncongenial company of Liberals in the Disestablishment lobby; while the faithful Jesse and Mr. Kenrick had gone home quietly to bed. Naturally this conduct was not the result of prearrangement; but if it were, it can easily be seen that a new and admirable line of tactics has been added to Parliamentary warfare. There is something peculiarly like the Mr. Chamberlain we are learning to know in the shallow trick of registering one's own vote and a few others on one side; in turning over the rest to the other side; and in making abstention instead of a straight vote one way or the other, the method for carrying out this policy.

The week has also brought its revelations with regard to the character of Mr. Balfour, and of the relations between him and the Tory rank and file. The letter in which Mr. Maclean—one of the really able men on the Tory side—described the attitude of Mr. Balfour and his uncle to their parliamentary followers, is fully deserving of all the attention it has received. These two gentlemen are shown to be utterly indifferent to the feelings of their supporters. They never consult them, they never consider them; and when a post comes to be vacant, it is in the ranks of their own relatives and clique, and not among the rising and energetic men of the party, they look for their recruits. It is the misfortune of both uncle and nephew to have detached minds—the detachment of intellectual *hauteur* in part and in part of men of the student habit of mind. This attitude of mind has its conveniences at times. It relieves from an enormous amount of the petty worries and the consultation of individuals, which is the *aliquid amari* in the cup of political greatness; but it also has its drawbacks, and the present Session of Parliament is going to reveal some of them.

It is scarcely credible, but it is true, that up to a short time ago Mr. Balfour had never heard, or, if he had heard, had forgotten, that at least a third of the existing members of the Tory party had resolved to retire from public life at the end of this Parliament. How important it was for him to have this information will be gathered from the mention of the single fact that this retiring section is the one that from time immemorial has broken down Governments in the last Session of a Parliament. It will be seen, then, that Mr. Balfour was about to begin his leadership of his party and of the House in blithesome ignorance of the great rock over which he had to steer his bark—the rock that lies plain, jagged, and frowning before the eyes of every man who has ever seriously studied the Parliamentary chart.

It is another revelation of Mr. Balfour's weaknesses that he should have delivered such a speech as that upon the Irish Local Government Bill. It is hard to say whether some of his utterances were the result of malice prepense, or the careless and repented consequences of an impulse to be smart at any cost. But a speech which does not take seriously the House of Commons and the measure it is intended to introduce to it, is a fatal mistake. Anybody who had ever given himself the trouble to understand the temper of the House of Commons could have told Mr. Balfour that bit of primordial information. But, again, his detachment from his followers and their ideas proved fatal, and Mr. Balfour made a speech the ill effects of which on his reputation it will take him many years to overcome. People are beginning to understand, too, why it is

that a dashing Chief Secretary may be a very bad leader. To flout, and jibe, and jeer at the Irish members was just what the Tory press of London wanted: and was perfectly safe with seventy renegades in the opposite camp ready to stand by the Tory hosts. But a leader of the House has to get business done—to make the Parliamentary machine work smoothly and rapidly, and this can only be accomplished by his keeping an exceedingly civil tongue in his head. Personally, Mr. Balfour has the reputation—as, indeed, has Lord Salisbury—of being charming, and even fascinating; but in the House of Commons and on his legs, Mr. Balfour can manage to be as offensive—to rub people the wrong way—as frequently and disastrously as any man in the House, Mr. Chamberlain not excepted. A good deal of this is unintentional and unconscious, the result of that detachment of mind to which we have alluded; a good deal of it is the heritage of the office he held when it was his duty to fill Irish prisons and jeer at Irish Members. Like the *bourgeois gentilhomme*, Mr. Balfour often is surprised himself, doubtless, that he has been talking sneers. But the House of Commons is not a psychologist or an analytic novelist; and when Mr. Balfour speaks what appear to be exasperating taunts, it takes it for granted that this is what Mr. Balfour intended.

The results of all this were to be seen in the week which is just over, and will be revealed a good deal more clearly as time goes on. Divisions have been bad; the division on Welsh Disestablishment owed its slight improvement to the pressure of the Tory press, the shamefacedness of the previous narrow shaves, and the ingenious device of Mr. Chamberlain already described. But assuredly it is a portentous revelation of the humiliation to which the Tory leader has already attained that he should have to regard such a majority as a crowning mercy. It is noticeable that throughout the week business has not made anything like progress. The nights succeed each other, and grow in listlessness, and the doom of the count-out hangs, melancholy and menacing, over all private nights. But that is all; no business is done; the Government and Mr. Balfour get no "forrarder." Meantime, the printing offices grind out the vast new schemes of the dying Ministry with due regularity, and the Irish Local Government Bill, with all its multitudes of controversial clauses, has just been delivered to members. But it all comes to nothing. The engine won't move; the train stands still. A little more of this and people will actually begin to grow tired of genius and Mr. Balfour, and sigh for the vanished hand of poor, common-place, but business-like Mr. W. H. Smith.

THE ROMANCE OF FACT.

IT has long been plain that the imaginative quality of Fact is superior in range and staying-power to all the resources of Fiction. This has hitherto been disguised out of complaisance to the novelists. These practitioners have assumed that it is their exclusive business to present life to us in all the variety of the ideal, and in all the minuteness of what they call realism. We have submitted to the fallacy, chiefly on account of a natural preference for a quiet life; for unless your novelist is humoured, and unless the vault of heaven and the waters under the earth are accepted as the average measurement of his art, he is apt to become a trying person to live with. You must allow that what he does not see is worth nobody's vision, and that what is clear to him is the quintessence of truth and its now inseparable companion, ugliness; or else he will pursue you with obloquy and nicknames. Mr. Howells, for instance, has a pleasant little high-road of his own, on which there is the most blameless traffic and no dust. If you venture to suggest that something more exciting may be happening across

the trimly cut hedges, some tragedy in the woods beyond, where there is not even a footpath, you are told that on this high-road is the only life which deserves the observation of an intelligent man, and that in the woods you are not likely to see anybody save Valentine and Orson. This is the agreeable dictatorship which your novelist assumes over the entire realm of human existence. It is as if an ant on a tea-tray were to give himself the airs of a universal overseer. It may be safely affirmed that the sum of observation in all the novels that ever were written represents an infinitesimal factor in the great human equation. The science of astronomy, relatively to the infinite space through which it tries to peer its way, is like an infant crying for the light. In justice to the astronomer it must be admitted that he shows a modesty suitable to his attainments. Not so the novelist. His knowledge is no more extensive or precise than that of the student of the heavens. Yet he assumes the god, affects to nod, and seems to shake the spheres. When he takes his art very seriously indeed, he professes a horror of the abnormal. Let him have men about him that are fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights; but do not ask him to consider the ways of monsters, that is, of beings who have never come within his ken, and therefore must creep with the brand of the abnormal upon them into dishonoured graves. A writer who was famous once, but is now disdained by the *fin de siècle* critic, urged landscape painters to study Nature in her rarest moods, to watch for those wondrous shapes and tints which may be seldom, if ever, repeated in the infinite variety of natural charm. But the practice of your serious novelist is to beat a little track, often over the footsteps of others who are carefully ignored, to pursue this, looking neither to the right nor the left, and to measure with the milestones of his sagacious discernment the whole stupendous journey of man.

The mere story-teller who does not aspire to these heights of superiority may sometimes feel a pang of envy when he compares his inventive faculty with the treasures of romance which may be found any day in the newspapers. Fact does not bind itself by any rules of composition, nor does it study the pale probabilities which hover in a shadowy, uneasy way between the so-called normal and abnormal. When it has been decided by novelists and critics that men and women, in given circumstances, must behave in a particular way, and by no possible chance in any other, Fact, which has a touch of Puck's humour, and is apt to exclaim, "What fools these mortals be!" promptly shows us a civilised man or woman doing precisely what the law and the prophets have declared to be incredible. It is no answer to say that isolated freaks do not make a rule of life, for how does the realist, walking up and down his little street of routine, or trying to tie bales of human documents with the red tape of his small idiosyncrasy, know that the freak is not a flash from a vortex which he can never fathom? The more a man with any real vision sees of life, the more indefinite are its possibilities. But taking the story-teller's standpoint, how poor is his best plot, how timid his audacity, how marrowless his most original characters, when compared with the incidents and the people in the romance which the mighty loom of Fact is weaving every day! Here is an irreproachable commercial personage, no Wilhelm Meister with his head full of dreams, but a bank-manager who has to balance accounts. What happens to him? He is engaged to be married, but suddenly he is whisked away into space, and nought is heard of him by deserted bride or bewildered solicitors till an advertisement appears in the papers announcing that he has died on board a lady's yacht from the effects of an accident when leaving a railway carriage. If a man has had so perilous a mishap, why does he go yachting? Your realist would at once point out the absurdity of such a proceeding in a novel. The

writer would be exposed to a raking fire of persiflage, and advised not to model himself on the fiction which is dear to housemaids. But is it possible that the gentleman in the yacht is now coursing the Spanish Main, a captive to a buccaneer in petticoats? Some mysterious body is said to have sworn that she would never let him wed another. Has she carried him off, or is he a willing prize to her nautical daring? Are they riding the billow in triumph, and enjoying the rich humour of the imaginary carriage accident? Or is he the dejected land-lubber lying down below with a grim Amazon of the ocean mounting guard over him? Mr. Clark Russell must be green with envy when he turns over these delightful possibilities in his mind, and thinks what splendid material they would have made if only he could have invented them. The chagrin of it is, if the abduction of a bank-manager should be used a year or two hence in a romance of the sea, the reviewer with a long memory will promptly spoil it by recalling Mr. Lidderdale's supposed adventure. Mrs. Humphry Ward would never have conceived Elise Delaunay in "David Grieve" without the aid of Marie Bashkirtseff, who was simply abducted from her own journal and planted in the novel. But though this piece of conveyance has taken in the *Spectator*, which fondly supposes that Elise is a "creation," the device cannot always be repeated with impunity. Even the most ingenious borrower from Fact must despair over the too frequent publicity of his plunder before he can utilise it; and the rare genius who transmutes the lessons of life in the laboratory of a consummate art may humbly confess in moments of depression that Fact is the unapproachable workman.

PEPPER AND KID GLOVES.

IF the newspaper reports may be trusted, Mr. Bernard Shaw and the undergraduates of Magdalen College, Oxford, must be congratulated on the two matches they have just played off against each other. In the first game Mr. Shaw's advantage as a grown-up man was more than counterbalanced by want of acquaintance with his opponents' play, and the home team, in consequence, won with some ease. At Woodstock, however, on the following Monday, the confidence of Mr. Shaw's backers was abundantly justified: he not only came up smiling, but was left smiling, in a pretty large company. So great a difference will a second or so of longitude make to men's notions of humour.

Mr. Shaw attempted to advocate Socialism in the rooms of a friend, a member of the beautiful college of Addison and Gibbon (as the morning papers called it when its President was married). Amid much that is tenebrous, this, at any rate, is certain of Socialism, that it will efface the familiar type of Magdalen undergraduate; and at Magdalen this type is (not unnaturally) cherished. No one can blame the youths of Magdalen for gathering to oppose Mr. Shaw; no one can deny them praise for choosing ridicule as their weapon. People have different views upon humour, especially upon such humour as comes from the Universities just now. Mr. Andrew Lang, for instance, can see little merit in the new Cambridge humour: he dislikes Mr. Barry Pain's "In a Canadian Canoe." Others may object to the new Oxford variety: but at least we may say this for the undergraduates of Magdalen, that they did not make it. They took what came to their hands. Its originator, as far as history reveals, is the present Warden of Merton, the weight and frequency of whose utterances could hardly fail to produce, by this time, a great effect of one kind or another in any provincial town. It will be remembered how the Warden of Merton, at a public dinner, compared a great Irishman with Jack the Ripper, and how, when called to account for his words before the Parnell Commission, he

explained that the comparison was intended for a jest. "My learned friend," said Mr. Reid, Q.C., on that occasion, "presents it to your lordships as a piece of academic banter." Clearly it was in the same spirit of banter that the young humorists of Magdalen "screwed up" Mr. Shaw and his friends, tickled their nostrils with asafetida and their lungs with red-hot pepper, appropriated their hats and poured water on the heads they had denuded.

Sweet are the uses of the 'Varsity: and Mr. Shaw appears to have had the good sense to accept them for what they are worth, at Oxford. He acknowledged his defeat, and set up the lists for the return match at Woodstock. The Warden of Merton once aspired to represent Woodstock in Parliament, and Woodstock refused to see *that* joke: so it might be obtuse to other examples of Brodrickian humour. This proved to be the case. The young men of Magdalen arrayed themselves as farmers, and came out from Oxford, elaborately got up for the part they meant to play. But at the meeting, unfortunately, they found themselves in a very small minority; and before a somewhat threatening display of buckets were, on the whole, amazingly quiet. We are told that their position was made a trifle more uneasy by Mr. Shaw, who, seeing through their agricultural disguise, persisted in treating them seriously and addressing them, in answer to their questions, as young men from the country, who could not be expected to know much of town politics. The audience took the jest, and roared at every variation which Mr. Shaw played upon it. So these young men returned sadly to the sheltered academy where their methods of humour are better understood. There is no moral, except that Woodstock is eight miles beyond Oxford.

THE SECOND EDITION OF "MODERN LOVE."*

A WILFUL man must not always have his way. Because Mr. Meredith refuses to send out review copies of his poems, shall he not, therefore, be reviewed? Nay, he is not thus to save himself from his friends. Is this particular perversity of his but a device to discover who his true friends are? Or is it a part of his literary conscience that he will not accept for his poems the reflected light of his fame as a novelist? If so, surely he is, as the Roman Church would say, "scrupulous," a habit of mind which that very human community does not encourage. Besides, he is in this unfair to the public which he thus implicitly condemns. It is not reasonable to blame a man for neglecting what he has been given no chance of appreciating. It is, indeed, a sort of literary Calvinism—an arbitrary predestination of many a possible sympathetic reader to the outer un-Meredithian darkness.

Mr. Meredith may say that the public has had its chance with "Modern Love." But what public? The public of thirty years ago! 1862 was the date of its first edition, 1892 is the date of the second. Think what an evolution in artistic taste has come about in those thirty years. In 1866 "Poems and Ballads" was a book for the common hangman, to-day it is a classic. If it has thus risen with the tide of a broader thought, why not "Modern Love"? Why should its author follow the example of his dramatis personæ, whose mistake, he tells us, was that—

"They fed not on the advancing hours;
Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.

The cases are parallel, because both books were condemned mainly on account of their theme. Sex was treated of too intimately in each, though, in fairness to Mr. Meredith, it must be stated, in a very different spirit. Now, we have outgrown much of this squeamishness, and come to see that it is not so much our theme that matters as the spirit in which we treat it. And, certainly, there can be little doubt that the influential

literary organs of to-day would not allow such a question to stand in the way of their recognition of the splendid poetical qualities of "Modern Love." Mr. Meredith, however, has chosen not to seek their verdict: and such of them as would make some amends for their progenitors of 1862 must e'en go to them that sell and buy for themselves. To this one has no objection. It is rather a pleasant *nuance* in the life of a reviewer. It revives for him a joy, which he had known long since and lost a while, that of once more actually buying a book; and also of writing as a mere pleasure what in the ordinary course had been a pleasant duty. All one would suggest is that it is not fair play to the public.

Anyone who cares about "the cobwebs of criticism," to quote an ingenious phrase for dead reviews, may be interested to know how "Modern Love" was actually received in 1862. Four reviews are on record in Mr. Lane's bibliography—the *Critic*, May 17th, 1862; the *Spectator*, May 24th, 1862; the *Athenæum*, May 31st, 1862; *Westminster Review*, July, 1862. We are, perhaps, apt to think of Mr. Meredith's fame as being entirely a growth of the last year or two: and it is somewhat of a surprise to notice that, with the exception of the *Spectator*, the reviewers speak of Mr. Meredith respectfully, as of a man already recognised as belonging to the very front rank of modern letters. That the *Spectator* did not, and that it, moreover, condemned Mr. Meredith rather severely for his choice of subject, called forth a trenchant vindictory letter from Mr. Swinburne, in which he raved—"ah, God! as he used to rave"—against the "nursery" ideal of art. "It is too much to expect," he wrote, "that all schools of poetry are to be for ever subordinate to the one just now so much in request with us, whose scope of sight is bounded by the nursery walls; that all muses are to bow down before her who babbles, with lips yet warm from their pristine pap, after the dangling delights of a child's coral; and jingles with flaccid fingers one knows not whether a jester's or a baby's bells."

'Fore Heaven! as fine a burst of the true Swinburnese as ever was penned. But what about a roundel beginning:—

"A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet."

("A Century of Roundels," 1883.) Ah, that "whirligig"!

Mr. Swinburne, at the same time, paid his own tribute of splendid praise to the "subtle strength," the "depth of delicate power," the "passionate and various beauty" of the poem.

But why did he not also write to the *Athenæum*? For though, indeed, it was more respectful to Mr. Meredith, its attitude to the poem was much that of the *Spectator's*. The reviewer very properly complained of the obscurity of the story. "We are not sure," he went on, "that, after great labour, we have arrived at Mr. Meredith's drift: but we are quite sure that, if we have, we do not care for it. We have already intimated that 'Modern Love' contains passages of true beauty and feeling, but they are like the casual glimpses of a fair landscape in some noxious clime where the mists only break to gather again more densely. Besides, the best gifts of expression would be wasted on a theme so morbid as the present. It is true that poetic genius has often revealed to us the diseases of our nature, but they have been only a portion of the exhibition. The causes which produced them and the results in which they were expiated or subdued have also been given. The bane has shown the virtue of the antidote."

The best retort to such a criticism as this—this demand for the obvious and the didactic—is to quote the last poem of the series:—

"Thus piteously Love closed what he begat:
The union of this ever-diverse pair!
These two were rapid falcons in a snare,
Condemned to do the fitting of the bat.

* "Modern Love: a Reprint." By George Meredith. London: Macmillan & Co.

Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
They wandered once; clear as the dew on flowers;
But they fed not on the advancing hours;
Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.
Then each applied to each that fatal knife,
Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.
Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life;
In tragic hints here see what evermore
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore!"

Surely the man who having read this poem—not singly, mind, but as the culmination of a series equally lofty in inspiration—is left with a nasty taste of morbidity and disease should blame his own palate. Certainly he must be dead to all the finer intimations of poetry. The very vigour of the style is enough. Unhealthy men never get that atmosphere into their lines; and if ever "the pity of it" was finely struck in an epilogue it is struck here. One passes from these lines as we return from a walk by the sea on a starry, stormy night.

About the obscurity of the story, the reviewer was right, though it apparently meant more to him than it will to the real *illuminati* of poetry. In some respects its reticence is commendable. Who wants to hear the divorce-court details of the story? We ask the spiritual situations, and these we get in fifty "tragic hints," otherwise, fifty sixteen-line poems, as like sonnets as is no matter—though we should have all the young misses down on us in a moment if we dared to speak of them as such. At the same time Mr. Swinburne so speaks of them—and poor Goldsmith's quaint idea of a sonnet, one was reminded the other day, was a couple of ballad-quatrains, enclosing some paste diamond to "Myra."

The *Westminster Review* was friendly but brief—for it had to hurry on to give Dr. Hill Burton's "Book-Hunter" three pages to Mr. Meredith's half a page.

The *Critic*, reviewing the poem in a batch including David Gray's "Luggie," was also kind, though quaint. Like the squire in Mr. Dobson's poem, "he praised the thing he understood"—the "Poems of the English Road-side," which accompanied "Modern Love," in the first edition, and included the famous "Juggling Jerry." These Mr. Meredith has teased us by omitting in the new edition. It is enough to turn a man pirate, and justify him too. To look for "Juggling Jerry" and find "The Sage Enamoured and the Honest Lady"! one of those low thickset hedges of prickly thorn which Mr. Meredith has lately delighted to plant about his "Apollo's Garden." However, "Modern Love" remains, and with one or two trifling emendations, not always to the good, remains as in 1862. Some have prophesied, and the late Mr. Browning was amongst them, that "Modern Love" is built to outlive all Mr. Meredith has done. Outlive "Fevel"! Outlive "The Egoist"! Well, of course, I cannot say, but verse has a way of holding together longer than prose.

BOILEAU AS NATURALIST.

THAT the traditional view of Boileau as a hide-bound pedant, as a pedagogue with a perruque, drawing up rules and enforcing them with a ruler, assigning marks (chiefly bad) to those naughty little schoolboys his contemporaries, is hardly likely to be the right view is evident to anyone who considers the source from which it comes. It is one of the literary legacies of 1830, bequeathed to us by the Romantics, who were not exactly the people to see the great legislator of Classicism either steadily or whole. Gautier, for instance, declared him a loathly thing; but then Gautier (we have it on the veracious authority of M. de Goncourt's Diary) once called Molière—this was after dinner, and possibly he had been looking upon the wine when it was red—a *cochon*. And another of the Romantics is reported (by

Sainte-Beuve) to have said: "There are two sorts of verses in Boileau, one written by a clever third-form boy, the other by a clever undergraduate." It is time that saner notions of Nick Boileau should prevail; and after M. Gustave Lanson's little monograph on "Boileau," the latest volume of the "Grands Écrivains Français" series (Paris: Hachette), it is not unlikely that they will.

The great point which M. Lanson makes is that Boileau was a naturalist; that, in fact, he has more in common with M. Zola and his friends than meets the eye. This will sound to many persons, whose notions of M. Zola are derived from Holywell Street mistranslations, and of Boileau from their having once had to write out a hundred lines of "Le Lutrin" for pulling Jones Minor's hair in afternoon school, as a flippant paradox, but M. Lanson establishes it as a sober truth. A little verbal criticism and the trick is done. You take the word "raison." This word is as common in Boileau as (Sancho would say) bachelors in Salamanca. Matthew Arnold himself did not more persistently conjure all and sundry to be "sweetly reasonable." He was all for "la raison," or its equivalent "le bon sens."

"Que toujours le bon sens s'accorde avec la rime . . .
Au joug de la raison sans peine elle fléchit . . .
Tout doit tendre au bon sens . . .
La raison pour marcher n'a souvent qu'une voie."

Now by reason, says M. Lanson, Boileau did not mean what we mean. It was not the positive, calculating, prosaic reason of, say, the typical *bourgeois* of Scribe or of M. Poirier. Nor was it the analytical reason, the *ratio ratiocinans* of a Voltaire or a Condillac. It was the reason known to the current philosophy of Boileau's day: "La raison cartésienne, dominatrice et directrice de l'âme humaine, dont elle règle toutes les facultés sans en empêcher aucune; c'est celle qui, par essence, distingue le vrai du faux." In short, it was just "sweet reasonableness." Translate this into terms of aesthetics, and reason becomes beauty:—

"Aimez donc la raison; que toujours vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix."

But beauty is truth:—

"Rien n'est beau que le vrai. . . ."

And truth is nature:—

"La nature est vraie. . . ."

Reason, truth, and nature, then, were for Boileau all one, and the conclusion is that his theory of Classicism in poetry, generally misrepresented as based on a horror of the natural, is essentially and frankly a naturalistic theory. Hence we find Boileau, when he says, "Mais la nature est vraie, et d'abord on la sent," cheek-by-jowl with M. Zola declaring, "La vérité a un son auquel j'estime qu'on ne saurait se tromper. On dira qu'il faudra des oreilles délicates. Il faut des oreilles justes, voilà tout." And so Boileau's denunciation of the unbridled imagination, the exaggeration of nature, in the heroic of Corneille, and the burlesque-heroic of Scarron, has its counterpart in M. Zola's denunciation of the unbridled imagination, the exaggeration of nature, in Balzac.

What is more, Boileau was a naturalist, M. Lanson points out, in practice quite as much as in theory. His minor poems abound in those vulgar and even repulsive details which are popularly supposed to be the "note" of modern realism: as in this picture from "Le Repas Ridicule":—

"Où les doigts des laquais dans la crasse tracés
Témoignaient par écrit qu'on les avait rincés";

or in this of the seventeenth-century fine lady:—

"Qui souvent d'un repas sortant toute enfumée,
Fait même à ses amants, trop faibles d'estomac,
Redouter ses baisers pleins d'ail et de tabac."

which is right Zola.

Was this Boileau, the realist, the enemy of the imagination and all its pomps and works, a poet?

M. Lanson is at such pains to prove that he was that one feels bound to decide against him. Your true poet ought, like the axioms of Euclid, to "need no demonstration." And even M. Lanson admits that Boileau's poetry was mostly latent; it did not "come out." What did "come out" was his critical faculty. Your true poet is never a true critic, his theory can never be anything else than a more or less veiled apology for his own practice. But Boileau escapes from the tyranny of his temperament: he is able to explain what he is unable to do: he can conceive an art superior to his own: his theory infinitely transcends his practice. And not the least curious fact about this critic, who for two centuries has been invoked as the patron saint of all the rules, conventions and orthodoxies, is that he was of the "new criticism" of his day, "going for" established reputations with cheery vigour, and so getting himself called by some of the very names ("jeune dogue," for instance) which have been applied to another "new criticism." When one hears of his being told that he did nothing "que les mouches ne fassent sur les glaces les plus nettes," one can almost fancy oneself reading some of the complimentary references of the *Daily Telegraph* to the Ibsenites.

Of Boileau the man, M. Lanson has little to say, because there is little to be said. His was a long, uneventful, entirely literary life. He was never even crossed in love, for he never fell into it. Only once did he make an excursion into the active world. This was when, by Royal command, he followed, in company with Racine, a campaign of the army in Flanders, to get materials on the spot for a history which the pair were to write in collaboration. The vision of the two poets as "our special correspondents at the seat of war" is extremely diverting. Pradon described them, sword on hip, importuning generals, laughed at by the soldiery, gravely noting down military slang in their pocket-books, and putting on their spectacles to reconnoitre an invisible enemy; while Mme. de Sévigné wrote of "ces deux poètes historiens, suivant la cour, plus ébaubis que vous ne le sauriez penser, à pied, à cheval, dans la boue jusqu'aux oreilles." One campaign was quite enough for Boileau, who returned to Paris, preferring to "bid the rest keep fighting" in elegant verse. He did not even stay to meet Uncle Toby at the siege of Namur.

SPIELMANN AND VALHALLA.

THE editor of THE SPEAKER has answered the correspondent signing "Respite Finem" for me. I can add nothing to my editor's words; I can only repeat them. "Our correspondent has failed to distinguish between 'G. M.'s' estimate of Mr. Tate as an art-patron and that gentleman's character as a man." With Mr. Tate's character as a man, with the general worthiness of his life, I have nothing to do. I am merely concerned with the proposed housing of the Tate collection in the new wing of the National Gallery. Attempt has been made to disguise and obscure the facts, but they remain as they were. Mr. Tate's collection of modern pictures having been refused by the director and the trustees of the National Gallery, that gentleman has had recourse to Mr. Spielmann, and a newspaper controversy has been "got up" with a view to bringing pressure to bear on the director and trustees, and compelling them to accept a large number of bad pictures which, in their opinion, would permanently and seriously lower the level of excellence hitherto held to be essential in our National Gallery. I state the facts bluntly, but I state them truthfully; and it will not do to plead the exceeding goodness of Mr. Tate's life, the purity of his intentions, and the depth of his exchequer. Such matters are beside the question. Mr. Tate has been told by the director and the trustees that his pictures are not worthy of the

nation's acceptance, and he has learnt that this is so through other sources. The *Pall Mall Gazette*—the newspaper in which Mr. Spielmann published his letter—on the 11th or 12th of the present month admitted that in the opinion of experts there were very few, if there were any, pictures in the Tate collection worthy of the nation's acceptance. If further evidence be wanting, if Mr. Tate still believes in the value of his collection, I can only suggest that he shall consult the Academicians whose pictures he has purchased. If the matter is put to their ballot, it will be found that there are not three pictures that collectively they would consent to hang in the National Gallery. Ask Mr. Fildes if he thinks a picture by Mr. Long would look well in the National Gallery, or Mr. Hook if he thinks one by Mr. Faed should be added to our collection. I will even go a step further. Ask Mr. Orchardson if he would care to see his "Rift within the Lute" in the National Gallery. Pictures by Mr. Orchardson will probably in course of time find their way into the National Gallery; but "A Rift in the Lute" is not among them, and no one knows this better than Mr. Orchardson.

It has been said that I wrote insultingly and grossly concerning Mr. Tate's "princely gift" to his countrymen, and that I built up my "argument by perversion and misrepresentation." Mr. Tate's proposal involved a principle which, in the opinion of artistic London, could not fail to bring about the pollution and the degradation of one of the most perfect collections of pictures in the world. I therefore wrote without consideration of anyone's susceptibilities, having nothing in mind but an exact and vivid interpretation of the truth. We want to save our National Gallery from his donation—that is all; and if he is an unselfish, noble-hearted man, unsoiled with personal vanity, he will withdraw his offer of the present collection, and will bow to the opinion of artistic London. But stay, another road leads to immortality, and Mr. Tate may take it if he will. Let him sell his collection at Christie's—it will fetch a larger sum to-day than it will ever fetch again—and let him invest the money in pictures by men that Time has judged to be masters; and these let him present to the nation, and with all my poor strength will I applaud him.

That I should have seen the humour of Mr. Tate's barrow of mock immortals makes Mr. Spielmann very wrath, and he accuses me of covering Mr. Tate with ridicule. Is it my fault if Mr. Tate employed Mr. Spielmann to plead his case? Is it my fault that Mr. Spielmann does it so absurdly that he sets all the world laughing? Here is a specimen of Mr. Spielmann's advocacy. I quote from a weekly contemporary on which Mr. Spielmann once held a responsible position, and to which he apparently still continues to contribute. The entire paragraph from which I gather one precious sentence is replete with that special quality which I shall call Spielmann humour:—"All the while Mr. Tate has maintained a dignified silence. He has sent an ultimatum to Mr. Goschen, and unmoved, it is said, by temperate suggestion, and indifferent, it is hoped, to abuse and misrepresentation, however virulent, he quietly awaits the course of events." Now the irony of the picture that Mr. Spielmann has sketched of Mr. Tate sitting in a Buddha-like calm, awaiting the result of his ultimatum to Goschen, cannot be surpassed. I spoke of trundling a barrow of mock immortals; but the Buddha, with a little crowd of mock immortals hanging round his pacific knees, their eyes turned to the Valhalla whose walls are already rising above the banks of the Thames, is infinitely more droll.

As we proceed into his letter, Mr. Spielmann's humour becomes more subtle. He says that Mr. Tate's pictures were refused by the National Gallery authorities merely on account of want of space. The editor of an English magazine affecting not to know the meaning of the phrase, "We regret that want of space," is equal to Jeames pretending that

he does not know the meaning of the phrase "not at home." Has Mr. Spielmann never returned a tiresome manuscript with regrets that "want of space," etc.? And before Mr. Spielmann was editor did he never have an article returned to him? I will yield to no man in my admiration of the Spielmann style. The lightness and at the same time the strength of touch, the unmistakable rarity of epithet, are my daily, certainly my weekly, delight; and although I do not doubt that Mr. Spielmann possessed these gifts of style from his birth, I may be perhaps allowed to suggest that they did not always exist in their present perfection. So when the Spielmann style was in the bud, was no brutal editor guilty of the sin of returning a manuscript to Mr. Spielmann with regrets that "want of space," etc.? Passing to a second point, Mr. Spielmann says: "It is not true that Mr. Tate proposes to present his pictures *en bloc*, but only such of the best as an independent committee may judge worthy of acceptance." Will Mr. Spielmann kindly give his authority for this statement? Passing to a third point, Mr. Spielmann says it is manifestly not true that Mr. Agnew, supposing he carried out his intention and endowed the new wing of the National Gallery (the new wing to be devoted to contemporary painting), would therefore acquire any share in the management. Why manifestly? To many of us it will seem impossible to endow an institution with ten thousand pounds without acquiring power—direct or indirect—in the management of that institution. Mr. Spielmann says that he did not reveal this fact—that Mr. Agnew is anxious to endow the National Gallery. Still, I would believe that he inspired the idea; no one but Mr. Spielmann could have thought of anything so funny. The idea of a picture-dealer investing ten thousand pounds in our National Gallery is worthy of Mr. Gilbert in his most whimsical vein. Passing to a fourth point, Mr. Spielmann says he does not advocate a British Luxembourg. "On the contrary," he says, "I have sought only to direct attention to the far more pressing necessity and the greater desirableness of a British Louvre." I have already pointed out with so many words of praise the many excellences of Mr. Spielmann's style that perhaps I may be here permitted some slight criticism. Mr. Spielmann is apt to neglect the thought in his elaborateness of phrase. I confess that his meaning sometimes escapes me, and I never was more puzzled than I am now. Whatever does he mean? Works by living painters are not admitted into the Louvre. Then what would become of the Tate collection, not one single picture of which could enter the institution desired by Mr. Spielmann? Stay, those by the late Edwin Long could. So Mr. Spielmann's Valhalla or British Louvre resolves itself into a building with "Diana or Christ?" on one wall, and— Well, I have forgotten the titles, but no doubt Mr. Spielmann remembers them.

In the last paragraph of his letter Mr. Spielmann declares that beyond contradicting my mis-statements it is impossible to enter into discussion with me. Mr. Spielmann has certainly contradicted me—he might do that if I said the world was round—but it would be more to the point if he had proved that I was wrong in any important point; and as for continuing the discussion, that, quite independent of my "Billingsgate," is impossible until he explains how a British Louvre could include a collection of pictures by living artists.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

"IT is well that a change should from time to time be made in old customs," said M. Renan the other day, "as life would otherwise be too monotonous." This profound truth explains some things, and excuses others. It explains M. Renan. It

excuses Mr. Oscar Wilde. Here is a gentleman who devotes brilliant talents, a splendid audacity, an agreeable charlatanism and a hundred-Barnum-power of advertisement, to making a change in old customs and preventing life from being monotonous. He does this in innumerable ways—by his writings, his talk, his person, his clothes, and everything that is his. He has aimed at doing it in his play, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, and has been, to my mind, entirely successful. It is by no means a good play: its plot is always thin, often stale; indeed, it is full of faults—oh! dear, yes! glaring faults—faults that would leap to the eyes of the man in the street or of the old applewoman round the corner. Yet, again, it is a good play, for it carries you along from start to finish without boring you for a single moment. While it is a-playing, it convinces you, in spite of yourself, that life is not monotonous. If we have had more sparkling dialogue on the stage in the present generation, I have not heard it. It presents at least one fresh and piquant study of character. And it breaks long-established laws of the theatre—makes, as M. Renan would say, a change in old customs, with light-hearted indifference. If these qualities do not constitute a good play, they constitute a very diverting one. The man or woman who does not chuckle with delight at the good things which abound in *Lady Windermere's Fan* should consult a physician at once: delay would be dangerous.

For the staleness of the incidents one has only to refer to half a dozen familiar French plays. As to the stage laws which are broken, they are two: one invented by Sarcey, the other by Diderot and promulgated by Lessing, while—but perhaps it will be better to tell the story and make my comments as I go along. Lady Windermere is a guileless young bride who, like M. Dumas' Francillon, believes in an equal law of fidelity for both husband and wife. She has perfect confidence in her husband, but if ever that confidence is betrayed it is pretty clear that she will act on Francillon's principle of reprisals—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. The time comes when she has reason to suspect that her confidence is betrayed. An unprincipled man of the world—unprincipled, for he divides mankind not into the good and the bad, but "the charming and the tedious," and "can resist everything, except temptation"—with designs of his own upon Lady Windermere, hints to her—only hints, for he holds that "to be intelligible is to be found out"—that her husband is too intimate with a certain Mrs. Erlynne. Who is Mrs. Erlynne? She is a *demi-mondaine* in the original Dumasian sense of that much-abused term: or, as a certain gossiping Duchess puts it, one of those people "who form the basis of other people's marriages." The suspicions thus aroused are confirmed when the wife tears open her husband's bank-book: the creature is in his pay! More than that, he insists upon her being admitted as a guest to one of his wife's receptions. "If she comes, I will strike her in the face with my fan," says the indignant wife. "How hard you good women are!" "How weak you wicked men are!" "If she only knew!" sighs Lord Windermere.

She does not know; if she did, there would be no piece. But are we, we spectators, not to know? Orthodox theatrical practice says, yes; Mr. Wilde, ever bent on "making a change in old customs," says, no. Diderot, to be sure (the curious will find the passage in the preface to his *Père de Famille*), warned the dramatist against "surprises," and his warning has since been petrified into a hard-and-fast law. But this, really, is to misunderstand Diderot himself, who, in the very same passage, goes on to say:—

O faiseurs de règles générales, que vous ne connaissez guère l'art, et que vous avez peu de ce génie qui a produit les modèles sur lesquels vous avez établi ces règles, qu'il est le maître d'enfreindre quand il lui plaît!

Does Mr. Oscar Wilde prove himself such a *maître* in this play? I think he does. It is all a question

of pleasure, of interest. If he gives us more pleasure by teasing our curiosity about Mrs. Erlynne than by satisfying it, then is he entirely justified. We do not know who Mrs. Erlynne is until the very end of the play. If we were told at the outset, I, for one, should not view her conduct and Lord Windermere's in forcing her upon his wife with half the interest which these things afford me while still in the dark. (I put this as a personal view, because the general opinion is very possibly against me. So at least Mr. Wilde would seem to think, for it appears that, since the first night, the story has been so modified that the audience are no longer kept in the dark. But, of course, I shall continue to discuss the only version of the play which I have seen.)

Well, then, Mrs. Erlynne is duly ushered into Lady Windermere's drawing-room, and we have the spectacle of an adventuress bearing herself bravely, captivating all the men, and outshining all the women, in the presence of a hostile hostess. This, of course, is Act I. of Dumas' *L'Étrangère* over again: Mrs. Erlynne is Mrs. Clarkson, and Lady Windermere is the Duchesse de Septmonts. But yet there is a difference—a difference which again shows Mr. Wilde "making a change in old customs." Dumas introduces this incident for the sake of a *scène-à-faire*, beloved of Sarcy. For a corresponding *scène-à-faire* in Mr. Wilde's play, we should have to see the hostess keeping her word about the fan, and administering a slap in the face to her guest. We have no such scene. Instead of imitating the Duchesse de Septmonts, when she breaks the cup out of which Mrs. Clarkson has drunk, Lady Windermere elects again to imitate Francillon: she will leave her husband's roof—naturally for that of Lord Darlington.

Thither she is followed by Mrs. Erlynne, who alone knows of her flight, and is determined to save her. Why? Because she feels that the very same tragedy which once happened to herself is now in danger of happening to this other woman—see (and the resemblance will seem more complete to you when you know all Mrs. Erlynne's secret) M. Jules Lemaitre's *Révoltée*. She appeals, first, to the young wife—in vain; then to the young mother—and prevails. But it is too late. The women have only just time to hide before Lord Darlington, Lord Windermere, and a party of men enter the room. Here, once more, Mr. Wilde poses as the law-breaker. He calmly suspends his action, while the men sit down to a long talk. But you do not notice its length, for it is a perpetual coruscation of epigrams. All the men talk like Mr. Oscar Wilde. Everything is discussed paradoxically, from the connection between London fogs and seriousness—"whether London fogs produce the serious people or serious people the London fogs"—to the connection between feminine frivolity and feminine charms—"nothing is so unbecoming to a woman as a Nonconformist conscience"; from cynicism—"the cynic is the man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing"—to married womanhood—"nothing is so glorious in life as the devotion of a married woman; it is a subject about which no married man knows anything." Then, just before we are in danger of getting a little tired of epigrams, just before—for did I not say that Mr. Wilde never lets you be bored?—it is discovered that a lady is in hiding. Here is her fan—"my wife's!" says Lord Windermere, much as the Prince de Bouillon recognises his wife's bracelet in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. But we have had a much more recent parallel than that in Mr. Haddon Chambers's *Idler*, produced at this very theatre. In fact, henceforward, if any stage-heroine carries a fan, I shall know at once what the plot is going to be. But the fan does not betray Lady Windermere, for it is Mrs. Erlynne who comes forward to claim it, while the wife glides away, unperceived.

Now you are nearing the end of the play, you are to be told Mrs. Erlynne's secret, and I will hark

back, if you please, to my mention of M. Lemaitre's *Révoltée*. In that play a divorced woman, believed by her daughter to be dead, intervenes to save the girl from the very fate which she herself suffered. That is the case here: Mrs. Erlynne is Lady Windermere's mother. But M. Lemaitre gets a *scène-à-faire* out of this: the mother reveals herself to her daughter. That is not Mr. Wilde's way. He lets the truth about Mrs. Erlynne slip out, quite casually, in a conversation between the lady and Lord Windermere, and so we now know how it is she has been able to blackmail him; but she never tells her child. She has had enough of virtuous self-sacrifice and of playing at motherhood. "How could I pass for a woman of twenty-nine or thirty—twenty-nine when there are pink shades, thirty when there are not—with a grown-up daughter?" And, thank goodness, she doesn't repent—stage repentances are so tedious! No, she retires laughing from the scene, a true *demi-mondaine* to the last; and with the reconciliation of husband and wife the play ends.

As I began by saying, the faults of this piece are glaring enough. Mrs. Erlynne has really no better reason for forcing her way into her daughter's drawing-room than Mr. Wilde's recollection of that scene in *L'Étrangère*. Lord Windermere is an impossibly foolish person for risking his whole domestic happiness rather than let his wife know her mother was a divorced woman. But then, if Mrs. Erlynne did not force her way in, if Lord Windermere were not an impossibly foolish person, there would be no play, and Mr. Oscar Wilde would not have broken the monotony of life so gallantly as he has. It is no use telling me of the constructive faults, the flimsy plot, the unreasonable conduct of the characters. My answer is, "I know all that; but the great thing is, that the play never bores me; and when a dramatist gives me such a perpetual flow of brilliant talk as Mr. Wilde gives, I am willing to forgive him all the sins in the dramatic Decalogue, and the rest." Someone this week has compared the talk with Sheridan's; but that is, perhaps, a little "too steep." The style of the play suggests to me rather the Lyttonian, the Disraelian, the style of the Age of the Dandies. And a very delightful style, too! Meretricious, you say? Oh, yes! undeniably meretricious. But meretricious wit is better than the usual jog-trot, philistine stupidity of the stage. Anything for a change. "It is well that a change should from time to time be made in old customs, or life would otherwise be too monotonous."

The acting is, for the most part, equal to the occasion. Miss Marion Terry renders the complex, mundane, demi-mundane, yet very human character, of the mother—this is the one fresh character I spoke of—with perfect success. That this lady, who generally plays parts like that of the guileless Lady Windermere, should be able to pass so easily to an opposite type shows that her talent is as various as it has always been charming. I declare she now rivals her sister: she is one of the most valuable actresses the comedy stage can boast. Miss Lily Hanbury is a little too Juno-like, physically and mentally, for the part of the young wife: we want an English Reichenberg to play that. Nor is Mr. Nutcombe Gould quite impassioned enough for Lord Darlington; fancy Don Juan played by the Statue of the Commander! Mr. Alexander is, however, excellent in the rather ungrateful part of the husband; and the men who act as the dummies for Mr. Wilde's ventriloquial epigrams, are capitally played by Mr. H. H. Vincent, Mr. Vane Tempest, and Mr. Ben Webster. Of Mr. Oscar Wilde's coming forward at the end, cigarette in hand, to praise his players like a preface of Victor Hugo, and to commend his own play, "of which I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, you estimate the merits almost as highly as I do myself," you will already have read. I am still chortling—for an Oxford playwright an Oxford word—at its exquisite impertinence.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

As a service to SHELLEY's memory, MR. RICHARD EDGUMBE would disprove that the poet ever signed himself "atheist, philanthropist" in a travellers' book. To this end it is necessary to regard as a forgery the so-called leaf torn from the travellers' book of Montanvert, bearing SHELLEY's autograph with the alleged inscription, and which was pasted into a copy of "The Revolt of Islam" possessed by the late LORD HOUGHTON, and further, to regard the words "atheist, philanthropist" written in Greek opposite SHELLEY's signature, seen at St. Martin, or some other village, by JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, and carefully defaced by BYRON in HOBHOUSE's presence, as having been written by one of those envious creatures who begin by scribbling "fool," "ass," in the books of their schoolmates, and continue their anonymous and impotent abuse whenever and wherever they can get a word slipped in. That the HOUGHTON autograph is a forgery is very possible, as LORD HOUGHTON himself admitted; but we altogether fail to see how anyone having a public or private grudge, real or imaginary, against SHELLEY, could find much vent for his spleen in calling him "philanthropist," nor do we see that there would have been any forgetfulness of "natural dignity" on SHELLEY's part in writing this inscription himself. Of that "natural dignity" which is most commonly the defence of weak personalities and dull brains, and partakes largely of an aldermanic quality, SHELLEY had none. He had the dignity, the self-respect of genius, which led him to obey unquestioned the dictates of his mood; which was sometimes with him, and has been and will be with others, a light to lead astray; but which may very well have permitted him to subscribe himself "atheist, philanthropist," as the Shelleyan formula for Abu Ben Adhem's "one who loves his fellow-men."

BESIDES a long-promised volume of verse by MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, we are to have shortly new poems by SIR EDWIN ARNOLD and the late LORD LYTTON. "Potiphar's Wife" is to be the title-poem of SIR EDWIN'S book. It would be rash to assert that SIR EDWIN has been forestalled by the magnificent Phraxanor of CHARLES WELLS'S "Joseph and His Brethren." Whether his Egyptian woman succeeds or not in rivalling that younger sister of Cleopatra, we are sure, remembering his Magdalene, that she will be interesting, and, in all likelihood, most modern. LORD LYTTON'S volume is to be called "Marah," and will include the poem on which he was engaged at the time of his death. We note with pleasure that MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS are about to add to their admirable "Aldine Series," SCOTT, SHELLEY, WORDSWORTH, and HER-RICK.

IN thirteen volumes, quiet and sensible-looking but yet, in the quality of the paper and type, suggestive of the luxuries of wisdom, laughter, and poetry within, MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. publish the "Riverside Edition" of the works of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. The first three volumes are occupied with the evergreen "Breakfast-Table" series. Then comes "Over the Tea-Cups," the novels, stories, essays, and travels, the last three volumes being devoted to this Protean author's poetry. After MARK TWAIN, DR. HOLMES, so far as his works were known, has been the most widely read and generally appreciated of American writers. The public will not be slack to take advantage of the opportunity now given them to become acquainted with the whole range and capacity of an undoubted favourite.

TIRED of importing from America editions of a work containing relinquished conclusions and a

principle laid down on at least one wrong basis, and tired of the constant misinterpretations of his later beliefs, MR. HERBERT SPENCER has at last produced a new English edition of his "Social Statics" (WILLIAMS & NORGATE). Many portions of the original work have been erased, others abridged, and the whole carefully revised. The purely systematic division of this work has been replaced by MR. SPENCER'S "Justice," that which is now issued in a revised form being the discussions which preceded the constructive division and the series of chapters in which the political implications were pointed out. With "Social Statics" is bound up "The Man versus the State," a revised version of the 1884 edition.

THE American portion of KAHN'S Travels was translated into English in the last century, but the English portion, which is said to transcend in completeness and accuracy of description any work of its age on England, is now translated for the first time by MR. JOSEPH LUCAS under the title of "Kahn's Account of His Visit to England" (MACMILLAN). KAHN was the son of a Swedish minister, and travelled in Norway, England, and America, in the interests of the Royal Swedish Academy of Science, during 1747-1751.

SOMEWHAT more varied in character than the three volumes which have gone before it, PROFESSOR FREEMAN'S fourth series of "Essays" (MACMILLAN), although only one of them, the paper headed "Augustodunum," is upon the same scale as his preceding studies of towns, fully merits the title "historical." The other pieces were written for periodicals, where they could not be treated so exhaustively. They contain real work, however, and must not be mistaken for "holiday articles," or else the indolent reader may find them, like PROFESSOR FREEMAN'S newspaper critic, a little "too learned."

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL issue two handsome Travel volumes, "Siberia as it is," by MR. H. DE WINDT, and "The Naturalist in La Plata," by MR. W. H. HUDSON. The former contains a very characteristic introduction by MADAME NOVIKOFF. In the latter the author of that charming romance, "The Crystal Age," writes in his pleasant manner of the habits of the animals best known to him in La Plata.

THE fifth volume of MESSRS. DENT & Co.'s beautiful edition of LANDOR'S "Imaginary Conversations" contains dialogues of literary men, of famous women, and miscellaneous dialogues.

WITHIN a day or two will be published a new and very much enlarged edition of MR. SYDNEY BUXTON'S "Political Handbook." In view of the London County Council election, the new sections on "Ground Rents," "Municipal Death Duty," "Home Rule for London," etc., will be appreciated; while as regards the General Election, all the important questions included in the Newcastle Programme—and others, such as the Eight Hours Question—find a place. Another plain and easy guide to electoral righteousness, now in the press, is a cheap and "up-to-date" edition of the late MR. JOHN NOBLE'S "Facts for Politicians," in which there will be a completed London Programme, a summary of the onslaught upon MR. GOSCHEN'S finance, abstracts of the legislation of the last twelve months, and other fresh matter.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

WE are asked to state that the Liberal leaders, so far from being pledged to the support of MR. JOHN WARD for Wandsworth, have the question of a Liberal candidate still under their consideration.

THE Authors' Club has now passed from the preliminary stage to that of actual existence. The club is to be founded upon a Limited Joint Stock Company, already established and registered, and the possession of a single share (of which there will be 600 of £5 each) will serve in lieu of entrance fee. When the first 600 shares are applied for and allotted, the election of members will be according to usual club-land law. The annual subscription is fixed at four guineas, and the entrance fee at ten guineas; the usual facilities and remissions being extended to country members. The number of members is fixed at 600; and the club house will be as near Piccadilly Circus as possible. The first directors are LORD MONKSWELL, MR. WALTER BESANT, MR. H. TEDDER (the well-known secretary and librarian of the "Athenæum"), and MR. OSWALD CRAWFURD, C.M.G. (chairman). The qualifications for membership are that a man should be a British subject, or a citizen of the United States; an author, in the widest acceptance of the term; a contributor to a leading periodical; or a journalist of established position.

AMONG the deaths announced since our last issue are those of CARDINAL MERMILLOD, whose nomination by the Pope in 1873 as Vicar-Apostolic of Geneva, with his consequent expulsion, was a "moment" in the Kulturkampf between the Swiss Government and the Vatican; DR. ASHTON OXENDEN, formerly Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada, but best known in England by his religious and devotional works; SIR HENRY COTTON, lately a Lord Justice of Appeal; BARON OTTO LOWE, who was condemned by default in 1877 to one year's imprisonment for writing against PRINCE BISMARCK, and who thereupon adopted French nationality; MR. THOMAS STERRY HUNT, long head of the Geological Survey of Canada, a distinguished American chemist and mineralogist, and inventor of the ink used in printing greenbacks; MR. C. A. FYFFE, whose brilliant career was cut short by a foul and utterly unsupported charge; MR. ROBERT HOLFORD, the well-known picture collector; MR. HENRY DOYLE, C.B., the singularly able director of the National Gallery of Ireland; and MRS. NYE CHART, late lessee of the Brighton Theatre.

THE late LORD JUSTICE COTTON was one of those men of whom it is impossible to speak without great respect. His career through life was singularly uniform and successful, though not marked by any very great brilliancy. After winning high distinction at Eton and Oxford, and backed as he was by a first-rate City connection, he soon attained a large practice as a junior. When he took silk, twenty years after his call, he practised in the Court of the late VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS, where he took part in a great many cases of great importance. After some years, however, the strain of continuous work in the somewhat turbulent *forum* in which his lot was cast seemed too much for him, and he thereupon confined his practice to cases in which he was taken into Court with special fees. In 1877, on the death of LORD JUSTICE MELLISH, he took his seat in the Court of Appeal, and was made a member of the Privy Council. Failing health compelled him to retire before completing the usual fifteen years' period of service. SIR HENRY COTTON was always noted for his singular courtesy and kindness, and the only fault that the critical generally found with his decisions was that he confined himself very strictly, and perhaps too cautiously, to the exact case before him, and was averse to laying down general principles. He never entered the House of Commons.

M. DE BLOWITZ AND M. RIBOT.

PARIS, February 24, 1892.

READERS of the Paris correspondence of the *Times* cannot fail to have been struck by the tone adopted by the writer with regard to the French Foreign Minister. M. Ribot was spoken to lately on the subject. At first he evaded an answer, but when pressed for a reply he said: "Well, if you wish to know why M. de Blowitz is not friendly towards me, it may be due to this circumstance. At the time I was nominated Minister of Foreign Affairs I received an invitation from M. de Blowitz to dine at his house to meet Lord Lytton. I was on sufficiently good terms with M. de Blowitz, but I did not know Lord Lytton. Now, as I was already appointed Minister, it was the part of the Ambassador of Great Britain, as of his colleagues of the Diplomatic Corps, to pay me the customary official visit. Therefore it was not seemly to expect that I should make the acquaintance of the representative of the Queen at a private house like M. de Blowitz's. Besides, as that personage is known to be indiscreet, it would have been foolish to have given him the desired opportunity for serving me up in the *Times*. That is why M. de Blowitz does not like me. M. de Blowitz also identified me with the *Journal des Débats*, with which he has been at war for some time. He has conceived the pretension of being Foreign Minister *in petto*, and criticising us as if he had a natural right to the post. All this, you understand, does not make the gentleman more beloved here."

PARIS PRICES.

(BY AN AGRICULTEUR DE FRANCE.)

HOUSEKEEPERS and annuitants, and all the crowds of people of fixed small incomes, are just now much agitated by the further advance in prices which must inevitably follow the great rise in the Customs duties. Apart from this last cause, Paris prices have for some time ruled higher than London rates; in fact, Paris has been within the last ten years rapidly becoming the dearest city in Europe, as strangers without unlimited incomes have long since discovered; and the doctors of the foreign colonies are now complaining that most of their former class of patients go and live, or die, elsewhere; "turning" the *place forte* of Paris in the through *trains de luxe* that need now never enter the town at all.

A convenient way of illustrating the dearth of Paris will be to take a round dozen of the most ordinary articles of daily household consumption, and compare a sterling pound's worth of each at the prices of one of the great London "stores" with the Paris quotations at one of the large groceries.

Bread it is not easy to compare, because of qualities and sizes; but let us begin with the best Hungarian flour, for example, and you will have to pay £1 7s. 8d. in Paris for your London pound's worth. In household flour the difference is less, the pound becoming only a guinea. The duty on imported flour is from 8 to 10 francs the 100 kilos, or about a halfpenny the lb. The French coffee-consumption per month compares with the amount of tea-drinking in England as 1½ to 2, so let us next take coffee as a national necessary in France. £1 spent on coffee in London must become an expenditure of £1 4s. 11d. in Paris. The import-duty on this coffee is just 7d. the lb., and yields a revenue of 4½ millions sterling, as against our 3½ millions from tea. The Frenchman thus pays an extra million for the cup that cheers him. Let us next take sugar—and it will be seen that we are, without any premeditation too, working very much at a breakfast-table which, in this land of *liberté*, is very far from free. So changeable is the French

speculation in sugars, and so big is the price, and so strong is the ring, that the large grocers, like Potin, whom everyone knows, will not print their prices for refined loaf-sugar, but sell it day by day *au cours*, at the market level. But even for "Demerara" you must pay £3 2s. in Paris for what you can buy at London co-operative stores for £1. Curiously enough, the French consumption of sugar, which is only a third of the English amount per head, effects an almost exact counterpoise here. The import-tax is prohibitive at about 7d. the pound, and the internal excise on French beetroot sugar is about half that nominally, but so complicated with bounties and the beet standard that the sugar ring make fortunes by underselling every foreign market, while obliging the French populace to pay over seven millions sterling per annum extra for their sugar. But those of the *Agriculteurs de France* whose land will grow beet have no cause to complain. They had three years ago some 500,000 acres of it, and they have more now, for the sugar revenue went up £1,200,000 in the year 1891, just closed. Some English railway-workmen, who were lately over at Calais on a job, complained that sugar there was 6d. the pound, and bread 1s. "the gallon"—so they reckoned it; and the Paris octroi is, I believe, higher than that of Calais.

As to butter, one would scarcely at first blush believe that Londoners have as much "Normandy" butter in London for £1 as the Parisian can get of "Isigny" for £1 7s. 4d.; but so it is; and a pound's-worth of table-salt costs the French housewife £1 18s. 4d., or very nearly double what an English cook has to pay.

Fresh meat is difficult to compare, for the wholesale prices are no guide, and the markets are just now much disturbed by the recent fiscal changes. Besides, horseflesh, of which over a hundred specially-licensed butchers now sell 20,000 lbs. a day in Paris, keeps down the prices of those portions of other meat which are bought by the poorer classes. But take ham as an index which ought to be more stable than fresh meat, and the price of the very cheapest brands is 3s. 5d. dearer in Paris than my London standard pound's-worth. Furthermore, the new import-duties will raise ham in France a penny a pound higher. Cheese is another handy test, being much eaten in both countries. Herein Paris slightly undersells London—and it is the only article on my list wherein it does that—in so far as superior (Roquefort) cheese is concerned. This costs 19s. 2d. in Paris as against the London £1. But in the cheapest qualities, on Paris "Gruyère" as compared with London "American," £1 in London goes as far as £1 5s. 4d. in Paris; and this last is the fairer average comparison for cheese, to which the new duties will even add a halfpenny a pound more.

In fruits we can only take currants, on which the French "dried raisins" tax bears heavily. A pound of bad currants costs nearly 7d. in Paris, as compared with second qualities in London at 3d. It takes £2 4s. 9d. in Paris to buy a London pound's-worth of these *raisins de Corinthe*.

Artificial light is extremely costly in Paris. The very cheapest candles (*bougies*) are about twice as dear as in London—£1 19s. 9d. as against £1. The relative price of commonest "dips" (*chandelles*) is less, but even they figure out £1 2s. 1d. The excise on *bougies* is of course heavy. The French are greatly better off for soap than they were some years ago, when Bradshaw used to advise the common tourist to lay in a supply at his book-shop, and the best common house soap can now be bought for £1 6s. as against the London £1. But perhaps, as I have mentioned light, I ought to follow it with fuel; and there, again, contrast is not easy, the question being complicated by wood and charcoal in Paris; so I can only quote the latest price for kitchen coal (*charbon de terre pour cuisine*) of my own old-established wood and coal merchant on the boulevard de Latour-Maubourg, which is now 58 francs the 1,000 kilos, or over £2 7s. the ton. Of

course, gas prices itself high accordingly; and as for refined petroleum, the import duty alone is now over £10 a ton, whereas London has it free.

As to drinks other than coffee, no useful comparison can be made. Most of the wine drunk in the wine-shops and sold by the grocers in Paris is made of *raisins secs* in the Saint-Denis presses, if not manufactured in more fearsome ways at the Bercy Docks; and the threepenny glasses of German beer in the brasseries—more glass and "false-collar" than beer, too—will in future be a halfpenny dearer, in consequence of the raising of the import-duty to sixpence a gallon, to spite "the Prussians." But the French bock will of course follow the rise, and the *boulevardier* will thus find—as he ought—that it is he himself who will have to pay, out of his own slim purse, for the luxury of indulging his patriotic emotions after this fashion.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. BALFOUR'S FALL.

SIR,—The present position of Mr. Balfour recalls an article in *THE SPEAKER* some time back, in which this great man was ranked among politicians on the decline. The malignant folly of such a suggestion was equalled by its profane audacity. It came to this—that you, Sir, presumed to question the consensus of contemporaries which, in sure anticipation of the verdict of history, had proclaimed Mr. Balfour supreme as an administrator and as a legislator. True, some greybeards—you, presumably, among them—recollected the premature enthusiasm with which, at the outset of the American Civil War, ere a real battle had been won or lost, the admirers of General Maclellan hailed him as the young Napoleon.

But Mr. Balfour—had he not, with a "solid majority of a hundred" at his back, like another Pitt, tilted the Opposition, the Irish Opposition especially, on his nose? He was a young Minister, and had not carried many measures; still, they were sure to come.

Now, however, I confess, Sir, with reluctance, that you had at least a semblance of a case. It may be said that the success of Mr. Balfour's administration of Ireland may be—say, partially—tested by the votes given at Cork for Captain Sarsfield; that his success as a legislator may be, to some extent, measured by the figures relating to the Land Purchase Act, or the unsympathetic laughter which greeted the introduction of his Local Government Bill. Mr. Balfour is said, appearances to the contrary, to be the most diffident of mortals, and only to be excited into seeming confidence by the adulation of admirers. If so, perhaps in a moment of philosophic doubt, he may recall the memorable line of Pope—

"It is the slaver kills, and not the bite."

I am, Sir, yours, with remorseful respect,
Marlborough, February 24th.

F. E. T.

TURKS AND ARMENIANS.

SIR,—I have just read in your valuable journal an important correspondence from Constantinople under the heading "Armenia and Egypt." As I happen to be one of those Armenians who call the attention of Europe to the sufferings of the Christians in Turkey, I cannot forbear taking notice of certain allusions made by your correspondent. I regret that his good-faith should have been imposed upon so as to be made to believe that the Archbishop Khoren of Lusignan was a spy in the pay of the Sultan. It is Ottoman Machiavelism that has invented and spread this calumny, with the object of making that prelate hated before striking him. It was afraid of his popularity, and it was this popularity that drove the Caliph to spare to some extent this dignitary of the Church. Your correspondent, besides, admits that Mgr. de Lusignan sent to the French papers regular philippics against the despotic government of Abdul-Hamid II., which proves sufficiently that the distinguished priest had not abdicated his independent and patriotic spirit. It is in this patriotism that we must seek the true cause of the persecution directed against him. The Porte wants to crush, one by one, all the Armenians who have devoted their energies to the national question. After the death of the courageous patriarch Nersès, the originator of the Armenian question, the four delegates whom he had sent to the Berlin Congress remained defenceless before the vengeance of the Turks. Mr. S. Papazian died, still in time to escape; Mgr. Khrimian, at the age of nearly eighty, has been banished to Jerusalem; and the writer of these lines has been compelled to expatriate himself so as not to be buried in the deserts of Turkish Africa. There only remained Mgr. de Lusignan at Constantinople; and as they dared not take his life, they tried to kill

him morally. If the Turks treat in this manner, and in the very capital, a man of European reputation, what are they not capable of doing with the obscure Armenian peasant in the remotest provinces of Asiatic Turkey? Assisted by their Koordish and Circassian accomplices, they inflict every kind of torture on him. His moans sometimes reach the ears of the Armenians in the West, who hasten to call the attention of Europe to them. Your correspondent approves of the efforts of these patriots, but does not like them to urge the formation of revolutionary societies. As far as I am concerned, I do not belong to any such society; but my conscience does not permit me to blame those young Armenians who do not share your correspondent's ideas and reply to the objections of their conservative countrymen:—"The Powers have drawn up in favour of the Armenians Article 61 of the Treaty of Berlin. You have been clamouring for its application for the last fourteen years, and your efforts have only led to negative results. You do not know Europe; she does not back up a just cause because it is just, and peaceful means leave her unmoved; she only wakes at the roar of a torrent of blood, and only takes a real interest in those that kill or get killed." The responsibility which your correspondent attaches to certain Armenians in Europe rather rests with European diplomacy which, after encouraging the Armenians by promising them its protection, pitilessly abandoned them to the vengeance of their tormentors, and to all the suggestions of despair.—I am, Sir, etc.,

33, De Vere Gardens, W.,
February 20th, 1892.

MINASSE TCHERAZ,
Editor of *Armenia*.

A NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.

SIR,—The importance of preventing the addition of a collection of works by living artists to the National Gallery seems to me so great, that the rather severe language recently used in your columns on the subject is a matter upon which you deserve to be congratulated. The productions of living painters at present in the Gallery are so many spots on the sun, and would amply justify the Trustees in refusing Mr. Tate's offer, had it been ten times more magnificent financially than it is. At the same time, if Mr. Tate really wishes to make the nation a handsome present—and to cast any imputations on his motives seems to me neither necessary nor courteous—why should he not found a gallery of modern English pictures from which the Trustees of the National Gallery should have the right of removing to their collection any works they considered sufficiently important, provided that the painters of such works had been dead at least twenty-five years? Twenty-five years after a painter's death his productions could be dealt with without any suspicion of prejudice, and his real artistic value might be approximately estimated. If Mr. Tate believes that his pictures will hold their own, he could have little doubt that under these circumstances they would ultimately find a place in Trafalgar Square. The verdict of a committee, however carefully chosen, such as he proposes, would serve no useful purpose, for we have seen over and over again that the most authoritative contemporary critics have utterly failed to foretell the verdict of time. The proposal to add a Tate wing to the National Gallery seems open to the further objection that whatever land there is should be reserved for the time when an addition will be needed to contain the acquisitions which will be made by the Trustees in the usual way. Surely English Art will not be overlooked at the National Gallery so long as the present examples of such native immortals as Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, Constable, Crome, and Wilson are retained there. That English painting would gain more dignity by the addition to the National Gallery of the most popular Academy pictures of the last ten years is at least open to question.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

CHARLES T. J. HIATT.

Primrose Club, Park Place, St. James's. February 21st, 1892.

SIR,—Will you allow me, as a diligent reader of THE SPEAKER, to utter a gentle but needed protest against the ruthless methods—I cannot call it criticism—of your Grand Mogul. Surely, at this late period, we Liberals ought to have learned more tolerance (even in respect to art) than he shows. I have been a seeker after truth all my life, and one fact has ever forced itself upon my mind—namely, that the man who on a question of opinion is cocksure is always wrong. There is another truth which is near akin to it; it is that he who is brutal in his assault is incapable of that discrimination of rightness which is of the essence of true criticism. It is needless to go into the "G. M.'s" opinions. How many we have seen equally trenchant, equally loud, equally "cocksure," and Time has pounded their views into nothingness. Art to me—to most thoughtful men who have dwelt upon the subject—is not what "G. M." would have us believe it is. It is, like literature, an expression of man's nature (of man's soul, if you will) in the presence of a greater nature. Like literature, it has its imperfections, its limits, its one-sidedness (so to speak). It attempts, as Bacon says of poetry, "to suit the shows of things to the desires of the mind." And every man giving himself to art must naturally express himself in his own way, and according to the limitations of his nature.

There will (must), therefore, always be some art which is more or less of the day—documentary; but it is not the less art (in its way) than the more sublime conceptions of the great ones. Are our Crabbes and Goldsmiths the less lovable because Milton wrote? Because Giorgione put beams of beauty on canvas and Raphael enchanted the ages with his Madonnas, must we, therefore, bespatter Holman Hunt with mud? I hold no brief for Mr. Hunt (albeit I admire his art); but I think every Liberal should hold him in esteem, not only because of his strenuous allegiance to a high ideal, but because, to his cost, he has stood out for reform where—in regard to art—reform is so eminently needed. But the moral of my letter is, "Let us be tolerant"; and we shall be that by being less "cocksure," and, above all, let us avoid throwing mud.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A. T. S.

THE WISDOM OF STUPIDITY.

"I think there are great advantages in doing a stupid thing which has been done before."—*Speech of the First Lord.*

UNYOKE the Titans that perform our will:
Let Steam go sleep where geysers start and throb,
And dream of duties he must not fulfil,
His highest function—on the housewife's hob;
And bid the Lightning save his golden breath,
And only work in ruin and in death.

To the museum with the piston-rod,
The thudding paddle and the silent screw,
The pen that's held at home and writes abroad,
The subtle tongue that whispers through and through
The humming water, and the crust-clung rind
Of earth, earth's substance, and the roaring wind!

Break ope the ballot-box, and auction votes;
Withdraw the franchise from the illiterate—
Sense lies in letters, worth in well-cut coats;
Why did we ever list to Liberal prate?
Of cant about the people's rights get rid,
Undo the justice that our fathers did.

Then hey, for whip and horses, sail and oar!
Sing ho, for everything that's tedious!
The running footman's dress and wand restore,
And give the mounted post his blunderbuss:
Back to the past as swiftly as we can;
Re-fang the burglar, horse the highwayman.

Transmogrify the electoral machine;
Let money buy again what nothing buys;
Set up the hustings in the village green,
And bid Old-Sarum from its ashes rise;
Concentrate once again in privileged hands
The power we fear widespread in three broad lands.

For "stupid things that have been done before"
Have "great advantages" for Tory squires,
Peers, placemen, parasites, and—which is more—
For that unmanly hybrid who aspires
To tread the Primrose path to Parliament,
The rueful Liberal-Dissident.

FESTE.

A LEAP-YEAR IDYLL.

ONCE on a time there lived a little maiden
In that strange land that lies beneath the sun,
Whose loyal heart with love was overladen
For one

Who meant to keep unmarried till his latter-day—
Whose joys were simple, and whose cares were few—
Who read his *Times*, and revelled in his *Saturday*
Review.

It was the longed-for year when love-sick spinsters
Lead bachelors, who have not sought a bride,
Up middle-aisles of "dim, religious" minsters
With pride.

On Leap-Year wooings and on Leap-Year winnings
The mind of the undaunted maiden ran;
So she—determined to enjoy her innings—
Began,

(Her voice, as she proceeded, growing snappier);

"Dear Sir, however happy you may be,
I'm certain you'd be infinitely happier
With me.

"A wife would share your every little trouble,
Increasing every joy your heart that fills;
She'd halve your income, and exactly double
Your bills.

"Hark how the poets Woman's praise are singing!
You doubt their words, but you will find them true
When 'pain and anguish' undertake the wringing
Of you.

"O Man, proud Man! 'how sad a fate would his be,
If 'lovely Woman' from his side retired;
Pyramus, when divided from his Thisbe,
Expired:

"Jack minus Jill, forsooth, had fallen flatter:
Darby was nobody without his Joan:
Jack Spratt could never have cleaned out the platter
Alone:

"King Edward found his wife's assistance handy
When poisoned arrows nearly spoiled the fun:
Griselda proved her *modus operandi*
A 1.

"To tell like stories I can gladly go on
For hours and hours, with rapid tongue and glib—
Quote Enid, Portia, Juliet, and so on,
Ad lib—

"To prove my point until at last you see it:
(And you must take my word for it till then)."
The hapless victim meekly sighed, "So be it,
Amen."

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, February 26th, 1892.

THE habit, into which so many people fall, of reviewing books has been very seriously attacked of late. Mr. Howells says that it induces bad manners. Mr. Birrell declares it to be "a trade thing," and proceeds—"Were a literary paper to have no advertising columns, do you suppose it would review half the books it does? Certainly not." A third assailant, yet more lethally minded, asserts that reviews are only read by the authors themselves; and it has been thought worth while to reply that, even were this true, reviewing would still serve a useful end, if only by keeping our writers obedient to grammar and careful of the purity of our English tongue.

But it is notoriously inexpedient that commercial enterprise should proceed from benevolence alone; and in this case is not the benevolence itself a bit puzzle-headed? Is it really our duty to preserve the purity of the English tongue and its grammar? Language after all was made for the use of the public; and if an author chooses to talk "like the public does," instead of as Lindley Murray talked, why should we interfere? Why should we stand between our fellows and the grammatical millennium "when a plural subject shall lie down with a singular verb and a little conjunction shall lead them"? For my own part when I catch the plural subject and singular verb making friends in an Elizabethan sentence the laxity pleases me. Not a few of us delight in the rank colloquialisms of Bunyan, holding them indeed inseparable from the charm of the man. How then are we entitled to show indignation over the split infinitives of Mr. Bret Harte? The future may be with the split infinitive. Were it not better to resignedly admit it than pedantically to oppose?

I spoke the other day of an Examination Paper in "English Language and Literature" in which a company of middle-class children below the age of fifteen were invited to "correct the English"—save the mark!—of certain passages from Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope. And I tried to show that if we ask our children to play the fool with Shakespeare it is unreasonable to complain, later on, of their snubbing *us*. What is attained by informing a boy of fifteen that

"Man never is, but always to be blest—"

won't parse? Pope didn't mean it to be parsed. And it seems to me that even a living author, when informed by a reviewer that his sentences are not grammatical, must settle the question by answering, "True: they are not. What then?"

As a matter of fact you will find that the authors whose "styles" are most belauded to-day have been frequent and flagrant offenders against grammar. Thackeray's style, you will be told, is flawless, incomparable, the perfection of easy, well-mannered writing. Yet Thackeray's use of "and which" might now and then make a grammarian turn in his grave. And what are we to say of the following, from a careful page of "Esmond"?—

"The Restoration did not bring enough money to the Lord Castlewood to restore this ruined part of his house; where were the morning parlours, above them the long music-gallery, and before which stretched the terrace, where, however, the flowers grew again which the boots of the Roundheads had trodden in their assault, and which was restored without much cost, and only a little care, by both ladies who succeeded the second viscount in the government of this mansion."

As Charles Reade once pointed out, where Addison could be content to write "My being his nearest neighbour gave me some knowledge of his habits," the average scribbler would substitute "The fact of my being his nearest neighbour gave me," etc. And this precisely inaccurate person is the very man who, reviewing "Esmond," would declare the above passage ungrammatical and advise Thackeray to learn to write English.

If I find the perfection of polite English prose in Jane Austen rather than in Thackeray, it is my own affair, and I hope to escape officious contempt. It is enough to claim what everybody will grant—that Jane Austen wrote admirably. Yet her employment of the *Nominativus Pendens* must shock anybody connected, however remotely, with a sixpenny paper: and if reviewers had been aware of her work while she lived, they had infallibly spared no effort to correct it.

But there was one man who, during Jane Austen's life-time, did take the deepest interest in her work. He was no less a person than the Prince Regent, and he kept a set of her novels at each of his various houses, and his librarian, Mr. Clarke, even sent the poor lady some counsel about her work. It is a delicious story, and full of instruction upon the value of contemporary advice. All reviewers should have it by heart. These gentlemen are so very free with their counsel: they insist so earnestly that Mr. Meredith should adapt himself to their intelligence, that Mr. Henry James should write adventure-books and Mr. Stevenson a big novel in three volumes. It certainly will be worth their while to consider the case of Mr. J. S. Clarke, librarian to the Prince Regent.

While "Emma" was in the press, and Miss Austen staying in London to nurse a sick brother, the Prince sent his librarian to call upon her and invite her to pay a visit to Carlton House, if she would like to inspect the State apartments, etc. She went. "It does not seem," says Mrs. Malden in her monograph on Jane Austen, "to have occurred to the Prince to

be there in person; perhaps this could hardly have been expected; but she was received with great cordiality by the librarian, Mr. Clarke, and during the visit he told her that, if she cared to do so, the Prince would be happy to accept the dedication of any future novel of hers." Some time after, the good Clarke went further than this. He offered her an idea. Prince Leopold was then about to be married to the Princess Charlotte, and had made Mr. Clarke his private secretary. Straightway the good man wrote announcing his promotion, and suggesting to Miss Austen that "an historical romance, illustrative of the august house of Cobourg, would just now be very interesting."

What would one not give to have seen the incomparable Jane smiling to herself as she penned her profoundly serious reply?—

"My dear Sir. . . . Under every interesting circumstance which your own talents and literary labours have placed you in, or the favour of the Regent bestowed, you have my best wishes. Your recent appointments, I hope, are a step to something still better. In my opinion, the service of a Court can hardly be too well paid, for immense must be the sacrifice of time and feeling required by it. You are very kind in your hints as to the sort of composition which might recommend me at present, and I am fully sensible that an historical romance founded on the House of Saxe-Cobourg might be much more to the purpose of profit and popularity than such pictures of domestic life in country villages as I deal in. But I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable for me to keep it up and never relax into laughing at myself or at other people, I am sure I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter. No, I must keep to my own style, and go on in my own way; and though I may never succeed again in that, I am convinced that I should totally fail in any other."

The moral is that an author should be allowed, by reviewers and other people, to work out his own salvation. I was about to say that he should be let alone altogether; and in spite of Mr. Besant I doubt if even a peerage will do him much good. But I am reminded that there are two institutions in this country which can, and should, pay great writers a fitting honour. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge ought, one would think, to be interested in letters. They have honorary degrees to confer, and these degrees, when well bestowed, do equal honour to those who receive and those who confer them. Why, then, has it been left to a Scottish University to pay the first compliment this week to a writer who, by general admission, has for years been one of the first half-dozen in England, and is now one of the first three? It is so easy to be less intelligent than Aberdeen.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

VON MOLTKE'S HISTORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR OF 1870-71. By Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke. Translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fischer. Two vols. London: T. R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

THE first instalment of Count von Moltke's works creates a certain sense of disappointment. The *précis* of the campaign of 1870-71 is a valuable addition to military literature. No one could have written it as the great Chief of the Staff has done. Yet it is inevitable that we should look for something more than a condensed history of the war, for frequent glimpses behind the scenes at the German headquarters, for the comments of the principal director, and for the many lessons which he could have delivered with force unrivalled. It is characteristic of the man that these expectations should not be fully realised, and that he should have given a fresh proof of self-restraint. Such criticism as Von Moltke could have given to the world has its drawbacks, and he believed that it was "a pious and patriotic duty never to disturb the prestige

which connects the glory of our army with certain personages." Thus the work, though written from the standpoint of the Chief of the Staff, rarely strays from the regions of pure narrative, and is, in the main, a highly condensed version of the great Staff History, which now receives Von Moltke's personal *imprimatur*—an awkward fact for the theorists who have sought to disparage it.

History contains nothing more striking than the campaign in which, although the regular armies of France disappeared within four weeks—imprisoned in Germany or locked up in their own fortresses—the spirit of a great military people was yet able to assert itself. Written for students of war, the extreme condensation and severity of style of the *précis* render it unsuited for the purposes of a popular text-book; but here and there, in passages possessing more than mere professional interest, we obtain an insight into the mind of the author. Peace, we are told, is no longer, as a rule, endangered by the "ambition of monarchs. . . . The passions of the people, its dissatisfaction with interior conditions and affairs, the strife of parties and the intrigues of their leaders are the causes" of modern wars. Among such causes is the influence of the Bourse. "Mexico and Egypt have been swamped with European armies simply to satisfy the demands of the *haute finance*." France, in 1870, was "informed by its representatives that it desired war with Germany."

The opening moves of this great game of war are described in clear and terse language, which serves to throw their teaching into strong relief. France had an ambitious plan of campaign, correct in conception, but wholly dependent on conditions which did not exist. Nothing was ready. Regiments were unequipped, fortresses unprepared. Everywhere confusion reigned supreme. "On se débrouillera" was the vain hope of the French authorities—as possibly of our own War Office magnates. Meanwhile, swiftly and in perfect order, the hosts of Germany gathered darkly upon the Rhine. The fictions which have attached to the "complete plan" supposed to have been prepared in advance by Von Moltke are coldly brushed aside. "The advance to the frontiers alone was pre-arranged in every detail." The enemy was to be found, attacked, and forced "back from the fertile southern States into the narrower tract on the north." Above all, Paris, which was much more than the mere capital of France, was to be taken. How this was to be accomplished must be "left to the decision of the hour." One weak stroke was delivered by the French at Saarbrück. Painful indecision supervened, and then at Weissenburg on the 4th of August, and at Wörth and Spicheren on the 6th, the power of the tremendous weapon which Von Moltke wielded was heavily felt. The frontier battles were hard fought on both sides. At Weissenburg a weak French Division was overpowered, but the Geisberg Château was gallantly defended. At Wörth the German 20th Brigade stumbled upon MacMahon's force of 40,000 men, strongly posted. The Eleventh and Fifth German Army Corps, which, contrary to the previous intention of the Crown Prince, had marched to the sound of the guns, became quickly involved. "The battle was a succession of attacks on both sides," in which the Germans lost 489 officers and 10,000 men; but the French were broken up and driven to headlong retreat. On the day of Spicheren "a battle was neither expected nor probable." The 14th Division of the German Seventh Corps found the French entrenched, and, in entire ignorance of their strength, at once engaged Frossard's Corps. Again the Germans gathered swiftly to the sounds of battle; but not till nightfall were the French driven from their position. Napoleon III. might unquestionably have won this battle if he had reinforced Frossard with troops which were close at hand. Spicheren, writes Von Moltke, "certainly had not been anticipated"; but "a tactical victory rarely fails to coincide with a strategic policy." The French plan of campaign

was now hopelessly destroyed, and resistlessly the three great German armies swept westward, while all Europe stood astonished.

The description of the terrible battles of the 14th, 16th, and 18th of August round Metz shows a marvellous grasp of the situation. Von Moltke appears to doubt his adversary's intention to break away towards Verdun. "It seems," he writes of the fighting of the 16th, "that the Marshal's first object was not to be forced away from Metz. . . . We are tempted to fancy that political reasons alone induced Bazaine, thus early in the game, to attach himself to Metz." In any case Gravelotte-St. Privat decided the matter, and the surrender of Bazaine, locked up in a fortress wholly unprepared for such a contingency, became only a question of time. Special interest attaches to the account of MacMahon's disastrous movement to Sedan, and the right-wheel of the army of the Crown Prince—the most decisive strategic stroke of the war. The last of the regular armies of France had now disappeared from the scene; the whole fabric of the Empire had fallen; the invaders closed round Paris; "but the German army had still great difficulties to overcome."

"France had a million of available men. Four hundred thousand chassepôts and two thousand guns in store could arm these troops, and the workshops of England, as a neutral Power, were ready to complete their outfit as a matter of business. Such means of war, backed by the active patriotism of the nation, might offer a prolonged resistance if governed by a powerful will. That will was Gambetta's."

It is perhaps natural that the old soldier should despise the amateur directors of war who dare to confront him.

"M. de Freycinet, also a civilian, served under Gambetta as a sort of Chief of the General Staff, and the energetic but dilettante commandship exercised by these gentlemen cost France very dear. Gambetta's rare energy and unrelenting perseverance availed, indeed, to induce the entire population to take up arms; but not to direct these masses on a uniform plan. Without giving them time to be drilled into fitness for the field, he sent them out with ruthless cruelty, insufficiently prepared, to carry out ill-digested plans against an enemy on whose firm solidity all their courage and devotion must be wrecked. He prolonged the struggle with great sacrifice on both sides, without turning the balance in favour of France."

But these raw levies redeemed the military honour of a great people whom crushing disaster had not sufficed to overwhelm. Fully two-thirds of this history are occupied with the struggle prolonged after the disappearance of the regular army of France. In Von Moltke's words, "Fresh forces, massive but incompetent, equalised the original numerical superiority of the Germans, and it needed twelve more battles to ensure the decisive siege of the enemy's capital. Twenty fortified places were taken, and not a single day passed without a struggle, great or small." How the hand of the Chief of the Staff continued to guide the German armies the work clearly shows, even though his personality is studiously kept in the background. Caution and boldness of decision were alike displayed. No measure of success ever induced him to underrate the enemy; his grasp of the entire situation over a great theatre of war was never for a moment relaxed.

The Appendix, written about seven years earlier than the *précis*, possesses a special interest. Evidently the fictions which gathered round the campaigns of 1866, 1870-1 nettled the veteran. The imagined Councils of War seem to have roused him from his wonted calm. In memorable words, in which we trace the latent fire, he sweeps them aside for ever, and for once asserts his position as the sole responsible adviser of his master.

"The separation of the two armies (in Bohemia), which was for the present intentionally maintained, allowed of either plan being followed; but mine was the serious responsibility of advising His Majesty which. When, on the evening of the 2nd of July, 1866, news arrived of the concentration of the Austrians on the Bistritz, 'Thank God,' I said, sprang out of bed, and hastened across to the King. . . . After a brief explanation on my part, he said he fully understood the situation, decided on giving battle the next day with all three armies united, and desired me to transmit the necessary orders to the Crown Prince. . . . The whole interview with His Majesty lasted barely ten minutes. No one else was present. This was the Council of War before Königgrätz."

It is impossible not to wish that the *précis* had been written with the freedom, the vigour, and the eloquence which characterise this remarkable Appendix.

The translation, and especially the military editing, of the work leave much to be desired. The German verb *umgehen*, used in reference to a fortress, signifies more than to "avoid"—in correct phrase it is "to turn." "*Alle drei Armeen in gleiche Höhe zu bringen*," is not well rendered by "in order to get the three armies on a same front." The term "rear flank" is unknown to military terminology. Defects of this kind are unfortunately abundant. It is to be regretted, also, that more maps have not been supplied. The voluminous Staff History is not within the reach of everyone, and by the many who have not studied it, the description of (say) the battles round Metz cannot well be followed in the absence of plans.

Twenty years have passed since the great campaign was fought. The army of France has risen from the ashes of 1871, and the work of regeneration and reconstruction has been quietly but surely carried out. It may well be that the perfection of organisation which Germany has laboriously attained is not yet reached by her rival; but the tendency, far too prevalent in this country since 1870, to ignore altogether the natural genius for war which the French nation has shown for hundreds of years, affords a striking proof of shallow judgment. A military system rotten throughout was shattered before one on which all the science and forethought of Von Moltke had conferred the utmost completeness then conceivable. Even so, at a period of irremediable disaster, the military aptitude of the French was amply attested. Prussia, after Jena, found no Gambetta.

OLD TESTAMENT THEOLOGY.

THE DIVINE LIBRARY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT: ITS ORIGIN, PRESERVATION, INSPIRATION, AND PERMANENT VALUE. Five Lectures by A. F. Kirkpatrick, B.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

OLD TESTAMENT THEOLOGY: OR, THE HISTORY OF HEBREW RELIGION FROM THE YEAR 800 B.C. By Archibald Duff, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Old Testament Theology in the Yorkshire United Independent College, Bradford. Vol. I., from 800 B.C. to Josiah, 640 B.C. London, and Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1891.

A SHORT COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF DANIEL, FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS. By A. A. Bevan, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1892.

PROFESSOR KIRKPATRICK'S volume is by a believer in the uniqueness of the Christian religion, and in the divinity of that preparation for it of which the Old Testament is the record. But it is the attempt to state the human element in the Old Testament, as far as this has been discovered by modern historical and linguistic criticism. The volume consists of five lectures—four of them delivered in the Cathedral of St. Asaph, to a gathering of clergy and laity from different parts of the diocese, and one at Ely on the appearance of the Revised Version. The first two show how the books of the Old Testament have grown to their present form by the action of ordinary literary processes; the third illustrates the same facts from the history of the text, which does not give proofs of a miraculous preservation; the fourth expounds the divine element in the Old Testament, and what the books themselves mean by their inspiration; and the fifth treats of the permanent value of the Old Testament for the Christian Church. Throughout, the author shows himself a firm believer in the dogmas of the Christian religion, and that the Old Testament "as fulfilled in Christ" is still valid for the Christian Church. But he feels it "idle to invoke dogma to defeat critical and historical research, conducted upon sound principles and limited to its proper sphere."

In this reasonable and reverent temper Mr. Kirkpatrick has written one of the best popular treatises in English on the Old Testament as a

whole. Its perusal can only be productive of light and patience in those clerical and lay circles where light and patience are at present so badly needed. There is little that is new in the book; Mr. Robertson Smith told the English public nearly all that is here twelve years ago. But tradition clings hard to its own assumptions, and requires at frequent intervals, and from authorities it respects, an exposition of the facts of the case, such as Mr. Kirkpatrick gives. The hard literalist theories about the Bible, which are clung to by half Christendom with so much passion as the only safe and vital truth, will not be dispersed by mere attacks upon their unspiritual and impossible character. The only way to meet them is by plain statements of the Bible's evidence about itself—what is a prophet's own consciousness of his inspiration, and what does a book itself say about its composition and authorship? Mr. Kirkpatrick answers these questions, as on a larger scale Canon Driver answers them in his recently published "Introduction," by simply showing that the Bible makes no claims to the kind of infallibility, or to the kind of divine interference, or even to all the human authorship, which tradition has foisted upon it. The evidence from Jeremiah and the Pentateuch is admirably put and conclusive. On the "Second Isaiah" he is not so emphatic as he might have been; he omits the chief and conclusive proof for the exilic authorship—that the presence of Cyrus, already at the height of his success, is an essential part of the prophet's argument for the deity of Jehovah. Nor does he fairly tackle the important question of Deuteronomy. Mr. Kirkpatrick is a cautious and conservative critic. Perhaps the most original part of his volume, and in some respects the most valuable, is his energetic protest against the relegation by modern critics of so large a part of the Psalter to the Maccabean epoch. He contributes a very able note against the position taken up by Canon Cheyne's Bampton lectures; and successfully shows that the reasons for it are as subjective and arbitrary as those for the earlier and more conservative positions from which Cheyne rightly revolts.

Besides detailing this human share in the production of the Old Testament, Mr. Kirkpatrick attempts, chiefly in his fourth lecture, to define the divine element, or to explain inspiration. Here he is always sensible and moderate, and, where he is defining what inspiration is *not*, he is exact and clear. Rejecting from the content of inspiration, independence of other records, immunity from error in matters of science or history, and freedom from imperfection, relativity and accommodation, he finds proof for a divine inspiration of the Old Testament in the essential unity which characterises it, and in the response of the soul to its message. Inspiration is as easy to feel, as impossible to analyse, as life. It is not verbal and mechanical, but vitalising and "dynamic." In his statement of these conclusions, Mr. Kirkpatrick is never ambiguous, and abounds in instances of fact. But he could have immensely strengthened his argument by some statement and illustration of the absolute uniqueness of the Old Testament teaching, in the greater Semitic system of religion from which it sprang. Modern Semitic research, while it shows how many of the Hebrew institutions and rites were the common Semitic heritage, leaves it impressively evident that the body of moral and religious truth, which is the glory of the Old Testament, is not explicable by any historical or natural descent. And this uniqueness may be clearly shown to be derived alone from the character of the Hebrew God—that is, from the character in which this people alone, of all the peoples of ancient history, felt the Most High revealing Himself. The incomparable law of the Old Testament is based in every detail upon Israel's unrivalled conscience of their God: and all the prophets explicitly derive their power and the truth they announce from their consciousness of immediate and direct communion with His spirit.

Dr. Duff's book is written from a scientific standpoint by an expert and enthusiastic scholar. Its merits are real, and the more welcome for their rarity in works of the kind. But they suffer intolerably from the style in which the book is composed, its defective arrangement, and some extraordinary caprices of scholarship. Single words are small points, yet in a book written with the laudable ambition to be attractive to the English public, we ought not to be repelled by such irritating Germanisms as "Amosian," "David-revelation," and "Amos-revelation," the "Amos-faith," "Amos-phenomena." There is a good deal of exuberant commonplace—"deliberate and violent alcoholic self-excitement," and the like. The style, as a whole, is diffuse and often vague. Readers who know the subject will discern that there is an accurate and remarkably vivid perception of it in the author's own mind. But the warmth in which he thinks—while it helps us to understand the statement of the preface that the pleasure which the book gave as lectures to the Professor's students "was evidently deep"—has unfortunately fused the forms of his thinking, and we constantly miss the exact definition and sharpness of outline necessary to a historical work. Just when we begin to appreciate how precisely and methodically he could lay out the subject in hand, he blurs his page by adulation of his theme, and for doctrine we have rapture. We feel warmed, indeed, but hazy. A plain statement of the facts of the question, without metaphor or digression, would, for instance, have been far more useful to the student than the opening Book of the volume on the Pentateuch and its relation to the Prophets. And so throughout. The picturesque visions of the circumstances of the various prophets are very good; but a simple recital of the chief political facts of their times would have been far better. It would, for instance, have assisted the student to understand one difficulty which Dr. Duff, following Guthe, emphasises but does not explain: why the climax of Isaiah's earlier prophecies should have been a great Prince, while in the later the Prince almost entirely disappears, and the City, Zion, is the principal hope. This change followed, of course, the political fortunes of the time: when Isaiah longed for a righteous ruler, it was because Ahaz was on the throne; when he set himself to assert the inviolableness of Zion, it was because Zion was threatened. Again, Dr. Duff's eagerness to emphasise one half of a doctrine carries him beyond almost all recollection of the other half—as, for instance, in his treatment of "holiness" and the Hebrew word for "holy," in which one of the chief contents of the meaning, that of "sublimity," is almost entirely ignored. But it is the caprices of scholarship which most startle us in this book; for example, the translations "Lordly Jehovah," "Jehovah of the Elohim," and especially "Torah of the Deliverer." It will hardly be credited that to-day a Professor of Old Testament Literature, conversant with the latest works on his subject, should offer the last of these, "Torah of the Deliverer," as the true translation of Torah-Mosheh, the Law or Instruction of Moses. Yet in cold blood—if the phrase may be used of so persistently enthusiastic a writer—Dr. Duff informs his readers that a Hebrew would have so understood the phrase, and he seems to offer it as a way out of the difficulty of attributing the whole Pentateuch to Moses! Such an escapade in translation is enough to dissipate the credit of any book for scholarship.

With these considerable drawbacks, Dr. Duff's work is of value. It is an independent study of the subject—original in its merits as well as in its errors. Dr. Duff everywhere shows the connection of contemporary history with the teaching of the prophet. He is conscious of the progressive character of revelation, and among the most interesting paragraphs of his volume are those in which he relates what each of the prophets left to be added by his successors. Dr. Duff is at his best when he presents the ethical contents of a prophecy. In his

strong, sometimes brilliant, sense of the moral force and majesty of the prophets, in his summaries of their teaching on righteousness and the vices of their day, and in his belief in Hebrew prophecy as a message for our own time, Dr. Duff is stimulating and helpful. There is good material for preachers in this volume, which they will easily be able to separate from the crudities and frequent vagueness.

Mr. Bevan's "Short Commentary on the Book of Daniel" is a work too technical for discussion in these columns; but it may be welcomed here on behalf of the public as the appearance of a new generation in our native schools of Biblical criticism. It will give its author, a young Cambridge scholar, a high reputation. Mr. Bevan does not discuss the theology of Daniel, but limits himself to the linguistic and historical questions connected with the book, which we all know are a great multitude and very troublesome. In a remote department of Semitic philology, and in very intricate passages of history, Mr. Bevan shows himself a master; his argumentative powers—if sometimes negligent of what is to be said on the other side—are considerable; and, therefore, though a Commentary and collection of Prolegomena, his book is readable from first to last—it is very readable. The style is strong and lucid. The public will find here an intelligible, concise, and complete statement of the latest conclusions of the advanced school of Old Testament criticism. Mr. Bevan assigns the Book of Daniel to the first half of the second century B.C.; and defends its literary and historic unity.

THE ARREST OF LOUIS XVI.

L'ÉVÉNEMENT DE VARENNES. Par Victor Feurnel. Paris: H. Champion.

THE flight of the Royal Family of France to Varennes in June, 1790, is one of the saddest, as well as one of the most picturesque, events in history. It is equally thrilling, if we regard its details or its consequences. The student lingers with breathless interest over each incident: the delays in Paris, the false security on the road, the strange combination of accidents which led to the capture, the wavering balance between success and failure, between life and death, until the moment when the Duc de Choiseul shut the carriage door on the monarch whom he knew that he had betrayed to the scaffold. The story is, perhaps, best known to English readers by the poetical narrative of Carlyle. His account is indeed full of inaccuracy: he neglected authorities easily within his reach, those which he consulted he did not read with care. Whenever he gave reins to his imagination, it ran riot in an unaccountable manner. He is only trustworthy as an historian when he describes what he has seen with his own eyes. Yet there is, perhaps, no event of importance in history which is more completely known in all its details. The affair was the subject of a judicial investigation before the Court of Orleans, and the depositions of the witnesses are preserved. Truth is, after all, stranger than fiction, and the plain, unvarnished relation of the circumstances as they occurred is more exciting than the gorgeous pageant which the English historian unfolds before us.

Among those who have done good service in the historical examination of the evidence, M. Victor Feurnel has for more than twenty years held an honoured place. His articles in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* for 1868 are indispensable to any enquirer. He had indeed special qualifications for the task. His family had its origin in Varennes, and he lived there himself from his earliest infancy. He grew up amongst those who had seen the arrest, and knew one of the principal actors in his extreme old age. He used to see Roland, fallen into an imbecile dotage, sitting on a bench before his father's house, making strange gestures with his arms which seemed to enact anew the shot fired at Goguelat. He had been driven mad by the excitement of the part

he played. The articles published in 1868 form the basis of the present volume.

An ordinary well-informed person asked to state what he knew about the flight to Varennes in a "general ignorance" paper, would probably, from recollections of his Carlyle, lay stress on the following particulars. He would say that the date of the voyage was delayed a month, because the Queen required a new dressing-case; that the Queen kept the party waiting a very long time because she lost her way in the Rue du Bac, on the other side of the river; that the journey was made in a conspicuous gilded-and-yellow coach, sure to attract attention; that the royal party travelled at "the slowest dray-rate," from three to four miles an hour; that the King constantly and indiscreetly showed himself, and on being arrested took it quietly and asked for something to eat. The statements are not only untrue, but are the very reverse of the truth. The principal delay on the day of departure was caused by Bouillé, who asked for more time for the moving of troops. The Queen did not, so far as we know, lose her way, and certainly did not keep the party waiting ten minutes. The journey was made in a new travelling carriage of the ordinary type, which was painted green and black. The party travelled a hundred and fifty miles, not eighty-nine, as Carlyle unaccountably declares, at the average rate of about seven miles an hour, including all stoppages, which is not a bad rate for so long a journey. The King apparently only left the carriage once, and returned immediately; indeed, although Drouet was sure of his identity, it was not generally admitted until the King confessed it himself. On being arrested the King asked for nothing.

The saddest part of the story is that the fugitives had a number of chances in their favour, any one of which, by turning out well, might have proved their salvation. Choiseul expected the *Berline* to arrive at Pont-Sommevesle at two or half-past. He says that he left that post at a quarter to six. The travellers could not have reached it later than half-past six, probably earlier. If he had sent a detachment towards Chalons, or had left Goguelat at the post-house, or had retired very slowly towards Orbeval, the catastrophe would have been averted. Choiseul's narrative is quite untrustworthy, and it is probable that he left his post much earlier than he states. If Choiseul and his hussars had gone to Varennes by the ordinary route of St. Ménéhould, if they had halted at the parting of the ways, and had not lost themselves in woods and morasses, the King must have come up with them. Again, if D'Andoins had not unsaddled his dragoons just before the travellers arrived, they would not have been disarmed by the municipality, and would have formed an escort. Lagache, if he is still to be regarded as a hero, might have saved the Monarchy if he had not lost his way. Damas, who commanded at Clermont, had unfortunately just let his men out of hand. Charles Bouillé and Raigecourt shut themselves up in their bedroom at the inn at Varennes when a stroll up the town would have prevented the disaster. They even allowed the bridge over the Aire to be blockaded under their very nose. The orderly they sent along the road to Clermont actually passed the travelling-carriage without recognising that it was what he was looking for. Valory, the King's courier, just stopped short at the bridge, when a few steps more would have brought him to the inn where the relays were stabled, Goguelat having arbitrarily altered their position. The Queen's hair-dresser, Léonard, spread dismay along the route between St. Ménéhould and Varennes, and, just when the alarm might have stimulated Bouillé into action, took the wrong road to Verdun instead of the right one to Stenay; the body-guard ordered the Clermont postillions to drive to Varennes in the hearing of the St. Ménéhould postillions, who had not yet ridden away. If any one of these misfortunes had been averted, the course of European history during the last hundred years might have been altered.

For the flight was not only an escape but a conspiracy. Its object was not only to secure the safety of the Royal Family but to upset the fabric of revolutionary government in France and to establish the throne on a firm support of foreign bayonets.

The principal additions to M. Feurnel's previous articles in the volume now before us are to be found in a chapter giving an account of the later attempts to escape on the part of the Royal Family, which, however, came to nothing. Perhaps in the most hopeful of them, Gustavus III., King of Sweden, was the moving spirit, and Count Fersen, as before, the intermediary. The attempts continued up to the moment of the attack on the Tuileries of August 10th, 1792, and there was a project of rescuing Louis XVI. even on his way to execution. The appendix contains some unpublished matter, and other documents which throw light on the character of the chief actors in the scene. M. Feurnel thinks that the credit of the arrest was principally due to Drouet; that the King's passport would have been passed at the Rue d'Or had not Drouet protested, and that the municipality of Varennes would have given way if it had not been for him. The most painful documents are two letters of the "rigorous quartermaster," Lagache, written within a week of the flight, full of abject entreaties for forgiveness, saying that he galloped away not to assist the King, but because he was afraid of being compromised in the "crime" of the Duc de Choiseul.

The history of this evasion which did not succeed recalls the story of another which was executed under better auspices. On the day after Sedan, the Empress of the French, whose life was unsafe in the Tuileries, was conducted to the house of Dr. Evans, the friend and confidant of the Emperor. The next morning she left Paris in Dr. Evans's own carriage, accompanied by a single attendant and the doctor himself, not even the coachman knowing who she was. Care was taken to hire old and unobtrusive carriages, and to spend as little money as possible. In this way the Empress arrived at Trouville without suspicion, and remained there without observation. When the true story of this episode is published, the narrative of the successful flight to Trouville will form an interesting and instructive pendant to the disastrous flight to Varennes.

THE RECREATIONS OF AN EMINENT LAWYER.

HORÆ SABBATICÆ. Reprint of Articles contributed to the *Saturday Review*. By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. First Series. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

IF one comes to this collection and reprint with some knowledge of the common tradition about Sir James Stephen's early connection with the *Saturday Review*, it is difficult to repress a certain feeling of disappointment. This is amply qualified and supplanted as we proceed, but it must inevitably be felt at first. The punning title, "*Horæ Sabbaticæ*," seems to promise some fun, and throws the mind back on the ancient history of the time when a set of young men took possession of a newly started journal, and made their power felt in the land by a free application of the tomahawk and scalping-knife to what they considered ignorance and incompetence. If tradition is not a liar, they were young and strong, and not at all tender-hearted, and made the day of the Jewish Sabbath anything but a day of rest for writers of books and others who had exposed themselves to public comment. The irreverent wit of the title "*Horæ Sabbaticæ*" recalls the turbulent youth of the *Saturday Review*—the "*Saturday Reviler*" as it was nicknamed by its victims—and inclines one for a moment to expect lively revelations.

But if such an expectation—a very wicked and indecorous one, it must be confessed—does cross our mind as we take up Sir James Stephen's reprint, it is very quickly dispelled. Here we have no resuscitation of forgotten "perstringings," whether or not it is really the case that Sir James ever plied the rod

with unsparing hand. These reprints are in every respect worthy of an ornament of the Bench. They are excellent reading, and they have the merit, although they are but a collection of reviews, of forming a book—a book with a unity of purpose. This they owe to the reviewer's strong personality, and to a rare combination of definite and limited serious interests with a certain openness of mind to collateral trivialities. The serious interests have determined the choice of books, and are kept tenaciously in view throughout; but the reviewer is not so intent upon them that he cannot glance aside at anything amusing that comes in his way, and consequently he is able to enrich his dissertations with much pleasant gossip. Anybody familiar with Joinville, or Froissart, or Philippe de Comines must enjoy Sir James Stephen's reviews of their memoirs, if only in admiring the masterly skill with which he collects from them the leading political ideas of their respective periods. It is done with such luminous ease, and without the least touch of pedantry, the writer showing throughout a humorous relish for oddities of character as unfeigned as his robust liking for a clear framework of dates. Reading these old chroniclers in order to get at the heart of their thoughts about the rights and duties of Kings, Lords, and Commons must be admitted to be a grave employment worthy of a judge, while the anecdotes that he selects and comments upon with manifest enjoyment are none the worse for being chosen with an instructive purpose.

The general reader, to whom Sir James's digest of Froissart's "*Chronicles*" or Hacket's "*Life of Archbishop Williams*" may be commended without hesitation, will not follow him so easily through his examination of our great divines—Hooker, Chillingworth, and Jeremy Taylor. His own intellect is powerful enough to move through the "*Ecclesiastical Polity*" or the "*Ductor Dubitantium*" with as much ease as through the gossip of Froissart or Hacket: to summarise the contents and extract the leading ideas is evidently but a congenial recreation to him. "The only really painful feeling," he says, "experienced in reading our standard divines, arises from contrasts between the manliness of the past and the affectation, timidity, and obscurity of the present. If any theological writer should arise with a gift of perfect plainness of speech, perfect distinctness and honesty of thought, and a due coldness of manner, he would be as welcome, perhaps not as flowers in May, but as a sharp frost after a November fog." This is characteristic. For Sir James Stephen the attraction of our great divines lies in this, that they make conscience and reason the ultimate tests of moral and religious truth. It is to make good this proposition that he reviews their works. The reviews were certainly worth reprinting, not merely as a monument of the author's intellectual vigour, but as a solid contribution to the history of opinion. Nothing could surpass the clearness of his exposition. And although in dealing with Montaigne he protests against levity of style as a habit, and himself keeps steadily to a serious purpose, he often puts difficult points with a plainness and force that has all the charm of wit. The great divines of the seventeenth century dealt with great questions in a noble spirit, and it will be some time before we get abler appreciations of them than are contained in these reprints.

THE DAWN OF ART.

DAWN OF ART IN THE ANCIENT WORLD: an Archaeological Sketch. By William Martin Conway, sometime Roscoe Professor of Art in University College, Liverpool, Victoria University. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

THE genesis of this work, as hinted at in its candid preface, is a pleasing example of the art and mystery of book-making. Mr. Conway delivers three lectures at the Royal Institution, re-writes them—whereby they are "approximately doubled in length"—and sends them forth into the world in a comfortable

padding, consisting, in front, of a lecture on the Succession of Ideals, "not in perfect harmony with the chapters that follow"; and behind, of a reprint of an article on the Cats of Ancient Egypt, which "amplifies in some respects one or more of the subjects referred to or discussed in the earlier chapters." The author might safely have dragged in, on these terms, any further stray papers in his portfolio, as the "previous chapters" are—to quote again from the preface—"an account of the deductions, impressions, hardy generalisations, and even sometimes (if you will) of the guesses of an individual mind" concerning the early artistic history of mankind.

The first of these "end-papers," however, is not merely irrelevant. It is an inaugural address before a college of Victoria University, full of second-rate quotations and halting grandiloquence, that now recalls Mr. Robert Montgomery with outpourings like this, "Memory is but a feeble glimmer in the lamp of delight"; now attains a more modern flippancy in bathos, "The glorious Parthenon existed long enough in tolerable repair to find itself sent to heaven by gunpowder." The essay on the Cats of Ancient Egypt contains a delightful theory accounting for the domestication of that animal—"one of the greatest triumphs of human perseverance," quotes Mr. Conway from some great unknown. It seems that the wild cat was the totem of some prehistoric Egyptian tribe, and these creatures met with such deferential treatment in consequence that in a thousand years or so they "walked into the parlour" and made themselves at home.

The main part of the work deals with the beginnings of art in the ages of stone and bronze, and its development in Egypt and Chaldaea; and we are promised at the outset a historical rather than an æsthetic treatment, especially designed to open up communication between these various areas of archaeology, which Mr. Conway appears to think have suffered from isolated investigation. The programme is enticing, but delusive. The chapters on the prehistoric age are a compilation from the little text-books, with here and there the compiler's own musings, whereof a single specimen may suffice: "The palæolithic huntsman, in the intervals of the chase . . . was a man of leisure. The unsavoury rubbish-heaps that surrounded his dwelling were full of fine antlers and well-scraped bones. What more natural than that, being a person of artistic impulse, he should have picked up one of his pointed flint implements and fallen to engraving with it for the mere pleasurable filling of the time, just as the Swiss peasantry to-day take to wood-carving when the winter's snow deprives them of their outdoor occupations?"

As Mr. Conway leaves these happy hunting-grounds and enters upon the historic period, with which his earlier publications have shown him not incompetent to deal, he begins to be readable, though woefully *décousu*. His speculations on the development of Egyptian architecture are ingenious and novel, and several of his crude suggestions as to inter-influence might have been worked out with profit; but of course there is not room for everything, especially if you want to ask "who shall show us so much as a fragment of the robes of Solomon in all his glory?" and generally to waste space with artless conundrums.

A HANDBOOK OF PSYCHOLOGY.

PSYCHOLOGY: A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE HUMAN MIND. By F. S. Granger, M.A., Lecturer in University College, Nottingham. London: Methuen & Co. 1891. (University Extension Series.)

THE English text-books of psychology are not numerous, and, just at present, are not very satisfactory. The rapid progress of late years in the experimental branch of the science in Germany and America—though not, unfortunately, in England—has made such books as Professor Bain's almost obsolete. Mr. Sully's work is sound enough, but rather too verbose, and the author is too much inclined to improve the occasion, especially with reference to the work of the educator. Even

Dr. Carpenter's admirable work requires to be supplemented from recent research. The little book before us makes no claim to be original, but it is an admirable compendium of the elements of the science, at any rate up to a recent date. There is a clear and concise account of the structure of the brain, the nervous system, and the sense organs, which it would take the student a great deal of labour to extract for himself from larger and more technical works—though more, we think, might with advantage have been said of the provisions for storing energy in the nervous system. Mr. Granger insists, too, in a manner quite in harmony with current knowledge, on the extreme complexity of all mental phenomena. "The typical mental operation is neither thought, nor feeling, nor act, taken singly; it is impression followed by movement." After this we can forgive him his rather crude division—after Mill—of the causes of mental states into states of mind and states of body, and his neglect to emphasise the truth that the simple sensation is a mere ideal—mind as we know it being always unstable and indefinitely complex. There is a capital account of attention—following, on the whole, the lines of Wundt—and sound analyses of the various aspects of mental activity. Now and then the book bears traces of the jests inevitable in a lecture—just as the note-books do in which Eudemus, or some other person or persons, has handed down to us his impressions of Aristotle's lectures, and which now form one version of the "Ethics." In both cases some of them might have been eliminated; as when, for instance, the Associationist psychology is ascribed by Mr. Granger to the accumulation of small deposits in savings banks. If properly worked up, this might not be a bad illustration, but as a bit of the history of philosophy it can hardly be serious. Most of the examples given, however, are suggestive and useful. Altogether, the book can be cordially recommended, both for examination purposes and to the general public, especially to those University Extension Students for whom it is primarily designed. The weak point, indeed, both of this work and of some others in the same series, is that they hardly leave the Extension lecturer enough to say.

HISTORICAL ECONOMICS.

THE INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By the late James E. Thorold Rogers. Edited by his son, Arthur G. L. Rogers. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

THIS volume consists of lectures delivered at Oxford by Professor Thorold Rogers in the autumn of 1888 and the spring of 1889. According to the editor, they "aimed rather at expounding the methods used by his father in his studies than at announcing new facts or enunciating new theories." The tendency of these methods is briefly expressed in the title of another of the author's works quoted in the preface—"The Economic Interpretation of History." Nothing, he continually insists, is more futile than the abstract mode of treatment adopted by the earlier economists. On this ground he attacks Mill's argument for buying out the landlords, which, he says, was based on Ricardo's theory of rent, and the assumption that "the present is the limit of the future." If, as Ricardo and Mill asserted, an increase in rent were really the result of a rise in prices, the landlord would rightly be regarded as a public enemy. But, as a matter of fact, rent is the outcome of profits, not prices; and, therefore, the landlord who consults his true interests will lessen the costs of production by introducing improvements in the process of agriculture. Mill was further mistaken in supposing that the supply of agricultural produce would diminish and prices rise in proportion. The high cost of freight gave plausibility to his view, but it has been falsified by the actual course of events. After refuting Mill and George, Professor Rogers gives us his own view of the strained relations now existing between landlords and tenants—their causes and their possible remedy.

In his discussion of every feature of industrial activity, Professor Rogers made use of his vast historical knowledge, and his lectures are rendered the more interesting by his breadth of view, for he does not regard political and social influences as lying outside his sphere. In some cases, however, it must be admitted that the historical part of the discussion is more interesting for its own sake than for its bearing on questions of the present day. Thus the immigration of Flemish weavers in the fourteenth and of French Huguenots in the seventeenth century does not throw much light on that of agricultural labourers to the towns or of Jewish refugees to East London. In regard to the latter movements, Mr. Rogers considers his father to have held incorrect views, which have been disproved by subsequent information. Mr. Llewellyn Smith has pointed out that immigrants from the country, far from "going to swell the ranks of unskilled labour," take the place of the effete London population in employments requiring both a strong physique and high qualifications of mind or character, and that the supply is kept up by a constant communication between old settlers and their relations in the village at home. If this view is well-grounded it gives a more hopeful aspect to the movement; but two unpleasant features remain—the decline of agriculture and the deterioration in the population of large towns.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE University Extension movement has already called some excellent manuals into existence, and amongst the rest Dr. Mill's "Realm of Nature," an outline sketch on wise and original lines of physiography, deserves honourable mention. The avowed aim of the book is to illustrate the principles of science by applying them to the world we live in, as well as to explain the methods by which our knowledge of nature has been obtained and is being enlarged. We are reminded at the outset that physiography means literally the description of nature, and that nature, properly understood, is a term which covers not only all created things, but also all the transformations to which they are subjected. A bold attempt is made in these pages to define the place of physical science in the sphere of human knowledge, and to bring into prominence the inter-relations of the various special sciences. The book is not intended for school use or for examination purposes: indeed, it very creditably fulfils its own aim, which is to educate rather than to inform. Facts are traced back in this book to the principles from which they spring, whilst the statement of details is made to contribute to the student's knowledge of the working of general laws. In other words, the book is scientific in method, and as it is also simple in statement and comprehensive in scope, it merits recognition as a sound and admirable epitome of knowledge. There are nearly twenty coloured maps, and numerous text illustrations or diagrams, and reference is facilitated by numbered paragraphs and a full index.

It is possible to say a good word for "Children's Stories in English Literature" as a genial and well-intentioned, though not otherwise remarkable, book. The title seems to us, however, quite misleading. Youths and maidens who have made considerable progress in their teens may appreciate the book, but children, in the usual acceptance of the term—unless, indeed, they are abnormally precocious—are hardly likely to be enamoured by it. Moreover, whilst there are a good many biographical facts in the volume and some attempts at literary criticism, "stories" are conspicuous by their absence. The truth is, Miss Wright has woven gracefully together glimpses of the personal history of many distinguished authors from the time of Shakespeare to that of Tennyson, and appreciative descriptions of the writings on which their fame rests, but in doing so she quite sails over the heads of the children for whose enlightenment her book is primarily intended.

In the course of last summer the Rev. W. T. McCormick, it appears, enjoyed "A Ride Across Iceland," and those who look forward to a similar experience in the approaching holiday season may consult his modest volume with advantage. He gives a good-humoured, but rather superficial, account of his wild adventures; but he has not taken the trouble to divide his desultory and somewhat carelessly written narrative into chapters, much less to provide the volume with index or map. On the whole, Mr. McCormick's impressions of the Icelanders were distinctly favourable; but evidently they need yet to learn that cleanliness is next to godliness.

We are glad to welcome a new edition of the charming sketch of the haunts and habits of the "Red Deer" which the late Richard Jefferies first published eight years ago. It is interesting to learn that so greatly has popular opinion changed during the last thirty years on the borders of Devon and Somerset, that the deer are protected to such an extent that their numbers have greatly increased. Minute observation of the ways of the deer and quaint scraps of folk-lore abound in the book, whilst the freshness of the moors pervades its pages. Mr. Jefferies declares that with the red deer of old-world England the old-world hospitality and friendliness still lingers; indeed, he claims that around Exmoor one can understand what our fathers meant when they spoke of merry England. "Wild as Exmoor is, and far from the centres of civilisation, there is more courtesy and kindness in the inhabitants of Red Deer Land, than where the right to lead the van of modern life is loudly claimed." The deer are

no longer confined to the moors; they roam over a region of which Exmoor forms only a corner. In fact, Red Deer Land really means a large part of Somerset and Devon, Exmoor, and portions of Dartmoor, the Dunkerry Hills, and the steep Quantocks, besides numerous minor ranges.

"The Advanced Class-Book of Modern Geography" deals with the physical, political, and commercial aspects of the science in a clear and thoroughly satisfactory manner. We have tested the information at various points, and have come to the conclusion that the book is in every way admirably adapted for the purposes of tuition in schools and colleges. Apparently, no pains have been spared to bring the book thoroughly up to date and to make it, in every sense, a reliable exponent of the geographical knowledge of the present day.

The great and ever-widening interest in the movement for rendering education more practical, and for bringing about a simultaneous development of the mental and physical powers of the young, is responsible for quite a new class of school-books. There lies before us, for example, a little volume of "Directions for Making Slöjd Models." The fundamental principles on which this new and ingenious Swedish system is based are not open to question, but as yet comparatively little progress has been made—at all events, in England—in the practical application of the method. The object of Slöjd is, of course, not so much the fashioning by children of a number of useful or ornamental articles, but the training of the eye and the hand so that manual dexterity, judgment, and the sense of proportion are developed side by side in the pupil. This manual is intended for the use of teachers of the system, and it contains a graduated set of exercises. The caution of a popular proverb, which relates to children and edged tools, is completely set aside by Slöjd, since one of the first directions in the book runs as follows:—"The knife, as the fundamental tool, is the first which should be placed in the hands of the children." We imagine that in schools where this direction is followed, it will be found advisable to keep an ample supply of sticking-plaster in the master's desk.

A book for boys which we can heartily recommend is Mr. Francillon's imaginative setting of ancient legends which have helped to shape the literature of the modern world. At the outset of the volume, he admits that the mythology adopted is of the old-fashioned order which appeals to Ovid as its leading authority and which ignores the difference between the divinities of Greece and those of Rome. Scientific and comparative mythology is all very well in its way, but not when the heart is young, the imagination vivid, and the critical faculty dormant. The book follows different lines to those adopted by Hawthorne and Kingsley, and yet we are by no means sure that an ordinary lad—who, as a rule, is by no means a slave to established reputations—would not prefer Mr. Francillon's method of handling stories which have charmed almost countless generations. He is to be congratulated on the due observance of the "Maxima Reverentia," and this lends an air of reality to the marvellous details which the book recounts. Jupiter and Apollo, Minerva and Venus, Mercury and Neptune, figure prominently in these pages, and the adventure of Perseus, the story of the Golden Fleece, the labours of Hercules and other classical tales are duly recorded. The coloured full-page illustrations which are given in the volume, though not examples of high art, are at least vigorous enough to satisfy a boy's sense of the eternal fitness of things.

Some curious sidelights on the social as well as the ecclesiastical annals of the West of England will be found in Mr. Alford's scholarly volume on "The Abbots of Tavistock." Tavistock Abbey was founded and munificently endowed by Ethelred II., and all through the Middle Ages its abbots played a notable part in the history of the realm. After the dissolution of the monasteries, the record of Tavistock dwindles and grows meagre, but the present vicar, whose antiquarian tastes are evidently marked, has gathered into these pages the lingering traditions of the parish and has contrived to render the closing chapters of this modest but valuable contribution to local history almost as interesting as those which describe the personal characteristics and tenure of power of a long succession of abbots.

NOTICE.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

"THE SPEAKER" AND THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

A BRIEF recapitulation of certain facts seems desirable, alike in the interests of truth and of this journal. On January 21st the *Times* published an article stating that "Mr. Gladstone was under the very greatest personal obligations to the Duke of Devonshire, who with rare loyalty undertook the reconstruction of the Liberal party when Mr. Gladstone reduced it to powder in 1874, and having reconstructed it without help from his chief, retired in his favour and gave him a fresh lease of power." It added that "the burden of gratitude pressed heavily upon certain natures," and that this was the cause of Mr. Gladstone's "girding at his old lieutenant."

To this statement we replied in two subsequent issues of *THE SPEAKER*; on the first occasion dealing chiefly with the allegation that Lord Hartington had reluctantly and only in a spirit of "rare loyalty" undertaken the leadership of the Liberal party in 1875, and on the second mentioning that so far from it being true that Lord Hartington had "given" a fresh lease of power to Mr. Gladstone in 1880, he had in that year, when sent for by the Queen, first of all "tried to form a Government of his own."

Our statement on the latter point has been treated by the very men who had charged Mr. Gladstone with a moral offence of the basest kind, as a "malignant" and wicked insinuation against the Duke of Devonshire, whom some servile persons seem to regard as being not only above criticism, but above the truth itself. Two gentlemen, "Gladstonian" and Mr. Reginald Brett, were either put forward by the Duke, or put themselves forward, to refute on his behalf our simple statement. They made a great many more or less relevant observations, chiefly intended to show that in 1880 Lord Hartington was convinced that Mr. Gladstone was the only man who could form a Ministry—a fact entirely compatible with our statement—but they made no attempt directly to contradict that statement.

In order to bring the question to an absolute test, we put a simple question to the Duke of Devonshire. That question remains to this hour unanswered. In the first place, the Duke's spokesmen pleaded that it was one of those questions to which neither Yes nor No could be given as a reply. Then they alleged that he would be guilty of a breach of the etiquette governing communications between the Queen and her subjects if he were to reply. Finally, when the utter futility of this argument had been exposed, they fell back upon the plea that it would be beneath the Duke's dignity—a dignity which has been entrusted to the keeping of Mr. Reginald Brett!—to notice our assertion.

These are incontrovertible facts, and we leave

them to the judgment of our readers. On another page we show how our statement has already been more than half accepted by some of the Duke's political allies. It only remains to be said that the charges of "insinuating what we dared not state," "indiscretion," and "breach of faith" which have been brought against us by Mr. Brett and the *Pall Mall Gazette* are absolutely false. What we had to say we said outright; we broke faith with no human being, and no man acquainted with the facts will dare to accuse us of indiscretion. Having said this, we need say no more but that we still stand by our original statement.

WITH a forlorn ingenuity the Ministerial journals endeavour to persuade the world that MR. GLADSTONE'S return is a godsend to the Opposition, who are incensed by SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S mismanagement of the deputy-leadership. This little fable is designed to make a diversion for the benefit of MR. BALFOUR, to whose performances is largely due the waning of the Government majority. Everybody knows that a division on MR. HERBERT GARDNER'S resolution in favour of free meetings in schoolrooms would have meant a Ministerial defeat. The working majority is now about twenty; and as this is liable to dissolve at any moment, the anxieties of MR. AKERS-DOUGLAS are acute. MR. BALFOUR'S blunders have excited the discontent of his followers, and the ostentatious indifference which is shown by his persistent absence at question-time is not the kind of pride which appeals to a leaderless party. There is a cry from some Tories for a convention of the party, but neither LORD SALISBURY nor MR. BALFOUR can have any relish for a meeting at which they would hear some disagreeably plain speaking.

THE *Standard* would have us believe that the paralysis of public business is due to the grossest obstruction. The unprecedented demand for morning sittings when the Session is barely a month old arises from the atrophy of the party in office. Ministers have got their measures into a tangle because they do not know their own minds. When a Scotch Money Bill, after occupying a whole evening, is declared to be irregular, and must be discussed again *de novo*, it is plain that the intellect of the Treasury Bench is not equal to the rudiments of procedure. There is no energy in the Parliamentary machine. The Government majority is a sickly mortal, and may go off at any moment. The Ministry has reached the stage of decay when wavering and bungling are the results of sheer lack of stamina. To set all this down to the absence of MR. GLADSTONE is tantamount to an admission that the veteran leader of the Opposition is the true leader of the House of Commons. We are content with the augury.

CHERTSEY and South Derbyshire have been contested as vigorously as if the future members had years of Parliamentary life, instead of months, to look forward to before returning to their constituents. MR. COMBE'S majority is 1,838, a reduction of 152 on MR. HANKEY'S in 1885. Apathy and the weather must be held jointly responsible. The polling for the seat at Kirkealdy rendered vacant by SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL'S death is fixed for

Friday next, while that for East Belfast, formerly represented by MR. DE COBAIN, is fixed for Wednesday. In the former constituency there is unfortunately a three-cornered fight between LORD EDMUND FITZMAURICE, MR. DALZIEL—who just now, it is alleged factitiously, is the local favourite—and MR. DILLON LEWIS. MR. GLADSTONE has recommended a test ballot or arbitration: but neither has as yet been adopted. Still we do not notice any activity on the part of the Unionists. In East Belfast MR. WOLFF, of shipbuilding fame, aspires to join his senior and very silent partner, SIR EDWARD HARLAND, in Parliament. Considering the tendency of the Ulster democracy to independence, it is a pity they have not found a better candidate than the Common Serjeant. There are rumours of a third candidate—a Presbyterian. A three-cornered duel here would be an interesting commentary on the solidity of Protestant Ulster.

SOME anonymous genius has contributed to the *National Review* a solemn dissertation on MR. GLADSTONE'S "unconstitutional" position. It is "unconstitutional" because MR. GLADSTONE is so very old. True, PALMERSTON was nearly as old, and he died Prime Minister. But his position was constitutional, because he was always asleep, and never wanted reforms of any kind. MR. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, is terribly wide-awake, and is bent on a policy of revolution in the administration of Ireland. Such is the argument of the anonymous genius, and the pompous phraseology in which he envelops it does not disguise a very familiar hoof. It is the common Tory belief that MR. GLADSTONE'S death would be a grand deliverance for the Unionists; and as he is very much alive, we are favoured with the constitutional puzzle of the oracle in the *National Review*.

THE Progressives, who have conducted a stimulating campaign with growing confidence, are fortunate in their advocates. Their cause is pleaded not only by LORD ROSEBURY and MR. MORLEY, but by SIR HENRY JAMES and MR. RITCHIE. SIR HENRY JAMES cruelly flouted the Property Defence Association by declaring himself in favour of a division of rates between owner and occupier. MR. RITCHIE announced to an astonished assemblage of Conservatives that he saw no reason why the County Council should not have control of the water-supply. This is what the Moderates denounce as a Socialistic experiment. They argue that the powers of the Council ought to be limited, that this body has already more than enough to do, and yet here is that immoderate MR. RITCHIE giving away the whole case. The author of the County Council has a sneaking fondness for his offspring, and cannot wholly disguise his parental pride.

MR. LILLY'S remarkable address on the temporal power of the Pope, delivered at Birmingham on Wednesday, is a notable contribution to that democratic side of Roman Catholicism of which we have heard a good deal of late. He regards the temporal power—no doubt with truth—as historically a creation of the people of Rome to defend themselves against foreign oppression; points out that it was supported by such non-Catholic statesmen as BROUGHAM, PRINCE BISMARCK, GUIZOT, and THIERS; and defends the outrageous misgovernment of the Papal States between 1815 and 1848 by throwing the blame on the emissaries of revolutionary doctrine, whom it was necessary at all costs to suppress. (We do not quite see how this would apply, for instance, to the systematic maladministration of justice in the Romagna.) He proposes—as the Bishop of Salford proposed some years ago—an international guarantee of the independence of Rome, supplemented by a democratic government to be instituted by the Pope. Unfortunately, the Papal Encyclical supplies an immediate answer. Its curious parade of the Social

Contract theory, with which that document opens—a theory which the mediæval Church no doubt did excellent service in keeping alive till it received a practical application from LOCKE and ROUSSEAU—is at once spoilt by the absolute omission of any reference to differences in religion. Families combine to form a State for their moral good, and morality implies religion—that is, Catholicism. Such is, in brief, the political philosophy of the Encyclical. What chance would such Roman families as were Protestants, what chance would even foreign residents have under MR. LILLY'S proposed international guarantee? Moreover, the traditions of the Vatican are necessarily anything but democratic. The Cardinal who asked MR. STEAD why the English Government did not order out troops to fire on the dockers, only expressed the natural mind of the period between 1815 and 1848.

THE temporary scarcity of money has already come to an end. In the open market the rate of discount fell on Wednesday to 2 per cent. Next day the bill-brokers and discount-houses reduced the rates they allow on deposits to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for money at call and $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. for money at notice, and the discount rate declined to $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The bill-brokers borrowed during the week ended Wednesday night about a million from the Bank, and as they had borrowed largely the week before, the addition so made to the supply more than compensated for the sums withdrawn by the collection of the revenue. At the same time, accommodation bills have almost entirely ceased to be manufactured since the Baring crisis, as nobody cares under existing conditions to have many acceptances in circulation; and trade bills are very few, because trade is declining in every direction. Besides, the fall in prices makes less money necessary to carry on the same amount of business. The price of silver recovered on Wednesday to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz., but fell back next day to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. American speculators are not selling on so large a scale as they have been recently, and although there is little foreign demand for the metal, yet the market is fairly steady, as remittances to India are in great demand.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange has been exceedingly quiet throughout the week. Home Railway stocks have fallen because of the coal crisis, which threatens to disorganise business in every direction; and inter-bourse securities have continued to decline. It almost seems as if Greece would soon follow in the steps of Portugal, and propose a compromise with its creditors; it will certainly have to do so if political disturbances aggravate financial embarrassments. In any event, only the greatest prudence and economy can enable the little kingdom to keep faith with its creditors. The Spanish crisis, too, is deepening, and Spanish securities have further fallen, while the crisis in Italy is growing worse and worse. Up to the present the Paris Bourse has shown extraordinary strength. In spite of the difficulties of so many countries, of the bad harvest of last year, of the general distrust that exists, and of the danger of war, prices have been wonderfully well maintained. But even Paris seems at length to feel it to be impossible to sustain the struggle much longer. On the other hand, there has been some slight recovery in American railroad securities. Apparently the scare caused by the beginning of gold exports from New York has completely died out and speculators all over the United States are recovering courage. Money is very abundant and very cheap. There is usually an upward movement in prices in the spring; and although trade has not yet increased much, in spite of the good harvest of last year, everyone is expecting that it will be stimulated as the spring advances. As yet, however, the British public shows no inclination to engage in speculation in American or any other securities.

MR. GLADSTONE'S TRADUCERS.

MINISTERS continue to flounder along the downward path. Drooping majorities, confused counsels, hesitation and unwillingness on the part of their supporters, are the order of the day. That they are doomed, and that the end is near, nobody now attempts to deny. When the Session began, the dissolution was placed at so remote a distance as November; when it had gone on for a week or two, people talked of July. To-day, after a further experience of the benefits of Mr. Balfour's leadership, the date upon which Tories and Liberals alike seem to agree is "between Easter and Whitsuntide." It is probably because all the heart is out of the House of Commons, and its members, in the language of the humorist, are merely keeping themselves alive in order to save their funeral expenses, that any personal question which lies apart from the sluggish stream of politics seems to have just now a special fascination for the House. Mr. Gladstone's return from his sojourn abroad was regarded as a great public event, and it is certain that he never had a warmer reception on both sides of the House, never seemed to enter a more sympathetic atmosphere, than when he took his place on the front Opposition bench last Monday.

Another personal question which has excited quite an extraordinary degree of interest, and even passion, has been that raised originally in these columns—our so-called "malignant" statement regarding the Duke of Devonshire. Our position with regard to our original statement was made so clear a week ago that we hardly think it necessary to return to it. In spite of an outpouring of abuse rare even in these days of hot controversy, we have nothing to retract and nothing to apologise for in our action. So far as our actual statement is concerned, we have, indeed, only to point to the fact that it has never been denied by the Duke of Devonshire, although his denial would necessarily put an end to the story in a moment. When we are left to face only such a controversialist as Mr. Reginald Brett, it is hardly necessary to say that we have little reason to reconsider our position. Mr. Brett, over-acting the part of the Duke's champion, and far more anxious, if he can, to strike at Mr. Gladstone (whose political follower he professes to be) than to meet a straightforward question in a straightforward manner, has committed himself to a series of propositions which, so far as they can be disentangled from the contradictions in which they abound, confirm rather than refute our original statement. At all events, by that statement we abide. But now that the storm of simulated fury which raged last week has blown over, and the *Times* and the other traducers of Mr. Gladstone whom we have exposed are restored to some portion at least of their lost equanimity, it may be useful to consider the problem from a new point of view. Our "malignant" attitude towards the Duke of Devonshire consisted in the simple assertion that he had made an attempt to form a Government; and that assertion remains without refutation. The *Spectator*, which treated the question in a manner worthy of the high place it holds in English journalism, suggested a solution of the apparent contradiction between our statement and the general belief which would at once justify the assertion made by us without implying that any stain rested on the character of the Duke of Devonshire. Lord Hartington, it was urged, might have made inquiries and have asked certain persons whether they would or would not join him in a Government of which he was to be the head, without himself altering his opinion that Mr. Gladstone was the man whose presence at

the helm was demanded by the nation. This step he might have taken in deference to the wishes of the Sovereign, and, if so, he could not be said to have incurred any blame, especially as it is admitted on all sides that he did not persevere for any length of time in his attempt.

This, we think, fairly states the theory of the *Spectator*. If that be so, we do not know that its story differs very widely from ours. We never touched upon the Duke's motives. We had no right to pretend to read the secrets of his mind. We never said how far his attempt to form a Ministry—which necessarily involved an attempt to deprive Mr. Gladstone of the fruits of his victory—had gone. We certainly never charged him with the malignancy which had been so freely ascribed by the *Times* to Mr. Gladstone. We stated a simple fact as proof that there did not rest upon the honour of the Liberal leader the stain which his assailants sought to cast there. As our assertion of the fact remains without denial, and as we have from the most worthy and intelligent of the Liberal-Unionist journals a suggestion which more than meets us halfway, we can well afford to rest satisfied. As for the passion shown on the part of the *Times* and kindred organs of public opinion, and the venomous falsehoods with which our part in the business was assailed, we have already given expression to the contempt we naturally feel for our assailants. We have, indeed, felt bound, as a matter of public duty, to call special attention to the controversial methods of two journals—the *Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. But we do not think it necessary to deal in detail with the rest of our critics. Standing our ground, and conscious of absolute innocence so far as the charges of bad faith, indiscretion, insinuating what we dare not state outright, and malignancy of motive are concerned, we await with the most complete confidence the full revelation of the facts which will doubtless be forthcoming some day. When that revelation is made, the world will wonder, first, at the shameless character of the libels upon Mr. Gladstone, and next, at the hypocritical indignation of his traducers over the plain and matter-of-fact refutation of those libels to which we have given publicity.

THE COAL SCARE.

THE impending strike of coal-miners has several exceptional features of its own. For many years the production of coal has been increasing, in the northern districts at a diminished rate, but everywhere with considerable rapidity. As Mr. Foster Brown points out in the *Economic Journal*, "the output in Northumberland and Durham for the ten years increased 11 per cent., South Staffordshire 2 per cent., Lancashire 16 per cent.; whilst, on the other hand, the Midlands showed an increase of about 34 per cent., South Wales nearly 40 per cent., Scotland 30 per cent., and North Staffordshire 20 per cent." Meantime, there is a decline in the demand for coal to be exported. The United States and other countries no longer take what they once took; and there is no prospect that they will be our customers to the extent to which they once were. The iron trade, which absorbs about a third of the coal annually raised, is inactive. In these circumstances the Federation of Miners say: "Let us stop work for a fortnight; let us diminish the output, so that, stocks being reduced, prices will rise." Accordingly, it is decided that all miners under the control of the Federation are to go out on the 12th. And, unfortunately for consumers, this occurs simultaneously with a decision of the Durham miners to strike

against the reduction of their wages by 10 per cent. In this season of cold rains and fierce blizzards the outlook for the poor is bad.

We cannot question the right of the Federation to take this extreme step, nor have we any sympathy with the hypocritical plea that they are taking a selfish course. They do no more than their employers have often done, the sole difference, if any, being that, whereas the men stand by each other, a combination of masters is generally destroyed by the treachery of some of its members. It is not improbable that many of the masters are not sorry at the Federation's decision. Nor can we refuse our sympathy to the attempt to regulate, so far as possible, production. The object in view may be difficult or impossible to attain, but the attempt is praiseworthy. Suppose that at uncertain intervals of two, three, or four years there was a demand for 40,000,000 tons of coal over and above the normal demand—prices rising suddenly at certain unforeseen times, and then suddenly falling—he would be a benefactor to mankind who showed how this demand could be equally spread over the two, three, or four years; and the speculations of the younger economists, who do not despair of a time when this will be possible in regard to many commodities, are not to be pooh-poohed. But we have our doubts whether the Federation are well advised in deciding to call out the miners of the Midlands "in order to effect the removal of the surplus coals in our markets." They hope to diminish the output; the supply of coal is to be lessened; and no doubt they are right in thinking that coal for domestic and some other purposes must be got at almost any price. But for manufacturing purposes obviously this is not so. There is a decline in the demand for rails; the ship-owner is not willing to pay more than he now does for iron; and against these facts idleness for a fortnight or a month will be of little avail. There will be a partial diminution of what Professor Marshall calls the national dividend, with the result of making the ship-owner less inclined than before to give orders for new vessels to be laid down. We have not been able to understand from the statements put forth on behalf of the Federation whether, if a fortnight's idleness would do good, a month's would do more, or what is the limit to the efficacy of restricting production. The fact is, that so-called over-production is sometimes in reality under-production, and more often a disorganisation of industry and loss of confidence. We are still suffering from trade depression. An attempt on the part of certain capitalists to run up the price of pig-iron has just failed; the efforts of a powerful syndicate have been defeated by the fact that comparatively little iron or steel will be wanted for some time to come. In these circumstances, the decision of the Federation may only make matters worse. Already we hear of the intention to close temporarily many works. The coal-merchants will make enormous profits. The owners whose mines continue to work will be gainers, and so will the producers of coal in France, Germany, and Belgium. But the benefit to the miners who lose their wages for a fortnight is most uncertain.

Such mistakes will recur until we have hit upon some better working arrangement between employers and workmen and a better system of distribution. All attempts to artificially raise the price of commodities are to be regretted; the fact that 400,000 to 500,000 men will be idle for a fortnight is a national misfortune. The recognition of the sliding scale for miners' wages is an immense step in advance, but it leaves many evils untouched. According to Mr. Elliott's report to the Board of Trade, analysing the various elements in cost of

production of coal, about 55 to 66 per cent. go in wages, 8 to 12 per cent. in royalties, and 20 to 25 per cent. in miscellaneous charges. We have not equally satisfactory figures as to the cost of transport and the various middlemen's charges. It is tolerably clear that even when coals are sold in London at 21s. to 25s. a ton, a wholly disproportionate amount of the prices goes into the pockets of the recipient of the royalties and the retailers. In the last coal famine every rise in the price of coal at the pit-mouth was followed by a rise unjustifiably greater in London. For the service of conveying coals from a yard at King's Cross to a customer's cellars at Clapham or Highgate more may be charged than for bringing it hundreds of feet from the bowels of the earth and conveying it hundreds of miles by rail. We have not solved the problem of distribution—the initial difficulties are not grappled with—while such paradoxes exist. Not diminution of output, and so leaving the field to the foreign producers, but how to divert from the pockets of the coal-merchants and royalty-owners their enormous and unearned gains—that is the pressing question of the time.

VESTRY OR PARLIAMENT?

WHATEVER may be the result of the County Council elections, there cannot be a shadow of doubt that they will afford a decisive measure of what may be called the political value of London. The failure to return a Progressive majority would in any case be an astounding phenomenon. It would be more astounding still if the London which has chiefly benefited by the Progressive policy were on the register. This, however, is not the case. Only one Londoner in eight is on the register, and the moving artisan population, at all events, has always a sentence of disfranchisement hanging over its head. If every working man's vote could be effectively polled this Saturday, we could cast doubts to the wind, and reckon with solid confidence on a Progressive majority of at least twenty. But this is impossible, and the poorer and more democratic of the two parties has to strike off from its polling strength the vast body of voters whom an unjust, obscure, and ineffective law shuts out from competent citizenship. Still, allowing for all these disabilities, and counting against us the mass of anti-public interests, the fraudulent coal-dealers, the publicans, the house-farmers, and the monopolist shareholders with whom a body acting for all London has waged righteous warfare, we have available a reserve of moral and intellectual force which, spite of fifty years of apathy, ought to snatch London from the jaws of reaction. The verdict ought to be less doubtful because the result of the campaign has been to tear to shreds the web of sophistical rhetoric which has been woven round the work of the first County Council. It would be a relief, for instance, to acquit men like Mr. Fardell of the charge of conscious dishonesty which lies against any man who affirms that the Council has raised the rates to the extent of threepence in the pound. That statement rests simply and solely on the vulgar error of charging to the Council the expenditure which it has incurred by taking over rates formerly collected by the vestries and the county justices. We have now Sir John Lubbock's formal and reiterated assurances that the actual increase of cost for which the Council is responsible is equivalent to a halfpenny rate. As Mr. Charles Harrison shows in his excellent contribution to the *New Review*, the charge of adding to the rates is easily disproved

by a reference to the average ratepayer's cheque-book. The rates in Chelsea during the Council's three years of life on a £350 house have been £93, £90, and £89 respectively, and in Bethnal Green on the same rating, £116, £102, and £105, and this in spite of the fact that the school and police rates and other items over which the Council have no control have steadily increased. This slight increase, to which the Moderates as well as the Progressives have set their seal, has been equitably divided between the enlargement of London's pleasure, the more effective assurance of her safety from fire, and the improvement of the wages of her workers. The Council, having disposed of this flimsy pretext, has nothing more to answer. Be its fate what it may, it stands before London, not in the dock or the pillory, but as a wise and thrifty steward of her estate, a generous friend of her poor and suffering, and a careful nurse of her first essays in municipal statesmanship.

There remains, therefore, one issue and one issue alone, and that concerns the sphere and scope of the Council's future work for London. Through the network of crafty and inconsistent charges of over-economy on the one hand, and of extravagance on the other, there runs the one clear purpose of turning the Council at all hazards from its larger work of unifying and democratising London to the smaller functions of what Mr. Morley calls "a sordid and squalid vestrydom." And the reason is obvious. London stands in urgent bond to set against her forty millions of unremunerated debt that credit account of valuable and growing assets which every great municipality in England has enjoyed, or has been able to enjoy, since the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act. But she is face to face with a flagrant and persistent evasion of civic responsibilities on the part of the Duke of Westminster and his class which has no parallel in the history of municipal development. It is not simply that the landlords of London have prevented the passing of equitable rating laws, but they have contrived to evade them when they have been passed. The sewers rate is, for instance, a landlord's rate, and is so fixed by the law, but every London lease contains a provision enabling the landowner to contract himself out of it. Both the Corporation and the Board of Works, themselves seats and centres of unprogressive interests, have petitioned for a landlord's improvement rate, and even Sir Henry James, rising in the midst of a bevy of landlords in St. James's Hall, was compelled, amid mournful silence, to declare for a change in the incidence of rating. But here comes the iniquity of the whole business. The masked attack on the Council's administration is solely directed by an underground force whose own stability is threatened by the imperative and thick-swarmed needs of London life. The occupier is asked by these astonishing humorists to vote against his own relief from the undivided burden of seven and a half millions a year in order to prevent the recipients of sixteen millions from contributing one halfpenny to it. A force of simple brazen self-interest has been thrust into London politics as if it represented the purest and wisest statesmanship. These things are incredible as one writes them, and incredible as one hears them; but they represent no more than the literal truth. Is it possible that the Londoner, backward as his political education has undoubtedly been, will be gulled by the interested sophists of the Property Protection Society?

We do not believe it. Apathy and ignorance are the only possible allies of the reactionary party, but the London of 1892 is not the London of 1888 any more than the England of to-day is the England of 1886. It is not thinkable that a deliberate vote of

the democracy which owes its palingenesis to the London County Council will condemn the great city to go back to a vestry instead of marching forward to a Parliament. The hours of reactionary rule in London are numbered. The crying urgency of the water question; the recurring scandals of police management by the Home Secretary; the horror of the canker-vice of jobbery, which was scotched, but not killed, three years ago; the revival of civic interest in the churches; the pressure of new social ideals, must prove too strong for all the armies of Philistia. It is true that even if London be not saved to-day, she will be saved to-morrow; but we do not envy the feelings of any man who calls himself either a Christian or a citizen who, should the great issue go astray, may have to lay to his conscience next Monday that he has allowed his interest, or his apathy, or his self-indulgent habit to stand between London and her manifest destiny.

A TORY SECRET SOCIETY.

A SECRET political society in the North of England has just been "scotched." The Tories of the borough of Stockton are making desperate efforts to oust Sir Horace Davey from the representation. Mr. Wrightson, who is their candidate for the fourth time, is supported by a number of the large employers of labour in the town, as well as by the ordinary party organisation and the Primrose League. More help, however, is felt to be needed, and with the sanction and hearty approval of the aforesaid employers of labour and the leaders of the Tory party, an organisation called the British League has been established. The design of this League is in the first place to run a coach-and-six through the Ballot Act, but such an offence against Constitutional principle is accounted a small affair by the upholders of "law and order" in Stockton, who virtuously call themselves Constitutionalists. Of course, the Tory employers of labour indignantly repudiate the charge of electoral intimidation that is brought against them, declaring in a magnificent sort of way that the Ballot Act is an effectual protection against coercion, and that the working men of the North of England are too independent to submit to political dictation. Nevertheless, canvassing for the British League is briskly carried on in the workshops and yards of the Tory employers; the recruits are entered into lodges, with signs and passwords, and are fenced about by various securities for secrecy, for which there would not be the slightest need if the object in view was the public good, or if the members were really free agents. Again, Roman Catholics are rigidly excluded from the League; the members must declare themselves true and pronounced Protestants. The Tory leaders of the borough, who in 1885 had no hesitation in entering into political alliance with the supporters of Mr. Parnell, now have as little scruple in banning the Roman Catholics and in encouraging a policy of class separation and of religious animosity, while they pharisaically represent themselves as the upholders of Unionism and the foes of Separatism. They have just, however, discovered that they have overreached themselves. The oath which is administered to the members of the British League requires them to vote and to use every effort to get others to vote for "the worthy candidate who has so nobly contested and who stands ready again to contest the borough in the Conservative interest." Mr. Corrie, the Liberal agent, has pointed out that this oath really constitutes all the

members of the secret Orange society named the British League election agents for Mr. Wrightson; and as by the Corrupt Practices Act the candidate is made responsible for every action of his political agents, the patrons of the League seem to have taken alarm. At a meeting held the other day the organisers intimated that the rules are to be revised. It may safely be said, however, that no amount of revision will restore the discredited political Humpty-Dumpty. The unconstitutional character of the association has been too clearly exposed in the sight of all honest electors to allow the un-English thing any chance of further life, or, at least, to leave it the possibility of doing any harm—to the Liberal party.

THE EGYPTIAN CRUX.

WHILE it appears to be agreed on all sides that a policy of scuttle from Egypt is not to be thought of, and that what is pleasantly described as "our mission" on the banks of the Nile must be accomplished, the prevailing ignorance of the Egyptian question in some of its most important aspects is remarkable. Quite recently the *Standard*, in a leading article, justified the prolongation of the occupation on the ground that we might thereby be able "still further" to reduce taxation; and that we have already immensely lessened the financial burdens of the Egyptian people appears to be widely believed. The latest Egyptian Budget shows a large surplus. What further proof of the successful prosecution of our mission can be desired? Repulsive as figures may be, it is necessary occasionally to consult them before rushing to the conclusions which our predilections may dictate.

A comparison of the printed Budget of the year 1883, when the British mission was recently established, with that of 1891, when it was in full swing, is extremely instructive. The following are a few of the principal figures in £E.:-

	1883.	1891.
Estimated total receipts ...	8,804,627	9,851,780
.. total expenditure ...	8,491,918	9,305,780
Interest on consolidated debt...	3,370,306	3,497,364
.. „ unconsolidated „ ...	402,858	563,671

Thus, in this period, the estimated total revenue was increased by one million, the expenditure by over £E800,000, and the interest on the debt by over £E287,000. The addition to the debt of Egypt since the British occupation is about eleven millions. These increases are large when applied to a poor country with a population of only five millions, and the questions, Whence does this increase of income come? and Where does the increased expenditure go? are extremely important. As regards the first, the principal items of increase of revenue are:—payment of exemption from conscription, £100,000; fees and receipts from Courts of Justice, £108,738; railways, £263,300; and tobacco, £665,000. Thus by far the greater part of the increase of revenue is raised on tobacco, the one luxury of the poorest classes. Previous to our régime the fellaheen grew their own coarse tobacco on land which paid a special tax of £2 10s. per feddan, amounting only to £26,255 in 1883. No European or native in comfortable circumstances ever used this tobacco; but the boon to the poor was great.

Turning to the increase of expenditure, the principal items are:—Railways, £133,667; pensions, £179,200; Egyptian army, £257,676; British garrison, £84,825; service of the debt, £287,871; and suppression of the Corvée, £250,000. Thus, of the various sources of increase, military expenditure—£342,501—

is the largest, and it is desirable to examine further into this item. Lord Dufferin fixed the necessary strength of the Egyptian army at 6,000, exclusive of the requirements of the Sudan, and he laid down the lines of the policy he contemplated in regard to the employment of British officers. They were to be regarded as instructors of the new army to be raised. "At the earnest desire of the Khedive and his Ministers—a desire which was perfectly spontaneous—the Egyptian army will be temporarily placed under an English general, and a few English officers will be attached to its battalions. . . . The total number of English officers will be twenty-seven." The actual number in 1883 was twenty-six; by 1891, however, the number had risen to sixty-nine, costing £43,980, and in addition there were thirty-three non-commissioned officers (apparently not contemplated by Lord Dufferin), and costing £5,480. During the same period the total War Office staff and civilian *employes* rose from 538 to 1,222. The original eight battalions of Egyptians were retained, but five battalions of blacks and a camel corps have been added. The total strength of the army laid down by Lord Dufferin has thus been more than doubled, and in 1891 was about 12,600. The general results of the military policy—or, more probably, of the drifting of military affairs—since Great Britain assumed paramount authority in Egypt has been a large increase of the army and a proportionately larger increase of the British officers. The two-brigade system proposed by Lord Dufferin—under which one brigade was to be officered entirely by Egyptians—has been replaced by the "station system," under which the Egyptian can rise only to the post of battalion-commander, and this only in four battalions out of fourteen including the depot. Staff and other appointments seem to have become the monopoly of the British officer. There appears to have been a certain rivalry between the police and the army, which has ended in the complete subordination of the former. The army has now been practically placed in a position closely resembling that of the native force in India. The withdrawal of the British officers would leave it paralysed. To speak of our mission in Egypt as one which is tending towards an eventual conclusion is simply to use language so transparently incorrect as to deceive no one except ourselves.

The time has come to reconsider the whole question of the Egyptian army, to ascertain what its requirements really are, and to fit the establishment to them. If, as Major Wingate's recent work and the latest Blue Book seem to indicate, it is contemplated to assist Egypt to reconquer the Sudan, let this policy be honestly avowed. In this case, the Egyptian army is still far too small. If, on the other hand, Egypt is to adhere to the policy which she was forced by Great Britain to proclaim, then the record of the attempted Arab invasions goes to prove that the army is unnecessarily large and expensive.

Only two straightforward courses in regard to the Egyptian Question await the choice of the next Government. Either it must be frankly stated that there is no present probability whatever of our being able to evacuate the Delta; or our whole policy must be consistently directed with a view to eventual evacuation. Both courses are at least honest; either is safer than the mere drifting of recent years.

Regarding the present position of Egypt in a broad aspect, it is quite impossible to believe that the widely expressed satisfaction has any firm basis. From a poor country of five millions, a revenue of over ten millions was raised in 1891—more than £2 per head, as compared with less than six shillings per head drawn from the population of

India; but, in the case of Egypt, about four and three-quarter millions goes *en bloc* to the foreign bondholders. Meanwhile Mr. J. L. Gorst writes in 1890:—"The falling-off in trade shown by the returns of the Egyptian Custom House of the last few years has attracted a certain amount of uneasiness, and even alarm, among certain sections of the community." The "alarm" is not to be wondered at, considering that the falling-off in the aggregate of exports and imports, comparing 1884 with 1889, was £1,830,000. The time has evidently arrived for an inquiry into the affairs of Egypt by a competent authority, and, above all, for the framing of a definite and intelligible policy. Such a policy seems to have presented itself to the mind of Lord Dufferin, and to have been most effectually obscured in recent years.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ECONOMIC distress and Parliamentary uncertainty are just now the leading characteristics of Europe. The most serious result of the former—though an indirect one—has been the rioting at the end of last week in Berlin. The Parliamentary crises, too, which were enumerated in these columns last week, continue virtually unsolved.

Greece, however, has added another to the list; and the French Ministry, after ten days' remodelling, has come back with only four new Ministers, one of whom, however, replaces M. Constans—to the great joy of M. Rochefort, the Socialists, and the remnants of Boulangism.

M. Bourgeois having failed to form a Ministry, the President sent for M. Loubet, Senator for the Drôme and Minister of Public Works in the Tirard Cabinet, which fell early in 1890. Very little is known of him personally, and much doubt has been expressed of his ability to avoid the indecision which brought down M. de Freycinet. M. Fallières disappears, presumably as a peace-offering to the Clerical supporters of the Archbishop of Aix. M. Yves Guyot's disappearance is also said to be a concession to the Clericals. M. Constans vacates the Ministry of the Interior, presumably to appease the Extreme Left and the Boulangists. But the result can only be to dissatisfy the quiet *bourgeoisie*, who are the real element of stability in French politics. M. Barbey leaves the Ministry of Marine—chiefly, it would seem, to make room for M. Cavaignac, an engineer of distinction and an ex-Under-Secretary for War, but who will probably be best remembered in England for the scene which he created when, as a boy, he refused to receive a prize from the hand of the Prince Imperial. The reception the Ministry has had from the press has been of the coldest. M. Reinach, in the *République Française*, and M. de Cassagnac, in the *Autorité*, alike notice the singular fact that the Ministers who reappear are precisely those who were hit hardest by the vote of Thursday fortnight. Nor does anyone except M. de Blowitz profess to understand the rearrangement. His statement, which explains all the facts, but probably attaches too much weight to individual intrigue, is that M. de Freycinet wanted to escape from the Premiership, where he would make enemies, and also to get rid of M. Constans, and so improve his chances for the Presidency, which he has already done his best to secure by his position at the War Office and in the Academy.

On Thursday, however, the new Ministry met the Chamber with a declaration promising the maintenance of the laws requiring universal military service and secular education, and of the Concordat, as well as fresh labour legislation (including measures on employers' liability and State pensions), and the reform of the liquor traffic. The Radical interpellation on the relations of the Government with the Vatican was turned by a declaration that the late Ministry had induced the Pope to put pressure

on the clergy with a view to their submission to the Republic. Thus the expected crisis was averted, and a vote of confidence passed by 341 to 91.

Meanwhile the Conservatives have won a seat from the regular Republicans at Poitiers. Three weeks ago, at the first ballot, the contest was virtually between three Republicans. Since then a Conservative, M. Touchimbert, has come forward and heads the poll—though with fewer votes than those cast for the Monarchist in 1889.

The riots in Berlin at the end of last week have thoroughly astounded Europe. That the police of the most police-ridden capital in Europe should have been unable for three days to control the mob seemed almost to portend a revolution. In reality, however, the disturbances were not political. They originated, it is true, at a meeting addressed by Socialists (of which section we are not told); but, as in the Socialist riots in London, the police were taken by surprise, and the disturbers belonged to the semi-criminal class, the growth of which in Berlin is causing so much apprehension. Few genuine workmen seem to have been concerned; while the fact that druggists', florists', tobaccoconists', and jewellers' shops were plundered indicates that the motive was not only want. The Socialist organ, *Vorwärts*, has denied, very properly, that the riot was in any sense the work of the Social Democrats. Still, for three days at the end of last week Berlin was in an uproar; damage has been done to the extent of many thousand pounds; and the Emperor, whose courageous ride and drive on Saturday and Sunday called out loud cheers, was also hissed on the former day on returning to the Palace. The fact is significant, considering the native loyalty of Germans. Attempts have been made to explain away his last speech, but they are not very successful. Herr von Bennigsen—himself a high official—made it clear at the meeting of the National Liberal party (on its twenty-fifth birthday) on Sunday that that party are determined to fight for the principles of Liberalism. The *Cologne Gazette* meanwhile is to be prosecuted for its comments on the speech; while the *Neueste Nachrichten*, of Berlin, is to suffer a like fate, simply for reprinting the *Times* leader on it.

Ninety-three thousand Germans left Bremen, Hamburg, and Stettin last year. Sixty-six thousand were Prussians, of whom the great majority came from East Prussia. To check this emigration a law is proposed requiring intending emigrants to give a month's notice, nominally in the interest of their creditors. The real object, however, is to check the growing scarcity of agricultural labour.

The Imperial Government have again been defeated in the Reichstag, which has refused to vote in advance the money asked for the construction of new cruisers—another sign that severe Parliamentary difficulties await the Ministry.

The condition of the unemployed in Dantzic is said to be getting worse. Some rioting resembling that in Berlin occurred on Wednesday at Hanover.

The Italian Ministry is realising the fact that economy, however popular it may be in theory, is always unpalatable in practice. On Saturday the War Minister flatly refused to make any more reductions in the expenditure on the army; and on Monday the Chamber accepted his decision. The *Fanfulla*, a Ministerial paper, reproaches the Ministry with slackness in carrying out its financial reforms; and the comparatively small attendance in the Chamber indicates that interest in the subject is declining. Probably the Chamber will adjourn for a fortnight on Saturday, and the Ministry will be remodelled meanwhile—in the direction, it is rumoured, of the Old Right.

The Roumanian students in Paris have issued a protest against the treatment of their countrymen in Transylvania. The official language is Magyar, which they do not understand; the high qualification for the franchise disfranchises most of them; they have no representatives in the Hungarian Chamber, while in proportion to their numbers

they should have twenty-eight; their schools are being turned into Magyar schools; their children between the ages of three and six (!) are by a new law compelled to go to school to learn Magyar. They can only appeal to Europe.

There is most serious distress in Vienna. A relief committee is busy, and subscriptions are pouring in, but are quite inadequate. Moreover, in North-Western Hungary, in the valleys of the Carpathians, there is absolute famine; and in several great towns the distress is very severe.

Dr. Vulkhovitch, the Bulgarian Agent at Constantinople, who was stabbed in the street there on Wednesday week, died last Saturday. The assassin is unknown, and the murder unexplained. It is, however, imputed to some Russian agent, and ascribed to the ability Dr. Vulkhovitch exhibited in his very difficult post.

The Parliamentary crisis in Greece which broke out on Monday was probably caused by the financial situation. The King appears to have taken on himself to dismiss M. Deliyannis and summon M. Tricoupis to form a cabinet. This the latter naturally found impossible, and a non-political Cabinet has been formed out of the Third or Nationalist party, without, however, its most prominent men. The Deliyannists and Tricoupists have supported their respective leaders by enthusiastic demonstrations in the streets. A dissolution must soon take place, and the Chamber has been prorogued till April 11th. It remains to be seen whether the King is sufficiently popular to dismiss a Ministry with safety. The first step of the new Cabinet has been to pay some of the long-standing arrears due to the contractors for the Larissa railway, which should do something to restore confidence.

Several purely technical objections to the constitutionality of the McKinley Tariff Act were rejected by the United States Supreme Court on Tuesday. The prospects of the Free Wool Bill seem favourable. The Democratic split (dealt with elsewhere) has caused a considerable Republican gain at the New York State elections.

An influential meeting of English residents in the city of Mexico has given a formal denial to the reports of an impending revolution which have been industriously circulated by a telegraphic agency.

A new non-political candidate for the Presidency of Argentina has appeared—Señor Saens Peña, whose name cannot, we think, be much known in Europe. Indeed, there are at least two various readings. The Convention of the Moderate party meets to-day to select a Presidential candidate.

FROM GREEN BENCHES.

MR. J. W. LOWTHER, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is a very respectable young man. His demeanour is prematurely old, and he has a heavy, husky voice that makes the simplest announcements sound as fateful as the deep-voiced announcements of beadle or sexton. It was, therefore, with intelligible surprise that at three minutes past six on Monday evening last he looked at the House, which burst into a wild cheer as he was giving an answer of characteristic commonplace and want of emotion on some question of foreign affairs. He might well ask what he had done to forfeit his well-deserved reputation for gravity by giving rise to a burst of emotion so unusual. It is hard to say which the Liberal benches enjoyed most, the puzzled face of Mr. Lowther or the sight of their splendid old leader back in his old place. For it was the entrance of Mr. Gladstone at that precise moment on that day which had produced the burst of enthusiastic cheers, and not any departure by Mr. Lowther from the even tenor of his sober respectability.

The day will come—may it be far distant—when Mr. Gladstone will depart from the House of

Commons, never to re-enter there again; it is hard to forecast in imagination what the House will look like for many a day after. You begin to feel his omnipotent spell over that assembly the moment he has entered it. The splendid head; the majestic pose; the strange refinement combined with strength of the face, with its strong, well-marked, and yet delicately chiselled features, and its pallor at once so picturesque and healthy—these physical characteristics would mark Mr. Gladstone out as the most noticeable figure in the assembly! He is one of the instances in which the outward and the physical fitly reflect the mental and spiritual nature. And, then, look at the extraordinary vivacity, the tireless energy, the unsleeping mental activity of the man. He has scarcely taken his place when he is in earnest conversation with one of his colleagues. It would be too disrespectful to speak or even think of Mr. Gladstone poking Sir William Harcourt or the austere Mr. Morley in the ribs; but the rich abundance of gesticulation, the frequent smile, the restless motion of head and hand and shoulders, give a strange idea of an activity that can never pause, and that has Tithonus-like immortality of youth. And finally, if you want to fully appreciate all that this figure means, you should look to Mr. Balfour and his title to the leadership of the House. Sitting opposite this mighty Parliamentary portent, makes him shrivel before your eyes into something like an impudent schoolboy; and down at the Bar there is another figure, the meanness of which serves to bring the splendour of the other into almost dramatically arranged relief. For as he stands there, looking to the front Opposition bench, on which sits once more the man he has envied and hated with the malignity of the small for the great nature, Mr. Chamberlain looks peculiarly petty and sinister.

The prevalent temper in the Liberal ranks this week—as in the last—is one of “haste not.” The exhibition of a Ministry dying by inches before the eyes of the whole world—and dying rather through its own impotence and the desertion of its friends than the attacks of its enemies—is a spectacle so striking and so useful to the electorate already looking to the floor of Parliament as the hustings of the coming election, that the chief desire of Liberals is that the scene should be prolonged to the last possible hour. For the moment, the temper with regard to a dissolution on both sides is this: the Government possibly does not want it to come before July; the Opposition is of a like mind; but the march of decomposition in a dying body does not await the decisions or consult the conveniences of Parliamentary tacticians, and the House of Commons, in spite of leaders on both sides, may go out just from sheer inanition.

The Government had a good division this week, but it was a division for which they had made stupendous efforts, and on which they had the full support of the Liberal Unionists. But they had several bad divisions also. On the Belfast Bill; on the adjournment of the House till two o'clock on Ash Wednesday; the majority fell in the one case to twenty-two, in the other to twenty. No doubt, poor Mr. Balfour wants to make his place warm before he leaves it—for he cannot forget that there sits behind him the menacing figure of Lord Randolph Churchill, bearded, sunburnt, immutably silent, biding his time with the feeling at last that it cannot be far off. Even six months' tenure of office as Leader of the House would be a more respectable thing than the short and sudden descent to Opposition by mere incapacity to keep a party together. And during this week Mr. Balfour has had an opportunity of seeing before him that rock ahead which will disturb the course of his barque for many a year to come. Whenever there is a straight party division, that strangely silent figure rises languidly and goes into the division lobby with the rest of the faithful. But when a Bill is under discussion on which a straight party

vote may be withheld, on which Lord Randolph may exercise the glorious freedom and the larger views of Tory Democracy, and Mr. Balfour is tied to the stake of official obligations and the hateful bond with the Irish Orangemen—then, slowly and languidly, but with very deliberate advertising of the act, Lord Randolph rises from his seat, and walks out of the House. This is what he did when Mr. Balfour was declaring that the Belfast Corporation was acting justly to the Catholic minority of Belfast in not permitting a single representative to enter the governing bodies of the city; and if Lord Randolph be ever tackled on such a refusal to vote, poor Mr. Balfour will have a very difficult task to arraign him.

A final and most significant and pregnant feature of the week must also be noticed. On Wednesday there was a Bill to reinstate those unhappy people who were turned out of their fields and homes when the Plan of Campaign was educating Lord Salisbury up to the revision of judicial rents, and Mr. Goschen was learning that Parliamentary stress and popular agitation may make a Minister swallow voraciously on Tuesday the thing described as dishonour on the previous Saturday. For years these poor people have hoped and asked for relief; steadily Mr. Balfour has refused to give it; and there they stand shivering and in some cases starving—an unsolved and perilous problem in the restoration of social order in Ireland. Mr. O'Kelly, a Parnellite, was the sponsor for the Bill; but that did not make any difference in the warmth of the support it received from the Anti-Parnellite section of the Irishmen; and the whole debate showed an approach of the sections towards each other—certainly a diminution of the savagery of their old temper—which was pleasant to see. An even more important thing happened before the debate closed. Mr. Madden, the Irish Attorney-General, in a desperate fix, sought safety by an incursion into the land of the enemy. What had the Liberal leaders, he asked triumphantly, to say to this Bill? Did they accept it? Would they agree to its provisions? It was a perilous question, for on the answer depended two momentous results. If it were in the affirmative, it cast upon the next Liberal Administration the heavy burden of this unsolved and perilous problem; if the answer were negative, it blasted so many hopes in Ireland from Liberal success that the party which preaches Liberal perfidy might be dangerously augmented. Sir George Trevelyan, speaking for the Liberal leaders, saved the situation; his answer was clear, precise, irrevocable:—"Without the restoration of these people to their homes peace in Ireland was impossible." It was twenty-five minutes past five on a snowy Wednesday afternoon when these portentous words were spoken—the hour is worth noting. It was the first authentic message of final emancipation to the desolate cabins of the Ponsonby estate, to the wild and barren fields of Gweedore.

A MÆDIEVAL LEGAL REFORMER.

NO one in these days thinks of going to the "Acta Sanctorum" for instruction or aid in the difficulties of life. But perhaps the Bollandists have still something to say to the profit of those who read with reverence their learned pages. Even when they are narrating marvels at once astounding, incredible, and frivolous, or are writing of people and things far removed from us, an air of distinction pervades all they say. Far away from the meanness and littleness and narrowness of daily affairs they carry us. Not poetry can lift man more above himself than some of the tales buried in that storehouse, unsurpassed even by classical mythology, of the marvellous and the beautiful. They contain, too, pictures of character in front of which even our enlightened century might do well to pause. Saint Yves is the patron saint of lawyers, the only one of that pro-

fession ever canonised, the prodigy of whom it was said—

"Sanctus Yvo erat Brito,
Advocatus et non lator,
Res miranda populo."

The acts of Saint Yves were recorded by Dom Papebroch, the most learned of the Bollandists, and though his biographers have given their attention chiefly to his many miracles—somewhat wearisome by their number and apparent want of purpose—they have incidentally told something of the marvels of practical wisdom, the efforts of sagacious charity, which Saint Yves displayed, and which have never been imitated. In his way, Saint Yves was as remarkable as Abbot Sampson.

A Breton, and native of Tréguier—the birthplace, by the way, of Renan—he went to Paris, and though destined for the priesthood, he seems to have studied the Decretals and the Institutes not less ardently than theology. Not satisfied with what he learned in the Rue de Fouarre, he passed to Orleans to study under two famous lawyers, Peter de la Chapelle and William de Blaye. A contemporary of Abelard, he acquired a reputation for learning scarcely inferior. "Après que le bon Sainet Yves," says one of his biographers, "eut esté instruit et parfaict ès sciences de grammaire, des ars, des droicts canon et civil, et aussi qu'il fut principié en la science de théologie, il se retyra en la ville de Rennes, et fut official de l'Archidiacre de Rennes par quelque temps." Nothing came amiss to the ecclesiastical courts in those days. Of some matters they had exclusive jurisdiction; with almost everything they might interfere. Mark Saint Yves' notion of the duties of a judge in the darkness of the Middle Ages. One rule he laid down for himself, "Partes coram se litigantes ad invicem ad pacem et concordiam totis conatibus revocabat." His was a Court of Conscience, and he did all he could to reconcile the litigants coming before him. Let us take another extract from the depositions made before the commissioners appointed to inquire into the grounds of canonisation:—

"Testis H addit quod causas communes pace vel concordia terminabat, ita ut quæcumque, nisi esset matrimonialis, vel talis quod jam eam oporteret judicio terminari, vix tertio termino ad manus ejus veniebat."

Thus, where he must pronounce judgment, he judged; where reconciliation was possible, he reconciled; he did so with such effect that scarcely a third of the cases were litigiously decided. Here was a man far before his time—probably before ours. In a few countries there are Courts of Conciliation; they are modern institutions which lawyers have never accepted with good grace. In England they are unknown. All proposals to establish them have been scouted as preposterous. It is thought to be improperly tampering with the rules of the game to induce people who are fairly in for a lawsuit to shake hands; it is denounced much as sportsmen denounce shooting foxes. That was not Saint Yves' notion, and more than one touching story is told of his endeavours to bring people out of quarrels. Certain kinsmen had long been engaged in litigation. One day Gaufridus (one of the disputants) and his wife and his children were in the Church of Tréguier. Dom Yves spoke thuswise to the said Gaufrid: "For the love of God, be at peace with your relations; and I, if you think fit, will amicably settle things between you." Gaufrid answered, "We want no peace except what justice and right give us." Dom Yves thereupon said to Gaufrid, "Wait until I return to you. I will go and ask God to give me the power to make peace between us"; with the result that Gaufrid, touched by the looks and words of the saint, put himself and his case in his kinsmen's hands. Five centuries have flowed between us and that little incident. The cathedral of Tréguier, in which these words were spoken, no longer exists: another has taken its place; the bones of the saint are scattered. We have learned so much since that

time; jurisprudence was in those days so humble a science as compared with what it is; justice is now so stately in its march, while it was then so irregular and imperfect. Is not something lost as well as something gained, when it has become wellnigh impossible to seek to do justice in this spirit? Another story of Saint Yves' conduct as a judge. He was asked to excommunicate three thieves. We can judge what a clerical county justice would have done in similar circumstances. Saint Yves was less spirited. "Dimittatis; Dominus Deus amendet eos, quia ego sum ditior iis."

He resigned the office of judge; it was hateful to him; he was disgusted with the ways of the people of Rennes, whom he found "moult brigueux, litigieux, et plein de subtiles tromperies, abitué à toutes déceptions et nouvelles cautelles de plaidoyeries." But he was one of those rare people who hunger and thirst after righteousness. He ceased to be the official of the diocese only to become the advocate of the poor. He conducted, at his own expense and without reward, the causes of those who were poor, friendless, and wronged. He was the defender and advocate of orphans, widows, and the weak generally. If satisfied that their cause was good, he carried it from court to court at his own expense. He met with all manner of abuse. In those illiberal days people even blamed him for meddling with matters which did not concern him. Many solemn arguments were needed to convince people that it was seemly for him, a pious ecclesiastic, to touch such things. He did not yield to abuse, and he often foiled the efforts of craft and force.

One of the stories told of him does honour to his acuteness. He had gone to Tours, in reference to a case which he had decided. He lodged at the house of a lady who told him that she was afraid of the result of a claim made against her. Two merchants had lodged with her, and handed to her a leathern bag, locked, enjoining her not to give it to one of the two unless the other was there also. Five or six days afterwards the two lodgers passed her house; one of them turned back, and, in an off-hand manner, asked for the bag, as they had payments to make. She, in good faith, gave it. In the evening the other came to her, and asked had she seen his comrade. When she told what she had done, loud cries, "I am undone," and threats to take proceedings against her for breach of the contract—threats which the merchant proceeded to give effect to. Saint Yves offered to act as the lady's advocate, and the sequel is worth citing:—

"Monseigneur Yves pour la veuve defenderesse requist à veoir en la face le demandeur sa partie adverse, lequel luy fut monstré, et quant il l'eust veu et que l'estat ouquel le procès estait fut récité: car plus ne restoit sinon a prononcer la sentence, le glorieux Monseigneur Saint Yves parlant pour son hostesse dist au juge: Monseigneur le juge, nous avons a vous remonstrer ung nouveau faict qui est péremptoire et la decision du présent procès, c'est que graces à Dieu la defenderesse a faict si bonne poursuite depuis le dernier appointement prins en la cause que la dessus dicte bougeete dont est question a esté trouvée, et la exhibera quand par justice sera ordonné et déterminé. A quoy l'avocat du demandeur requist que elle exhibast la dicte bougeete en jugement présentement, autrement ne faisoit à recevoir de alléguer ce nouveau faict pour empescher la prononciation de la sentence. Monseigneur Saint Yves repondit: Seigneur juge, le fait positif du demandeur est que luy et son compaignon en baillant la bougeete à la defenderesse leur hostesse la chargerent de ne la bailler à l'ung d'eulx si l'autre n'y estoit, et par ce face le demandeur venir son compaignon, et bien volontiers la defenderesse l'exhibera tous deux présens. Sur quoi le juge appointa et declaira que l'hostesse ne seroit tenue exhiber la bougeete si les deux compaignons n'estoient présens."

When this sentence was given the plaintiff was in such consternation that the judge's suspicions were roused; it was discovered that the bag had been stuffed with iron nails, and within three days the false merchant was hung.

For ages Saint Yves was honoured by the judges of Brittany; a multitude of legends has grown round his name, and his statue is common, not only in his own native country, but all over France. To the people of Ghent it was left more than three centuries after his death to discover the best mode of doing him honour. A confraternity—composed chiefly, but

not exclusively, of lawyers—was formed to carry out the principles of Saint Yves. It undertook gratuitously the causes of the poor, whether as plaintiff or defendant, subject to three conditions: the petitioner must be really poor; the cause must have been pronounced just by at least two advocate members of the brotherhood; the case must be such that the expenses would not exceed the value of the object in dispute. One golden rule was obligatory: before the confraternity took any step in the proceedings it was necessary to make an honest effort to induce the adversaries to agree. We cannot reproduce here the Confrérie de St. Yves established at Ghent; as well might we try to work the miracles alleged to be wrought at St. Yves' tomb. But it is a pity that a spirit which inspired this laudable attempt to combat with social evils has not discovered other ways of asserting its power. We have not yet thrown the doors of courts of justice open alike to rich and poor. Wealth has in litigation advantages perhaps as great as it had in the fourteenth century; our Courts are still as unsatisfactory as in the days when Rabelais satirised them. Some person or society to do St. Yves' work is as needful as ever.

Very beautiful are some of the stories told by the witnesses called before the Papal Commissioners, and their touching simplicity is the evidence of their truth. Many speak to such incidents as this:—Witness No. 22 said that though in winter Yves' took no pains to warm himself he brought wood to warm the poor, and carried to the hearth those who could not drag themselves thither. Witness 22 said that one cold winter the saint gave *carte blanche* to the poor to take what wood they could find in his fields. Such stories are common in the "Sancta Sanctorum." The originality of the man was that he cultivated a form of charity, which was new in his day, and which has never since been imitated.

THE GRESHAM UNIVERSITY AND PARLIAMENT.

IN a few days Parliament will have to decide whether the new Teaching University, which must now by common consent soon be established in and for London, is to be a satisfactory reality or a mere hypocritical sham. For this is the question really raised by the motion for the rejection of the Gresham University Charter, now lying on the table of the House. Not even its promoters can dispute—and, indeed, with cynical indifference they have not attempted to do so—that the chief characteristics of their scheme for a Teaching University for London are the essential narrowness of its conception, and the limitation and inadequacy of its scope. Its every provision shows clearly that its framers have not applied themselves to the solution of the broad educational problems of London. And, to say the truth, those who are asking Parliament to sanction their scheme have hardly troubled to dispute the fact that their plan has been conceived, not to meet the educational needs of London, but rather to enable King's College and University College to restore their failing fortunes by the magic of University status and the attractions of University degrees on easier terms than elsewhere. But it is plain that the mere granting of easier degrees to students in London, though it may, to quote Lord Justice Fry, "give a fillip to the operations of the two colleges," will do nothing to improve the condition of education in London unless an attempt is made to raise the standard of the teaching, to give power and independence to the teachers themselves. And yet it is in this very point that the scheme hopelessly fails. Alone among Teaching Universities it presents the startling paradox of a Teaching University without University teachers. To state this paradox is to condemn it. From the point of view of any University for London the defect is and must be fatal. For a

strong and independent professoriate untrammelled by interests or restrictions is the first condition of a true University. And in London this is tenfold more true than elsewhere. It has indeed been said by a promoter of the Charter that "the kind of work recognised in London is college work." If this is so, and if it is intended that it shall so continue, where is the justification for the University rank which is asked for? It is rather because they want to have *University* work and not mere "college work" recognised in London that the opponents of the scheme urge their objection so strongly and insist on the necessity for the creation of a professoriate responsible not to mere college authorities, but to London and to a real University for London.

If the scheme fails in not increasing the teaching power of London, it is equally blameworthy for its failure to use in the best way the teaching power and agencies which are even now ready to its hand. There are assuredly in London many fragments, so to say, of the higher teaching which, if properly gathered together and organised, would prove a valuable addition to the teaching machinery of a new London University. But all these possibilities this scheme has deliberately set aside. It is no reply to talk about high academic ideals, or to exclude all who cannot reach the exact pattern of Oxford and Cambridge. For London, curricula and degree courses should be prescribed on broader lines, better fitted to meet the democratic conditions of a democratic age. In this there need be no insuperable difficulty, nor can any scheme which does not attempt to solve this problem be accepted as a solution of the question.

Much more might be added, but space forbids. But enough has been said to warrant us, apart from party and apart from politics, in urging all Members of Parliament who have the real interests of education and of London at heart to reject this scheme. Those who believe in education can have no favour for proposals which add nothing to our educational resources, and fail to make good use of those already existing. Those who care for London as a whole cannot approve a scheme which deliberately prefers individual interests to the general interests of London. But doomed to failure though it be, the promulgation of this scheme we doubt not has had one result for good. Londoners have been shown by an excellent object lesson the sort of University which will *not* suit their needs. They will expect their representatives in Parliament to take care that a scheme so narrow and so inadequate is not allowed to hamper the educational development of the metropolis.

MISS CLOUGH.

MISS CLOUGH, Founder and Principal of Newnham College, and sister of Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet, was in many ways a remarkable woman. Her interesting career, indeed, could only have been possible to one possessing an unusual combination of qualities. Miss Clough did good work in more than one direction, and has left her mark not upon the education of women only, but of boys and men. School-keeping was begun by her in Liverpool at the age of sixteen, and continued at Ambleside, where she opened an excellent mixed school, in which Mrs. Humphry Ward was at one time a pupil. Later on Miss Clough interested herself in the provision of higher teaching for women, and, having formed an educational union in the North of England, prevailed on her colleagues in 1866 to engage a University man to lecture to ladies in some of the large towns. Mr. Stuart, now M.P. for Hackney, was the happy choice of the Council, and the success of his lectures on Astronomy in 1866 gave rise to the scheme of University Extension, and ultimately to the foundation of more than one "University" College. Few, if any, of the young men who flock to Extension lectures, or graduate in the

colleges of Leeds or Liverpool, are aware that the advantages they enjoy are due to the efforts of the public-spirited lady who has just passed away. The Northern Council had also its share in instituting the University Local Examinations, which have done much to revolutionise middle-class education for both boys and girls.

Miss Clough's record would have been sufficiently creditable if it had ended here; but in point of fact her career was only just begun. In 1871 Miss Clough was invited to take charge of a house in Cambridge for the accommodation of ladies coming from a distance to attend lectures in preparation for the Higher Local Examinations. Five students came into residence, and from this small and unpretentious beginning Newnham College arose, Miss Clough retaining the post of Principal until her death. Girton College was already in existence, but lingered still at Hitchin, twenty miles away. Miss Clough boldly took up her residence in the heart of Cambridge, throwing herself unreservedly from the first upon the goodwill of its citizens. Her confidence was not misplaced; the budding college soon won the sympathies of the more liberal-minded among University residents, and hostility, at first rampant, gradually dwindled away under Miss Clough's tact and good management. Her dignified and winning presence had probably much to do with the success of the college in these early days. It was impossible to associate anything like revolutionary ideas, or even suspicion of strong-mindedness, with the white-haired lady of benevolent mien and retiring manners, who quietly took her place in Cambridge society. Yet beneath the unostentatious manner which disarmed hostility, and the almost motherly kindness which ensured the affection of her friends, Miss Clough had a mind of singular breadth and power, and a tactical skill that was no less remarkable. Those who watched her at work felt that she could have governed a country if need be. She possessed the art of drawing out of her circle of advisers the best that was in them, and yet of so infusing them with her aims and spirit that in the end the plans adopted were generally her own. From natural reticence, however, Miss Clough kept her own personality always in the background. She was never heard to speak ill of anybody, and her mind appeared to be perpetually busy in devising kindnesses for her flock. By Newnham students throughout the world the memory of Miss Clough is both loved and revered.

B.

THE late Principal of Newnham College, Cambridge, was a leader in a great educational reform which has progressed steadily from the beginning. It would be scarcely rash to say that the women's colleges in Cambridge are too firmly fixed for any reaction, and we may therefore fitly consider the governing principles on which Miss Clough did her work. These may be conveniently divided as follows:—

A. The attitude towards the public.

(1.) In her replies to the Royal Commission on middle-class education, which were printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, October, 1866, Miss Clough propounded a scheme for the improvement of girls' teaching which in many ways resembled that at present adopted by the High Schools Companies. She laid especial emphasis on the need of a recognised standard and of combination in the efforts towards its realisation. The influence of Newnham and the other women's colleges in these directions has been most essential by demanding a degree of excellence from the girls and supplying efficient teachers to secure it.

(2.) That same pamphlet was marked by a recognition of the merits of existing institutions unusual in reformers. And at Newnham Miss Clough has shown a similar tendency to make use of the material at hand, to assimilate and to reconcile. Being aware of the attacks to which her position and her work would be always open, she had endeavoured, as far

as possible, to minimise the departures from conventional standards, and to avoid shocking the historic sentiment of chivalry.

In approaching the authorities of the University she has asked favours instead of pleading reason, and has regarded the intentions with which any privileges were granted, rather than the lengths to which the letter of the law might extend. By thus adopting a conciliatory spirit alike towards possibly prejudiced outsiders and towards the institutions on which the college so largely depends, she has secured a lasting and widespread sympathy for its successes, which has been of no little assistance in its *healthy* development.

B. The attitude towards the students.

(1) The government of Newnham has been essentially personal. In social life the difference between lecturers and students has been recognised only as youth instinctively respects comparative age, and in intellectual matters the lecturers have been as thoughtful friends, at once stimulating and directing the desire for knowledge. In this control by character and affection, Miss Clough has set the example and encouraged the continuance.

(2) In the matter of definite study an unusual width has been allowed, though seriousness is carefully inculcated. It is perhaps hardly realised that anyone who comes to Newnham may take up the ordinary Cambridge three years' course, ending in a tripos; or may reside for different periods, reading for the groups of the Higher Local Examinations. Capable students have even been allowed to pursue their work without a view to examination, and have—in one instance, at least—been encouraged by the award of a scholarship for continued research.

A similar laxity is not granted at Girton, and its desirability may be explained in two ways. We may regard it as a temporary necessity consequent upon the still unfixed condition of a girls' school; or we may say that women, having entered upon the work of college-making at an advanced stage of development, have recognised certain wider possibilities of usefulness than are yet admitted by the older institutions.

It is hardly necessary to add that Newnham is what it is as much by reason of Miss Clough's character as of her system. Indeed, the principles just enunciated depend very largely on character. There were, however, at least two more important elements. Miss Clough never spared herself in the performance of public functions or in the consideration of particular cases. She also never forgot individuals, and did not lose her interest in those who had left the college. Old students were encouraged to keep up their connection with the place, and welcomed in visits for which one important motive has just passed away.

In conclusion, one word of apparent qualification is necessary. We have spoken always of Miss Clough and her work, but it must not be supposed that she has been unaided. Many and generous indeed have been the helpers in the cause, of whom especially we should mention Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick and the Misses Kennedy. But they, more than any, will say that by the death of the Principal we have lost a beloved and respected leader.

J.

M. RENAN'S NEW BOOK.

M. RENAN would have us be of Pascal's mind, that "the 'I' is hateful"; and so he tells us, when M. Jules Sandeau thanked him for the pleasing self-revelations in his "Souvenirs de Jeunesse," he replied that these were only pleasant vices—"Dulcia Vitia!" (the phrase is Quintilian's). "The public, indulgent to-day, will presently have its revenge." "No, Renan," said Sandeau, "the public will always be glad when you talk to it of yourself." Sandeau was right: M. Renan is never so charming as when he is confessing himself; and his new book, "Feuilles

Détachées" (Paris: Calmann-Lévy), is full of delicious avowals. There is something exquisitely touching, too, in the tone of the book: the valedictory tone of a man feeling the weight of years and their infirmities, who is taking a last look round to see that his house is in order before he goes hence. "Bon soir, la compagnie!" one seems to hear him say, "I have had a glorious time, and thank you all very much!" Glorious is not too big a word, for there is a note almost of triumph in his declaration of contentment with his life. "My life has been the life I wanted, the life I conceived to be the best. Had I to live it over again, I should alter very little." Nor has he any qualms as to the future, either in this world or in the next. Like Sir Peter Teazle, he leaves his character behind him—for the Jesuits to vilify as they choose. These will say he ended—legend demands that all enemies of the official Church should end thus—like Judas, *crepuit medius*. They will paint him half Arius, half Voltaire. They will go on saying he was paid a million by M. Rothschild to write the "Vie de Jésus." Let them! It is in the judgment of sensible men that he has confidence. If that goes, then he is lost indeed. "But if humanity is destined to *crétinisme*, I no longer care for its esteem; it may think as foolishly of me as it likes." This is how your sages sing their *Nunc dimittis* in the end of the nineteenth century.

But after death? Well, there *may* be a paradise—some day: in a decillion of years, perhaps, and "the sleep of a decillion of years is no longer than the sleep of an hour." M. Renan has a little five-year-old grand-nephew whose one grievance is at bed-time. "Mamma, will the night be long to-day?" And when, in the presence of death, we ask, "Will the night be long?" we are just as naïve. There is only one drawback. M. Renan would like to have a glimpse of the wonderful things the young generation is going to see; and—who knows?—perhaps he may hear of them. "They say that there are old Arab testaments in the Lebanon whose legacies are saddled with the condition that the defunct shall be told when the French are masters of the country. Sometimes I tell myself that such and such a piece of news, dropped furtively into my ear when I am in my tomb, would make me start to life again. But then I have so often read in the Bible that at the bottom of *sheol* nothing is known of what is happening on earth!"

As for that paradise which is to exist, perhaps, after a decillion of years, it would be unfair for everyone to expect a share in it. M. Rothschild was insisting in the Synagogue some time ago on the immortality of the soul. Said a learned Israelite, of the old school, to M. Renan: "Just fancy that! . . . Such a rich man, too! . . . to want paradise into the bargain! . . . Let him leave that to us other poor devils." There is one person, at any rate, who would not leave M. Renan even this deferred consolation. This is a pious resident of Nantes, who sends him every month of his life these words (probably on a postcard), "There is a hell." M. Renan hopes so; for he prefers the hypothesis of a hell to that of annihilation. "Many theologians hold that for the damned it is better to be than not to be, and that they are perhaps open to one or two good thoughts. For myself, I fancy that if the Eternal, in his severity, were to send me to that evil place, I should succeed in getting out of it. I should address supplications to my creator which would make him smile. The reasons I should give him to prove that I was there through his fault would be so subtle that he would be greatly put to it to answer them." But, all things considered, M. Renan gives his vote for purgatory. He draws a pretty fancy-sketch of it, so pretty that it would be spoiled by translation:—

"À vrai dire, le lot qui m'irait le mieux en toute justice, ce n'est pas l'enfer, c'est le purgatoire, lieu mélancolique et charmant où ceux qui ont quelque peine correctionnelle à purger seront très bien pour

attendre. Je me figure le purgatoire comme un immense parc, éclairé d'un jour polaire et percé de charnelles ombres, où s'épurent les amours commencés sur la terre, en attendant la complète éthérisation. Que de romans exquis s'achèvent là !"

Here, as indeed throughout all his later writings, we see M. Renan haunted by the vision of woman's love. True in that one respect to his priestly vows, he has never known it, and he writes of it with something of the mystic fervour of the priest, to whom it is, what the frivolous dame thought ices would be, all the more attractive for being sinful. On this topic, more than any other, M. Renan seems to us like one of Mr. Massingham's secularised cathedrals; though it is hardly orthodox doctrine you hear there, you still feel that you are within ecclesiastical walls. He replies in advance to the question, How can he know anything about love? In these matters, he says, "être trop connaisseur, c'est être incompetent." And, figuring his own case, he tells a characteristic story. "The most touching of mediæval miracles is that which Gauthier de Coinci tells us about a poor deacon of Laon, who suffered martyrdom in the attempt to preserve his purity. One day, beset by temptations, he fell asleep bathed in tears. The Virgin appeared to him in his slumbers, and—well, she did for him what the heroine of Scottish history did for the starving prisoner. "This divine ambrosia cured him for ever. After such a dream of love, he was able, for the rest of his life, to forego the reality." So, thinks M. Renan, those talk best about love who have the least abused it, and have considered it as a religious emotion. "It is surprising," he says, "that science and philosophy, adopting the frivolous way worldly people have of treating *la cause mystérieuse par excellence* as mere matter for jesting, have avoided making love the capital object of their observations and speculations. Love is the most extraordinary and suggestive fact in the universe. Through a prudery which is absurd in philosophical reflections, people either are silent about it or keep to a few silly platitudes. They won't see that we are here confronted with the nodus of things, with the most profound secret in the world. The feats of fools ought not to prevent us from treating gravely what is grave." After this admonition, one must try not to smile at the gravity with which M. Renan treats it. Our seraphic doctor devotes a whole chapter to considering the question: what books have spoken most delicately and most eloquently of love? After the Bible—with its beautiful idyll of Isaac and Rebecca, "the most chaste married couple in the Old Testament"—the Gospels and the "Imitation," he decides in favour of Saint Augustine's "Confessions" and the "Introduction à la vie dévote" of Saint Francis de Sales. M. Renan declares he cannot read the love-passages in these books without tears; and he recommends them, not without unction, to pious ladies. Perhaps the wish nearest his heart is that these dames—or, at least, those "for whom their missal no longer suffices"—may read his own pages on the grave subject. If he could, he would be a woman himself. "I should like, in another world, to speak in the feminine, with a woman's voice, to think like a woman, to love like a woman, to pray like a woman, to know how a woman gets at the truth." He loves even their weaknesses. "I envy my eminent colleague, M. Brown-Séquard, what happened to him at one of his lectures. An antivivisectionist lady 'prodded' him with her umbrella. *Telum imbelle!* This excellent person was certainly mistaken, for vivisection is a quite harmless thing; but the errors of the heart are pleasing to us in women."

The chapter entitled "Recollections of the *Journal des Débats*" should be read, as a pious exercise, by all journalists. This paper was for one of its former editors, M. Ustazade de Sacy, a veritable religion; and from him M. Renan imbibed one of the fundamental principles of his life: "on ne quitte le *Journal des Débats*." M. de Sacy proved easily that anyone who ever did abandon it was sure to come to a bad

end. A golden rule which M. de Sacy made his pupil lay to heart was: never answer newspaper attacks. Another of the editors of this famous journal whom M. Renan recalls in affectionate memory, M. Bertin, was used to encourage the individuality of his contributors with these words of wisdom: "Write, you, for five hundred readers; the rest are our affair." So was built up "a noble paper, analogous in the press to what the French Academy is in literature." M. Renan declares the memory of his long connection with it to be one of the consolations of his old age, and he politely thanks his old colleagues. Indeed, he is polite to everyone. He is polite to the monthly correspondent at Nantes, who reminds him about the place which should certainly not have been mentioned to ears so polite. He is polite to M. Mézières. He is polite to Gustave Flaubert. He is polite to Victor Cousin. He is even polite to the editor who used to cut out his "slightly ironic" references to the devil. In him the old phrase, polite letters, acquires a new and a richer significance.

THE ZOO IN ART.

THOSE who love the Zoo—and who does not?—may be advised to visit quickly Mr. J. T. Nettleship's exhibition of birds and beasts of prey at the Rembrandt Head Gallery in Vigo. The collection consists of seventy-six drawings done in pastel. Each is a note of something seen in the Zoo, and the collection might be described by Mr. Nettleship as "Un voyage autour de mon jardin." True that there is neither a giraffe nor a zebra. A giraffe might form the subject for a bronze, but the ungainly and discordantly coloured creature could not be easily introduced into a picture. In art the giraffe and the zebra are as impossible as Swiss scenery. That the treatment is everything is an easy and flippant phrase, but it may be doubted if the greatest landscape painter that ever lived could make a picture out of the lake, the chalet, the pine forest, and the blue mountain with the white mountain just behind it. Nothing is impossible to genius, but, up to the present, genius has shrunk from the zebra and Switzerland. Monkeys only just lend themselves to artistic treatment, and Mr. Nettleship has wisely left out of his collection the shaggy coats of our ancestors. I am wrong; on referring to the catalogue I find there one moustached monkey. Lions and tigers are Mr. Nettleship's favourites, and among these I noticed "73, Tiger waking." The great power of the head and shoulders contrast excellently well with the long, delicate, sinuous line of the back. The foreshortening is correct, and the bright animal goes well with the slate-coloured background. With the sweet, strong forms of the feline this painter is ever in keen sympathy, but into this sketch he has conveyed harmonious colour and depth of tone. Many complimentary things might also be said about "62, Polar bears playing in the sea." The great white animals playing so cumbrously in the blue water are most impressive, and the mind imagines easily the lone shores where never a tree grows and the air is filled with the remorseless green glitter of the towering iceberg. 42 is likewise an excellent sketch of two leopards. The animals lie close up together in strangely natural attitudes. The artist has surprised them at a moment when they were really themselves, and his notation of the scene is effectual and trustworthy. "72, Beavers at sun-down," strikes the visitor as being more a picture than anything else in the room. There is air in this sketch, and its quiet grey tone is altogether charming.

The majority of visitors will, of course, think that the artist has done well in placing the animals on the banks of their native river instead of by the side of the makeshift little pool of their captivity. The majority of visitors will also excuse the artist for

having transported many a lion and tiger from the narrow iron bars to the boundless solitudes they were taken from. It would be unreasonable, it would be ridiculous, to expect an artist not to transport the beavers from their filthy, unpoetical pool to the beautiful banks of their Canadian river, and the king of beasts in a fifteen-foot cage would be a cruel absurdity; none but the most inartistically ignorant would attempt to represent the magnificent animal in the mean monotony of a daily fifteen feet of prowl. So the general mind will think, and artists will aver that the bars are an artistic impossibility. Bars in front of the animal are, I admit, an artistic impossibility, but why not bars behind the beast? What, cries the artist, with a view of those dreadful antelope-houses and the soldier and the maid-servant coming along the walk! Why not? cry I, why not? The ballet-girl with her stiff white skirt was an artistic impossibility until Degas took her in hand, and if he were to attempt the feline I am sure that it would be in a cage; he would eschew the tawny desert. The wild tawny beast feeding to satiety on antelopes is one thing, and the gaunt, constrained beast, pacing fifteen feet of cage, partially fed at eventide on a lump of horse-flesh thrown to him by his keeper, is another. Why confuse the two? Besides, are you quite sure that the wild animal is more artistic than the captive animal? Is there not a pathetic interest to be found in the yawning of those miserable captives behind their bars? See the lioness as she stretches herself with arched back, and by her side are the mass of tawny mane and the lank quarters of the lion as he lies looking through the eternal bars. The spring is beginning in the gardens, and the gaiety of the first foliage and the unexpected red of the soldier's jacket are strangely suggestive and in a way beautiful; and only a heavy shadow or some violet-tinted mist is wanted to soften the patent vulgarity of the antelope-houses, and bring them within the picture. The charm of mystery is, I know, essential in every picture, but the atmosphere gives this. Without atmosphere, realism is impossible; with atmosphere, the lowly and prosaic may be invested with sweetness and dignity.

There was a time when only the fortunes of kings and queens were deemed of interest, but as civilisation blots romance and adventure out of life the artist grows more and more disposed to seek his material among the poor in spirit, the meek, and the miserable. Kings and queens are artistically as extinct as the dodo. The loves of duchesses and their like have gone the way of giraffes, zebras and Swiss scenery, and the peasant, the vagrant, and even the servant-girl, are the subjects that inspire both pen and pencil. The continuous enfranchisement of the people is as notable in art as in politics, and to me it seems that art never took a more decisive step than when the Goncourts wrote "*Germinie Lacerteux*." For this surely was the first time that a writer undertook to enlist the serious sympathies of readers in the life of a low servant-girl, it was the first time that so humble a being appeared as the heroine of a novel. The fact is both important and significant, for it was the most decisive effort in long and continuous movement towards the abolition of the conventional picturesque; it was the opening up of a wider horizon, and the means of introducing into art all kinds of fresh possibilities. It was like the discovery of America. Painting followed literature, and Millet showed us that the lives of ignorant peasants were as interesting to us as elegant dames and courtiers had been to our eighteenth-century ancestors. Since then many a piece of the conventionally poetic has been pulled away, and the last that still clings is the desert, which we still continue to believe as essential in the pictorial representation of the lion. The lion must still prowl up and down ruined staircases in the moonlight or chase antelopes through an African wilderness. He may, it is true, devour a Christian martyr in an amphitheatre,

but he may not yet stare vacuously through iron bars at a soldier and his "gal." The Zoo has not yet been admitted to be possible in art. In Mr. Nettleship's art, as in Mr. Briton Rivière's, antelopes bound over high grass, the wolves sleep under sunset skies, and the condor is blown about in a gale.

There is either too much or too little Zoo in the work of all our animal-painters—either the artist imagines the animal in its natural wilderness, correcting (or, should I say, stimulating?) his imagination with a few observations taken in the Zoo, or he accepts the Zoo and gives us the animals in their present environment. He may do either one or the other, but it seems to me to be utterly wrong to draw the caged animal exactly as it is and then rub in a bit of tawny desert. The animal-painter will say that it would be impossible to point out the difference between the lion in a cage and the lion in the desert. That is so, and yet there is a difference, and we feel it, although we may not be able to point it out. There is something false—evanescent and impalpable though the error may be—in the lion that has been transferred from the cage to the desert, something suspicious in the animal's gait and look that tells us that that is not the truth. Go to Mr. Nettleship's exhibition and see for yourself. Will anyone doubt, for instance, that "72, tiger waking" is a caged beast? Yet there is no visible sign of this in the drawing. That grey background might very well stand for the shadowy depth of a cavern. And would it be possible for anyone to mistake 42, a pair of leopards asleep, for animals in their natural state? These are the best drawings in the collection. Mr. Nettleship is at his best when he stands most strictly within the precincts of the Zoo. The difficulties of the cross-bars he has not attempted to solve, leaving them for some future painter of wild animals, or, should I say, for some future painter of animals in captivity?

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"WALKER, LONDON"—"HAPPY RETURNS."

LET us all be glad that Mr. J. M. Barrie has been persuaded not to give up to Thrums what was meant for mankind. Are not the Thames and the Isis, rivers of the Southron, better than all the waters of Thrums—if Thrums possesses any waters outside its toddy-kettles? Yes, says Mr. Barrie boldly—he must get his brother Scots to condone that unpatriotic audacity as best he may—and, to prove it, he shows himself as much at home by Thames side, "the stripling Thames at Bablockhythe," as were Plato's disputants on the banks of the Ilissus. His *Walker, London* is quite the most charming picture of house-boat life on the Thames which English literature has given us since Thomas Love Peacock sent the guests of "Crotchet Castle" a-voyaging in barges from Henley to Lechlade. Indeed, Mr. Philpot (*φιλο-ποταμος*), Peacock's river-lover, would have found Mr. Barrie's little play entirely to his fluvioromantic mind. The wonder is that it has been left for a new theatrical recruit to exploit this theme, the dramatic potentialities of which are obviously without limit. For anything may happen on a house-boat, anything except the normal, the reasonable, and the tiresome. It is an Enchanted Palace, a Paradise of Dainty Devices, from the mere fact that it is isolated from the work-a-day mainland, and so romance as naturally inhabits there as it inhabited the Astronomer's Tower of Swithin and Lady Constantine, or the barge in Troy Harbour, wherein Tubal Cain Bonaday spent his honeymoon. A honeymoon is also spent aboard Mr. Barrie's house-boat (named, in delicate compliment to the Ibsenites, *The Wild Duck*) and a very remarkable honeymoon you feel sure that it will be when you find that the happy bridegroom is no

other than Mr. J. L. Toole. It is a remarkable honeymoon, for it is a honeymoon before marriage. Mr. Toole, you must know, is a barber by trade, and, true to the romantic traditions which have been associated with that craft from the "Arabian Nights" to the days of Shibli Bagarag, nephew to the renowned Baba Mustapha, chief barber to the Court of Persia, Mr. Toole must needs have his little day-dream. He is the Peer Gynt of barbers; but he is content with a less spacious ambition than to be the Emperor of the World. All he wants is to pose as a "gentleman" for a week. But then he will be satisfied with nothing less than the part of a very famous "gentleman," a great traveller known to all men and women—including the fair women who inhabit the house-boat—as "Africanus" (pronounced by all the personages with a broad "a," more *Scotico*, a sure proof, I take it, that Mr. Barrie has been his own stage-manager), and it is as Africanus, not as Shibli Bagarag, that Mr. Toole spends his pre-nuptial honeymoon on the Thames. But why pre-nuptial? Well, you see, the lady of the barber's affections had saved a little sum for wedding expenses, a nice little sum, but not quite enough for two, so the barber left the bride waiting at the altar while he took himself and the nice little sum off for a week's outing and genteel-masquerading on the Thames. To be sure, he sent the lady a polite letter, saying magnanimously that "I feel I owe you an apology;" but though this gave her the proud feeling that her swain was a "scholar," it did not deter her from taking the next train to the river-side. Meanwhile the barber had been converting his day-dream into a glorious reality. A lucky accident (and half-a-sovereign to a complaisant waterman) had installed "Africanus" in the house-boat as the saviour of one of its girl-crew from drowning. His modesty over this feat ("it's nothing, it's nothing!" says Mr. Toole in his ludicrous falsetto) and over his supposed exploits on the Dark Continent ("I only did my duty in Africa") won him all hearts, and the encouraging smiles of two of the girls, the serious B.A. from Girton, all logic and stand-up collar (Miss Irene Vanbrugh), and the roguish "colleen" with a touch of the brogue and a hat which her admirers cannot distinguish from a basket (Miss Mary Ansell). Alas! Africanus has found those smiles only too encouraging: not only has he flirted shamelessly with both the girls, but he has actually proposed to the Girton B.A., and, his proposal happening to coincide with one of that lady's periodical quarrels with her affianced lover on the question of marriage by logic, he has—greatly to his dismay—been accepted by her. All this time we have seen the minor humours of the house-boat in merry progress: the chaperone knitting in the saloon, the medical student going to and fro in the punt to fetch the milk for breakfast or the telegram which shall tell him whether he has "passed," the girls flirting on the bank, the raw schoolboy, nicknamed "W. G.," practising batting on deck with a cricket ball suspended from a crane, and the servant, who is apparently of Rabelais' opinion that there is fine music in the *cliquetis d'assiettes*, smashing crockery every five minutes in the kitchen. It is a perfect picture of the *joie de vivre, ohé, ohé*, as that joy is only to be tasted on a Thames house-boat, to the accompaniment of moonlight, part-songs, and the twanging (perhaps I ought to say the Thrums) of the common or regatta banjo. You see Mr. Barrie is, like John Taylor, a water-poet. And he is something else, which is here even more to the purpose: he is an adroit "stage-carpenter." For not only does he bring a breeze of sweet river air over the footlights; he proves himself an adept in the mechanical business of the scene, with a keen sense of the value of pantomime and a trick of neatly distributing his dialogue among all the characters in turn which I would compare with Pailleron's, did it not rather remind me of an earlier and more skilful stage-craftsman, Goldoni. There is nothing better

even in that masterpiece of pantomimic design and easy handling of a crowd of characters, Goldoni's *Il Ventaglio*, than the scene in *Walker, London*, wherein the barber's deserted bride, having tracked him to the house-boat, and fallen asleep—wearied from her wanderings—on deck, is lowered, chair and all, by her desperate bridegroom, with the help of "W. G.'s" crane, into the punt, while through the blinds of the saloon below various pairs of lovers are shown—skiagraphically—embracing, as lovers will.

Altogether, the production of this piece is a delightful event, both for those who like old friends and those who like new. On the one hand, it gives Mr. Toole a far better part than any he has been able to find in the outworn repertory of H. J. Byron; on the other, it shows us that we have in Mr. Barrie a new playwright, of strong originality and blithe humour, in a field where neither of those qualities is too often forthcoming—the field of fantastic comedy.

It would be unfair to crush Mr. Fred Horner's new piece at the Vaudeville, *Happy Returns*, by comparison with Mr. Barrie's. Mr. Horner is merely one of the artisans of the playhouse, an adapter from the French, and he has only acted after his kind in spoiling *L'Article 231* by clumsy Bowdlerisation. The process of perverting the original, which he has begun, the Vaudeville company complete. Miss Dorothy Dorr, for instance, a capable actress on the plane of serious emotion, by bringing her serious methods to bear upon the quarrelsome wife of farce, makes that typical figure an intolerable shrew. She has the air of believing profoundly in the reality of her part—an excellent thing in drama, an absolutely fatal thing in what should be "irresponsible" farce. That dreadful song, "Ta-ra-ra," etc., unknown to the author of *L'Article 231*, whose state was certainly the more gracious, is introduced in order that it may be sung by Mr. Thomas Thorne. If that does not give it its death-blow, then be assured that the song will only be drowned by the blare of the last trump. Mr. Cyril Maude is amusing as a lover whose acceptance by his lady gives him as great a shock as the Girton girl's gives Mr. Toole. The one striking feature of the piece is the performance of a real nigger by a real nigger. Thus is refuted Diderot's paradox that the actor should not feel his part.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

JANE AUSTEN, a girl who wrote for girls, has found her warmest admirers and most discerning critics for nearly a hundred years among *savants* and men of letters. "A Girl's Opinion" (*Temple Bar*) of her work will therefore be read with more than common interest. MISS EDITH EDMANN admires MISS AUSTEN's women, but not her heroines. We may congratulate ourselves, she thinks, that we live in the days when High Schools, Extension Lectures, Magazine Clubs, and lawn-tennis have superseded sentiment, sensibility, hysterics, and mutual confidences; or, as MRS. LYNN LINTON puts it (*Nineteenth Century*), in the days of "an epidemic of vanity and restlessness," when we "substitute for the beautiful women of history and fiction the swagging Wild Women of the present craze." Comparing other matters, MISS EDMANN finds nothing in MISS AUSTEN's clergymen of the ideas of a later age—the sacred office, the consecrated life, "the cassock and collar, the daily services and advanced ritual." No; and nothing of the "cult of bodily uncleanness" which the editor of *Temple Bar* has detected re-appearing, as the reader will find in a note to an article on "The Growth of Sanitary Science" in the current issue of that magazine.

JANE AUSTEN's name appears in another of the magazines this month, and in connection with FANNY BURNEY'S. The title "Pride and Prejudice" was in

all likelihood suggested by the prominent use of the phrase in "Cecilia;" but we cannot see any indication of plagiarism from "Cecilia" in the scene from "Emma" quoted by MR. W. H. POLLOCK in the *National Review*. Both scenes are evidently based on observation of life.

THE concluding instalment of CARLYLE'S unpublished novel is the most interesting. There is a meeting of riders in a valley which has all the romantic circumstance and mood of SCOTT; and the character sketch of CROMWELL in chapter vi. is as powerful a piece of prose as CARLYLE ever wrote. It is evident from these, as from the preceding chapters, that "Wotton Reinfred" must have been contained in one of the paper bags, "carefully sealed, and marked successively in gilt China-ink with the symbols of the six southern Zodiacal signs beginning at Libra," which the Hofrath Heuschrecke sent to the English editor of the "Clothes Philosophy" in place of an autobiography of Teufelsdröckh.

GOETHE'S name has been variously mispronounced by the unlearned. MR. R. L. STEVENSON makes BELLAIRS, the disbarred lawyer in "The Wrecker," call him *Go-eath*. In Scotland, *Goatee*, pronounced somewhat inquiringly, has been heard: but *Goth*, with emphasis and assurance, is more common. In country towns, blue-stockings and the frequenters of æsthetic teas use the form *Gitty*.

AN excellent proof of the advantages of the system of presenting theses for higher degrees in arts is afforded by MR. HERBERT ELMER MILLS' "The Early Years of the French Revolution in San Domingo," which was "presented to the Faculty of the Cornell University as a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy," and has just been printed. It is a conscientious piece of work, based entirely on contemporary authorities, and throws a vivid light on the progress of affairs towards anarchy in that flourishing French colony between 1789 and 1791. It is to be hoped that DR. MILLS will continue his labours, and endeavour to elucidate the later history of the colony and the confusion caused by the sudden enfranchisement of the negro slaves in the French West Indies. When will Oxford and Cambridge imitate Cornell, and encourage historical investigation by founding a degree of the same dignity as the D.C.L. and LL.D., to be granted on presentation of a thesis?

FOR MRS. MORGAN JOHN O'CONNELL'S "Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade" (KEGAN PAUL) hoards of faded papers at Darrynane and many another old Munster home have been ransacked. A whole collection of "The Colonel's" letters were lent the authoress. Old tags of verse in English and Irish have been written down from the dictation of old ladies and old followers; old smuggling bills and legal opinions, wills, and marriage treaties have been laid under contribution. From this somewhat chaotic mass, with DANIEL CHARLES, COUNT O'CONNELL as centre, a counterfeit presentment of the old native Irish gentry, the O's and the Macs fighting abroad and struggling at home, has been evolved by MRS. O'CONNELL in two really enticing volumes.

THE publication of "The Statesman's Year-Book" (MACMILLAN) for 1892 is a little late on account of the fact that the censuses of the leading countries in the world had to be incorporated. The changes in this statistical and historical annual, now in its twenty-ninth year, have been extensive. One new feature of great importance is the introduction of maps, all relating to subjects of present interest, such as the density of the population of the earth, and the partition of Africa. The editor, MR. J. SCOTT

KELTIE, has succeeded in embodying all the important changes that have occurred almost up to the date of issue.

TO the outer world DAVID TERTIUS GABRIEL presented only the appearance of a diligent man of business. Even his nephew who edits his "Thoughts and Reflections" (UNWINS) had no idea that his uncle's reading had been of any great width or that he had kept a written record of his thoughts. And yet this busy merchant had studied Sanskrit, had conversed with Buddhist and Hindoo priests, and had meditated deeply on the profoundest subjects. Many will be anxious to know what a London merchant, devout but rationalistic, has to say on "Evidences of the Existence of the Deity," the subject which occupies the greater part of this posthumous volume.

SINCE 1848, when the third and last edition of C. O. MÜLLER'S famous "Handbuch der Archæologie der Kunst" appeared, nothing has been offered in its place until now. Surely it was high time to construct a "Handbook of Greek Archæology" (MURRAY), as DR. MURRAY has done. In its composition he has relied on well-discussed and generally-accepted truths, leaving aside the accumulation of details, and maintaining a constant endeavour to state as broadly as was in his power what experience has taught him to be the leading features of the subject. Such a handbook was specially necessary in this country, where the materials of study, amassed in the Greek collections of the British Museum, are unrivalled in their wealth, and where of late years a wide interest in the subject has taken root.

IN re-issuing the "Globe" edition of "Le Morte d'Arthur" (MACMILLAN), SIR EDWARD STRACHEY has completed his bibliography by an account of DR. SOMMER'S edition of the Text and Prolegomena, a work which has also enabled him to confirm and enlarge his own former criticism. His "Essay on Chivalry," save for a few verbal changes, remains as it was first printed.

BOUND in black and stitched in crimson silk right round the cover a quarter of an inch from the edges—quite a novelty in binding—DR. JESSOPP republishes "The Coming of the Friars, and Other Historic Essays" (UNWINS). They appeared at various times in the *Nineteenth Century*, and are now printed with some alterations, corrections, and additions.

DOUBTLESS we ought not to care about the composite photographs in the *Idler*; they are inartistic and unnecessary. Yet they are very interesting. The result of the combination of the good-humoured, pawky face of COLONEL NORTH, with the handsome, honest face of JOHN BURNS is something very like the picture of a supercilious mocking demon; while the union of TENNYSON and BROWNING gives the face of WALT WHITMAN and the brow of SHAKE-SPEARE.

WE have received MR. EDWARD WALFORD'S exceedingly handy shilling directories. There are now four of them—a "Peerage," a "Baronetage," a "Knighthage," and a "House of Commons." The publishers are MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.

WE believe that MRS. ADAMS will be very grateful to any of the former friends and scientific correspondents of the late PROFESSOR J. C. ADAMS who may still have in their possession any letters from

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

him, if they will send them to her at the Observatory, Cambridge, for the purpose of preparing a memoir. All letters so entrusted will be carefully returned.

THE Musical and Dramatic Exhibition which is to be opened in Vienna on the 1st of May has absurdly interfered in more than one way with our musical season in London. HERR RICHTER, obliged to pass the month of May at Vienna, has been unable to accept the offer made to him by SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS to direct the performances of German opera which are to be given in May and June at Drury Lane. The Vienna Exhibition has, in like manner, been the cause of HERR RICHTER's putting off his London concerts from May to June; while at the very end of June he will be compelled to leave London in order to take the direction of the WAGNER performances at Bayreuth.

In this difficulty SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS addressed himself to HERR MOTTI, a perfectly capable man, who was unable, however, to accept the engagement offered to him by reason of his having signed for a season of German opera next year with the well-known London agent MR. DANIEL MAYER.

FORTUNATELY, neither the Vienna Exhibition nor the Bayreuth Festival, nor the occupations of HERR RICHTER and HERR MOTTI, have had any effect upon SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS'S arrangements for his ordinary Italian season. The scheme, taking it altogether, is as full of promise as the prospectus is full of promises. If only two-thirds of them are kept, the Royal Italian Opera season of 1892 will be one of the most brilliant on record.

THE centenary of the birth of ROSSINI was celebrated on Monday, at Venice theatrically, at Florence funereally, and Pesaro municipally. But Italy at present is in no mood for celebrations—at least, not in the great towns. "To-day," says the *Secolo* in its commemorative article, "Italy rises *en fête* from the preoccupations of politics and social questions to walk in the regions of the ideal." The celebration has apparently hardly descended into the realm of fact.

BESIDES MISS CLOUGH, whose life is fully dealt with elsewhere, the obituary since our last issue includes the names of SIR JOHN COODE, K.C.M.G., the well-known engineer and constructor of many harbours, including those at Portland, Colombo, the Isle of Man, and Capetown; MONSEIGNEUR JACQUENET, the Bishop of Amiens; GENERAL BORDONE, a prominent officer under GARIBALDI in Italy and head of his staff in the Franco-German War; SIGNOR FERRACIÙ, Vice-President of the Italian Chamber; MR. DANIEL HOWIE, once superintendent of the K Division of the Metropolitan Police, whose experiences included the Chartist riots of 1839 and the Rebecca riots of 1843; MR. ROBERT STUART, a well-known English resident in Perugia and an advocate of reconciliation between the Quirinal and the Vatican; and M. LÉON BERTHOUD, a well-known Swiss painter, whose speciality was lake scenery.

POLITICS AND PURITY IN NEW YORK STATE.

NEW YORK, February 16th, 1892.

THE Presidential campaign is already raging vigorously in this State, and the whole country is watching the contest with great interest, inasmuch as the result will exert a powerful and, perhaps, deciding influence on the action of the two nominating conventions, if not on the election itself. New York is one of the "doubtful States," and, according to present appearances, neither party is likely to be able to elect its candidate without the

help of New York, and both are accordingly contending for it as the key of the position. The winning of the State election by the Democrats by a majority of over forty thousand in November has disappointed the friends of Mr. Cleveland, although they contributed with all their might to the result. Their position was a difficult one. They felt that if the Democrats did not carry the State at that election, the Democrats all over the country would conclude that no Democratic candidate could carry it at the Presidential election, and the Convention would therefore seek its candidate elsewhere, probably in the west, and Mr. Cleveland would disappear finally from the political stage. More than this, they feared that if the Democrats were defeated in New York on the tariff-reform and sound-currency platform which they had put forward, it would be taken as a sign everywhere else that these two causes were lost, and the majority in Congress would throw aside the work which the voters had apparently set before them at the General Election in 1890. On the other hand, it was uncertain which of the New York candidates, Cleveland or Hill, a victory would most benefit. Hill, though in every way immeasurably inferior to Cleveland, and, in fact, a most dangerous and unscrupulous demagogue, was in full possession of "the machine," had Tammany Hall at his back, and through its aid had achieved several triumphs at the polls, which had given him two terms in the governorship, and finally landed him in the United States Senate. Would not another triumph, therefore, seem to mark him out clearly as the coming man, who held New York in the hollow of his hand, and could offer its vote to the Convention in case it nominated him or someone designated by him? There was, in fact, a certain amount of desperation in the situation for the Cleveland men. They had to play double or quits.

For a week or two after the election of Flower, the Democratic candidate, they tried to persuade themselves that the victory had accrued to Hill's disadvantage; that, in fact, it had discredited him and Tammany Hall; that Flower was going to be an independent and righteous Governor; and that Hill was relegated by it to the United States Senate, in which body he would soon sink to his proper level. They were roused from this pleasant dream almost by an accident. When the election was over, it was found that, with the addition of three more seats in the State Senate, the Democrats would have a majority in both Houses of the Legislature, and thus, for the first time in many years, obtain complete control of the three branches of the State Government. What followed was extraordinary, and astounded the public. Hill appeared on the scene, in command of his machine and determined to secure these seats by foul means—that is, by cheating in the count of the votes. I will not weary you by a detailed account of his processes. Suffice it to say that he procured without the smallest concealment, by means fraudulent on their face, the rejection of enough genuine returns from some districts, and the counting of enough fraudulent or erroneous returns from other districts, to give the Democrats the seats in the Senate which they needed. To accomplish this, he dismissed honest officials from their places, and induced one dishonest man to disobey the order of the Courts, and pardoned him when he was imprisoned for contempt. To crown all, he procured the theft or abstraction, on their way to the Board of Canvassers, of returns amended under a judge's order, in order that in their absence the "irregular and erroneous" ones (I am quoting the language of the Court) might be counted. He was assisted in this by a Mr. Maynard, the Deputy Attorney-General, who was promptly rewarded for his services by an appointment to fill a temporary vacancy on the bench of the Court of Appeals by Governor Flower, who proved on the whole transaction Hill's obedient tool. I am not here repeating surmises, or suspicions, or party charges; I am giving you either notorious

facts, or facts proved in open Court. Hill prepared himself for this work by refusing to take his seat in the Senate when Congress met in the first week of December, in order that he might hold the governorship over until the expiration of his term on January 1st, after this. There was thus not much room for doubt as to who had reaped most profit from the victory in November.

Hill then proceeded promptly to follow up his victory, and gave further proof of his skill as "a manager" by getting the Democratic State Committee together, composed entirely of his own creatures, and compelling them to fix February 22nd as the date of the meeting of the State Convention which appoints the delegates to the National Nominating Convention in June, and to order the immediate election of the delegates to this State Convention by the County Caucuses all over the State. The elections have accordingly been held, and the delegates elected are, all but two or three out of the seventy-two, Hill's men, pledged to do his bidding, and sure to select Hill's delegates to the National Convention. The work was easy, as the County Caucuses are also part of his machine, and composed of his agents in each county, one of their favourite tricks being such framing of the notices of meeting sent to the more respectable voters as should deceive them either as to the time or place of meeting, and so ensure their absence.

Until this last performance—the calling of the Convention to elect the delegates of the National Convention—no attempt was made to arrest Hill's victorious progress. In fact, from about December 1st to February 1st I think it is no exaggeration to say that both the Cleveland men and all friends of good government in the Democratic party in this State were completely dazed or reduced to despair by Hill's performances. Cleveland was considered out of the running, as a Hill delegation to the National Convention seemed to be certain, and the power of the machine overwhelming. Shocking as the cheating about the election returns was felt to be, it did not seem sufficient to rouse people into action; but the arrangement for "the Snap Convention"—or "Mid-winter Convention," as it is called—proved the last straw that broke the camel's back. It was a departure from long-established Democratic usage, perpetrated by a notorious trickster for his own benefit, and disgusted all the more respectable men in the party both in and out of New York. For the long-established Democratic usage requires that the delegates to the Nominating Convention shall be elected as near the meeting of the Convention as possible, so that they shall carry into the Convention the very latest views, opinions, and hopes of their constituents, and shall be able to say to the Convention not what their constituents felt or thought six months previously, but what they felt or thought one month previously. The Convention this year meets—as, indeed, is usual—in June. The election of delegates to it in February, therefore, could have only one object in view—namely, to prevent representation in it of any change in popular sentiment touching either men or measures which might take place during the ensuing three months, and give Hill the secure custody during that interval of the fruits of the fraud and chicanery which followed in the November election. To appreciate the importance of it fully, you have to remember that it is a rule of Democratic National Conventions that each State shall vote as a unit. That is, when the majority of the delegates from a State in their private caucus vote for a particular candidate, their vote absorbs that of the minority, and in open convention the majority cast the whole vote of the delegation. So that even if Hill's opponents were to constitute a minority, no matter how large, of the New York delegation, that would not prevent the entire vote of the State in all being cast for him.

Accordingly there has been within the last ten days a great uprising, not only on the part of the Cleveland men, but of all that portion of the party

which has any respect left for fair play in politics. Even those—and there are many such—who looked with equanimity on Hill's trickery as long as Republicans only were the victims of it, in consideration of the numerous tricks of the same kind which Republicans have practised on Democrats in various parts of the country ever since the great electoral fraud of 1876, could not put up with it when practised on Democrats by a member of their own party, himself a self-constituted candidate for the Presidency. An indignant protest was accordingly drawn up ten days ago, and has been signed by the principal members of the party in all parts of the State, and brought out a volume of indignation for which very few even of the best observers were prepared, so shy are Americans of criticising their own party until they are sure of widespread sympathy and support. This protest has been followed by a great meeting in this city, at which the leading party orators denounced Hill and his methods unsparingly, and a committee of fifty was appointed to call on the State Committee to defer the meeting of the State Convention until the usual period. This demand has already met with a virtual refusal, and the revolted are preparing to repudiate Hill's organisation altogether, to have delegates elected in the various counties for a Convention of their own to meet in May. This would send a delegation to the National Convention in June to contest Hill's, and demand admission as the true representative of the New York Democrats, and the only one which can be said to have the party in the State behind it. The candidate of these dissentients must be Cleveland. He will be imposed on them by all that portion of the party here which has any moral influence, and above all by the commercial and financial world, as well as by the almost unanimous demand of the Democrats in other States. Their expectation is that the Convention—which in deciding between contesting delegations is omnipotent, and may do anything which seems to promise best for the party in the election—will admit the bolters and repudiate the Hill men.

E. L. GODKIN.

ISLAM JUDGED FROM WITHIN.

LUXOR, EGYPT, February 8th, 1892.

I HAVE not yet had an opportunity of reading Syed Ameer Ali's "Life and Teachings of Mohammed"; but I have read your review of the book in a land which has lain for centuries, and lies now, under the blight of the teaching and example of Mohammed. And what is true of Egypt is true of every country where Islam has held sway. Hindustan, Persia, Turkey, Tunisia, Arabia, Morocco, are a sufficient refutation of Syed Ameer Ali's thesis. Mecca is the metropolis of Islam, and there you behold the high-water mark of the religion of Mohammed. Islam, says Syed Ameer Ali, is "founded on divine love, universal charity, and the equality of man in the sight of the Lord." Theoretically (by no means practically) Islam recognises the co-equality of Moslems among themselves; but it dooms the rest of the world to death or slavery in this world, and to eternal perdition in the next. Islam divides the world into Dar-ul-Islam and Dar-ul-Harb—the country of Islam and the country of the enemy. All who are not Moslems belong to the country of the enemy, and Islam offers them, if Jews or Christians, the alternative of the Koran or perpetual servitude; if Pagans, the Koran or death simply. In no country since Mohammed has Islam recognised the equality of man. Throughout the Turkish Empire and Morocco the non-Mussulman is by law denied the elementary rights of citizenship—an odd illustration, truly, of "the equality of man in the sight of the Lord," as taught by Islam. And as to "divine love and universal charity," as taught by Islam, I recommend your readers to read what the late Mr. Gifford Palgrave has written on that

subject. No name could be given more unprejudiced or more intimately acquainted with Islam in its teaching and practice. Mr. Palgrave says truly that the idea of divine love is absolutely excluded from the religion of Mohammed. In its place is a "Pantheism of force," which negatives both love and morality.

It seems to me wonderful how anyone who has even an ordinary acquaintance with the history and literature of Islam can fail to see that it offers an eternally impassable barrier to civilisation. There can be no civilisation where woman is degraded. But Islam dooms woman to perpetual ignorance in this world, and to exclusion from Paradise in the next. Polygamy is under Divine sanction in the Koran, and the Islamic law of divorce enables the Moslem to get rid of his wives *ad libitum*, besides enabling him to have as many concubines as he pleases. Islam also consecrates slavery, and it forbids progress by declaring the Koran to be the last expression of the Divine will on every subject, secular as well as religious.

It is not necessary to go into the personal life of Mohammed. Those who wish to get at the truth on that subject had better read Dr. Koehle's exhaustive treatise on the subject, published by Longmans. Dr. Koehle is a learned German who has spent twenty years of his life in Mussulman lands, and has a thorough knowledge of the Arabic and Turkish languages. His "Life of Mohammed" is based entirely on the records of the Prophet's life and character, furnished by Arabic disciples and admirers of Mohammed.

The difficulty of the British occupation of Egypt is due mainly to the incompatibility of Islam with civilisation. In so far as the interest of Egypt and the Egyptians is concerned, there can be no doubt at all that the retirement of the British force would mean the revival of iniquity, corruption, and cruelty. All talk of retiring when we have placed on a stable footing the reforms which we have initiated is sheer nonsense. That day will never arrive. No reforms can be stable in a country where Islam rules. The retirement of the British means of necessity the revival of the Islamic system of government, and that means inevitably injustice, oppression, corruption, and barbarism. The cessation of the British occupation may be wise and right on other grounds—I don't touch upon that; but let there be no mistake as to its consequences on Egypt unless some other civilised Power steps in: it means moral degradation and material ruin.—I remain, etc.,

SCRUTATOR.

THE QUEBEC CRISIS.

QUEBEC, February 10th, 1892.

THE 8th of March is looked forward to with anxiety and interest, for on that day the people of Quebec will decide one of the most momentous issues ever brought before a Provincial electorate. A great constitutional battle will be fought, and the electors will practically define the powers of Lieutenant-Governors. The immediate cause of the crisis grew out of the Baie des Chaleurs Railway scandal, which was, by the merest accident, discovered during the sitting of the Railway Committee of the Senate, at Ottawa. The evidence there taken revealed the fact that one hundred thousand dollars of public money belonging to the Province of Quebec had been misapplied. An investigation was promptly held, conducted, it may be said, however, by the political opponents of the Quebec Government. Certain members of the latter body were summoned to the federal capital, and requested to testify. This they declined to do, on the ground that the Senate had no right to inquire into Provincial affairs, and that the proposed *enquête* was a serious breach of constitutional law. No effort was made to force them to appear before the tribunal; but other witnesses testified, and enough was found out to place in the

hands of the Lieutenant-Governor a potent whip with which to scourge the backs of his Liberal advisers. He promptly demanded of his Ministers an explanation of their conduct, and suggested the immediate appointment of a Royal Commission, to be composed of three Superior Court judges whom he named, to investigate the whole affair. To this Mr. Mercier, the Prime Minister, naturally demurred. He sent in his explanation, and complained of the *personnel* of the proposed Commission, on the ground that two of the judges had been violently opposed to him in politics. He preferred to have a Commission of one judge, and he named the Chief Justice of Quebec, who had long ago retired from political life, and though a Conservative, was not regarded as a partisan. The Premier's preference was, of course, for a Parliamentary inquiry, the committee to be formed of members of both sides of the House. The Lieutenant-Governor, however, was not satisfied with his Minister's version of the matter, and insisted on having his recommendations carried out to the very letter.

Accordingly the Royal Commission was appointed and began its labours. It is just to say that it conducted the inquiry with fairness and impartiality, and the whole story was very thoroughly gone into. Mr. Mercier's testimony was clearly given, and with no attempt at concealment. He admitted the misapplication of the funds, but disclaimed all personal knowledge of the transaction, and threw the blame entirely on the shoulders of his quondam agent. The absence of certain letters by the Ministers implicated rendered the investigation a trifle incomplete, but enough was elicited to absolve four members of the Cabinet, including the Treasurer, from fault of any sort, while against two others—the Attorney-General and the Provincial Secretary—more suspicious circumstances were elicited. Mr. Pacaud, the head and front of the business, made a clean breast of his dealings, told how and when he had received the money, to whom he had paid it away, and how much was still lying to his credit in bank. He assumed all responsibility, and, as far as he could do so, exonerated the Ministers from complicity. His confession was open and his manner frank. Cheque-book and note-book were produced in open court, and he related the gruesome and shameful story without a blush mantling his cheek or hesitancy interrupting the flow of his speech. He had met a man with an alleged claim, who solicited his good offices, because he knew how very close was the intimacy which existed between the Premier and his agent. An ordinary broker would have charged for his services a few hundred dollars. Mr. Pacaud swore that a fee of five or six thousand dollars would have satisfied him; but when Mr. Armstrong boldly offered him seventy-five thousand dollars, his self-possession almost vanished. However, he soon came to, and realising the situation at once, demanded an honorarium of one hundred thousand dollars. To this Armstrong as speedily agreed, and the bargain was closed. Mr. Pacaud had often been employed in the capacity of intermediary by parties having business to do with the Government. He possessed great influence. He was the party organiser, chief editor of the principal French newspaper supporting the Government, the confidential agent of the Premier, and a man of wonderful resource. It was not strange, therefore, that his valuable services were asked for in the Baie des Chaleurs Railway case.

The bargain between Messrs. Pacaud and Armstrong was made on the 19th of May last, by which 100,000 dols. was promised, and afterwards paid, to the former. Armstrong's original claim was for 298,493 dols. It was not due, and, therefore, not exigible, neither was it privileged. Two of the Royal Commissioners—on whose *interim* report the Lieutenant-Governor acted, the Chairman of the body being still too ill to concur with or dissent from his *confrères*—declare the claim "fraudulent, contrary to public order, and an audacious speculation on the Provincial Treasury." The Lieutenant-Governor,

Mr. Angers, concurred in this view, and immediately after receiving the *interim* report of the two Commissioners, promptly dismissed his late advisers, alleging as his reasons:—

"The above report (the *interim* report), the lack of care, and the illegalities with which the action of the Ministry is tainted; the facts and circumstances which have preceded, accompanied, prompted, and followed its action, the issuing of letters of credit to the amount of 175,000 dols., in violating the Treasury Act, without the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor, and to the detriment of the public credit; the malversation and diversion of the sum of 175,000 dols. from the destination enacted for it; the payment of it to Mr. Armstrong, to whom nothing was due in money by the Government, or by the Company; the sharing of the 100,000 dols. levied on Mr. Armstrong, and the use made of it to pay the debts of several of the Ministers, and to subsidise several members of the Legislature, who were supporters of the Cabinet," etc., etc.

Of course, this somewhat arbitrary act of his Honour created a storm; nor were matters much improved when, a few days afterwards, the Legislature was dissolved, and a new Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into all the acts of the outgoing Government since its assumption of office. No one was surprised, however, when the announcement was made that Mr. Mercier and his colleagues had been dismissed. The ex-Ministers never hesitated to inform their friends that they expected to be shown the door, no matter which way the Commission reported. At the time of his dismissal, the Premier had a clear majority of 24 in a House of 73 members. Now, the Government is but a committee of Parliament, and responsible to the people, through their representatives. It is never for one moment independent of the Legislature.

But the office of Lieutenant-Governor is invariably given to a partisan of the party in power at Ottawa—often to a sitting member of the Federal Cabinet, and he frequently encounters a body of advisers, with whom he must retain confidential if not friendly relations, totally opposed to him in politics. In a modified sense, he represents the Queen, but really he represents the Federal Administration. As a rule, the Lieutenant-Governor tries to act impartially, and to avoid all appearance of friction between himself and his constitutional advisers. But the fact must not be lost sight of that in the Province of Quebec violent hands have been laid on the Constitution twice within the short period of thirteen years, on each occasion by Lieutenant-Governors whose political faith was different from that of their constitutional advisers. It is but fair to remark that in Ontario, and in the Maritime Provinces, the Lieutenant-Governors appear to have managed very well in holding the respect of their several Cabinets.

While there is no defence for the illegal withdrawal of one hundred thousand dollars from the Quebec Treasury, the action of Mr. Angers in summarily dismissing his Ministers, who possessed a majority in the Legislature, and calling on new men, several of whom had not even seats in the late Parliament, to form a Cabinet, is pretty broadly condemned. His critics resent interference, and are jealous of their rights to control Parliament and the Government. They object to entrust their privileges to irresponsible men. Stress is laid on the fact that Mr. Angers exhibited the strong partisan bent of his mind by selecting as his new advisers men belonging to the Conservative camp. He knew that four members of his late Cabinet were untainted, and that the Liberals had, certainly, the confidence of the Legislature. He made no effort to secure a Liberal Government, and, possibly, fearing rebuke from the representatives of the people, declined to call the House. Only one session of the new Legislature had been held since the general elections, and the 86th clause of the British North America Act expressly states that "there shall be a session of the Legislature of Ontario, and that of Quebec, once at least in every year, so that twelve months shall not intervene between the last sitting of the Legislature in each Province in one session and its first sitting in the next session." That order seems to be mandatory,

though it is held by some that it is merely directory. At first sight, it would appear to override the prerogative and right of the Crown to dissolve at any moment when it was felt that public interest demanded dissolution. But the preceding section says:—"Every Legislative Assembly of Ontario, and every Legislative Assembly of Quebec, shall continue for four years, from the day of the return of the writs for choosing the same (subject, nevertheless, to either the Legislative Assembly of Ontario or the Legislative Assembly of Quebec being sooner dissolved by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province), and no longer." The two clauses must be read together. Bourinot says:—

"The right of the Crown to dissolve at its discretion is one of its most important prerogatives, absolutely essential under our system of popular government to give the people an opportunity of expressing their opinion on any great question at issue, and deciding at critical times between parties contending for the supremacy. It lies at the very basis of free institutions."

And he quotes a passage to the same effect from Professor Dicey. Notwithstanding this, the Liberals insist that the Legislature should have been summoned and that the House was quite competent to deal with Mr. Mercier and his colleagues.

That the legislators remained as a body firm in their allegiance to their fallen chief was speedily shown, for a caucus was held soon after the Baie des Chaleurs Railway transaction had been exposed, and nearly every man present at the meeting assured the Liberal leader of his future support. He would, therefore, have met the House with a majority but slightly diminished. This self-evident fact possibly decided the action of the Lieutenant-Governor.

But how will the elections go on the 8th of March next? Will the people sustain Mr. Mercier or Mr. Angers? The battle will be fought on the Constitutional question, for when the people are brought face to face with an act which, to a serious extent, interferes with their liberties and the privileges which many of their forefathers surrendered their lives to secure half a century ago, miserable scandals and speculations may be forgotten in the graver question which so nearly affects the political life and well-being of society. In Quebec all eyes turn to the Roman Catholic clergy. Both sides are bidding for that support, but this time the Church takes no aggressive part. The bishops are inactive; the priests are making no sign. Ever since the late Premier settled the famous Jesuits' estates question, and gave to the cause of higher education a handsome *dot*, the Church, both in Rome and in Quebec, showered titles and blessings upon him. The friendships thus made with the local *curés* have not been estranged, apparently, by scandal or charges of corruption. At all events, nothing is being done openly against him. The Church merely watches the progress of the conflict as a spectator.

The second Royal Commission brought to light fresh stories of corruption. That Commission has not (as I write) concluded its labours, but enough has been established against the late Government to cause pain in every honest breast. But the heavy vote will be polled on the Constitutional aspect of the question. On that point the people are very much in earnest.

FROM A SUFFOLK VILLAGE.

I WALKED down the village street to-day. The red roofs of the irregular, clustering houses, the brick tower of the church, the thick yew and the sluggish stream were touched and transfigured by the level light of the sun that was sinking in a clear orange glow. The trees stood out against the mellow radiance as black as in the heart of winter, although now, in February, the rising sap is giving warm tints to the leafless boughs—purple to the beeches, deep red to the limes, and pinkish grey to the oaks. Everywhere there are those subtle signs of the turn

and change in the year which are imperceptible to a townsman, but very definite to those who, like myself, live *tête-à-tête* with the weather. The colour is day by day coming back to the slopes of faded winter grass; there are little orange balls of blossom on the yews, and tiny crimson dots on the hazel boughs, from which the mealy catkins hang. Little birds fly in pairs in the hedgerows, where, until only a fortnight or so ago, they consorted in great flocks. Wood-pigeons coo serenely in the beeches, and the larks sing above the uplands.

In the village, people are beginning to recover from the influenza. They have passed the sick stage and the feverish stage, and now are very weak and woebegone. In a little side lane that leads to a pasture, which a little later in the year will be all aflame with marsh marigolds, live the old couple I went to visit. The tiny garden in front where the aconites are pushing up through the mould—little yellow heads with a frill round each like Toby's ruff—is decorated with a pattern of sea-shells, and the battered figure-head of a ship, that recalls the presence of the salt estuary only four miles away, where vessels come up with the fresh-smelling tide. The two old people were sitting dully over their fire. They were glad of a visitor. Mrs. Flowde, an old lady with the inquiring glance of a magpie, and the taste in dress of a parroquet, expounded to me her views on infection.

"God will send this complaint to everyone that shun them that is ill with it," she said.

I hinted that this was not the usually received opinion, but she was firm.

"He have spared you and yours," she went on severely, "because you have visited the sick—and you ought to be thankful."

She intimated darkly that Mrs. Villiers (one of the ladies in our village) was doomed, as she had not been to see her, "and," she said, cheerfully, "it will go very hard with her, as she have the asthma so bad. . . . This complaint isn't shut up in a room. It is in the air—and them it's sent to is bound to have it, and no doctor can save them from it."

She then gave me a very minute account of her illness, not sparing me a single harrowing detail.

"There were one thing," she acknowledged, "that I did miss, and that were spots. I were as gay as a leopard when I had the scarlet fever some years back, but none come this time."

Her old husband, whose face is like the full moon and is always decorated with a cheerful grin, had experiences of his own to impart. He suffers as a general rule from the rheumatics and the "brown-titus"—both of which, as his wife parenthetically remarks, are "hypocrite complaints"—but now these have given place to other and (I hope) rarer symptoms. Yesterday, among other things, he "fared to have a sinking feeling" in the very centre of his stomach. He wished to have some rich beef-tea and get it to stick there, just in that one spot. I had brought him the rich beef-tea, but, alas! could not provide any mechanism towards getting it to stick; which disappointed Mr. Flowde, whose faith in the powers of medical science is unbounded.

The little living-room is comfortably furnished; there is an upright eight-day clock "with a beautiful strike," and a handsome corner cupboard, in which treasures of sprigged cups and plates are immured. On the mantelpiece are two photographs. One is of the old couple's son, standing with his legs crossed so as to make a kind of pattern with them, and a rustic table beside him. The other is of their grandchild, a creature with corkscrew ringlets and a swollen face. But these represent all the love and romance that has ever brightened the sluggish monotony of the old people's lives. About these they weave many brilliant imaginations and dream many beautiful dreams. They form the one link that binds them to the great world of London, the turmoil and thunder of which does not yet reach these quiet pastures seventy miles away. But the old Flowdes have given a precious pledge, in the

shape of their son, to all-devouring London, and feel that they have a part in the stir and life of the great city which they have never seen, and speak of somewhat as the people in fairy stories speak of the Palace of the Ogre. There is no life so poor and mean but the golden thread of imagination runs somewhere through it, and these old people have their full share of the shining web. Their life has been a hard one. Mr. Flowde invested his little savings in a friendly society, which broke. The manager, as Mr. Flowde explains, with unconscious irony, took the money "to make a gentleman of himself." So the old people must still work for their living. Mr. Flowde is a jobbing gardener; or, rather, I should say, on the strength of having been once at some remote period spade-man at the Hall gardens, he feels himself qualified to dig your borders and slice your flower-roots as remorselessly as any man alive. He also scratches and rolls your gravel to very slow music, and will spread what he admiringly calls "the best o' muck" upon the roots of your rose-trees.

It was dusk when I left the cottage; the symptoms took so long to describe, and there was a letter to be read "that come yesterday morn" from the son in London. The school-children were still busy "catching their deaths" in the stream, carrying out Locke's precept that children should always be wet-shod with as much precision as though they were his disciples. Every now and again some mother would fetch in a band of them, with shrill denunciations, helping along some reluctant little boy by the hair of his head. The wind had dropped and the country seemed very still. Here and there were a few labourers coming home in silence across the fields, with their tools and their dinner-baskets on their backs. The shepherd in his brown smock was preparing for his night's work in the sheltered lambing-pen, where his little hut like a bathing-machine was standing. Over everything the quiet night was falling, wrapping the distant line of woods and the brown fields and the village in a cloudy darkness that seemed as soft and as vague as sleep.

C. F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.

SIR,—“G. M.” is incorrigible. In face of his contribution with which I dealt last week, he says in his article in *THE SPEAKER* of to-day, “I state the facts bluntly, but I state them truthfully.” Unfortunately, he does nothing of the kind, but calmly proceeds with the statement—which he makes twice over—that Mr. Tate “has had recourse to Mr. Spielmann, &c. &c.,” with certain sinister motives. This false testimony is brought forward deliberately, and with a show of authority, either with the object of misleading your readers, or of procuring from me a repetition of my assertion that my share in the controversy is wholly unofficial. If the former was his intention, what are we to think of his honesty? If the latter, what of his candour? This statement, like the others, is devoid of foundation, for I know nothing of Mr. Tate personally, nor have I held any communication with him on this subject, directly or otherwise. Nor am I “very wroth.” When “G. M.” blunders into error, or misstates the facts, we who read them contradict them—some of them—sometimes (there was a round dozen or so thus corrected in *THE SPEAKER* of the 20th); but when he adopts a style of brutal attack, our sentiment is far other and less complimentary than wrath. He professes to detect “fun” in the idea of Mr. Agnew giving £10,000 to a British National Gallery scheme without obtaining a *quid pro quo* in the nature of a seat upon the Board, or a picture-buying agency. That “G. M.” cannot conceive of a patriotic or disinterested act when the intending donor happens to be a rich sugar-refiner or a wealthy picture-dealer is regrettable, perhaps, but hardly important. Let me hasten to add, lest “G. M.” should again misrepresent me, that I know nothing of Mr. Agnew personally, nor have I held any communication with him on this subject, directly or otherwise.

In reply to “G. M.’s” artless inquiries, permit me to say, (1) that Mr. Agnew would have no share in the management in consideration of his gift, because a gift made unconditionally carries no conditions of management with it; (2) that my authority as to Mr. Tate offering his pictures, not *en bloc*, but for selection, was the official statement in the *Fall Mall Gazette*—

which "G. M." was bound to make himself master of before presuming to criticise and vilify Mr. Tate and his acts with all the formidable resources of semi-ignorance and prejudice; (3) that I have never, as editor, "returned tiresome manuscripts on the plea of 'want of space'" unless such plea was strictly true; and (4) that I have never, to the best of my recollection and belief, had an article returned on that ground at all.

As someone else besides "G. M." seems not clearly to understand the proposal in respect to the English Louvre and the National Gallery, I may say that the desire of very many others besides myself—men, they, of intelligence, influence, and enthusiasm, who have worked for years, and are ready to sacrifice much to see it carried out—is to have primarily a complete representation of English art—not contemporary art—taking its rightful place under the same roof as foreign art at the National Gallery. The idea, as I explained, was to affix an English Louvre to the National Gallery—in a wing by itself, erected on the ground now occupied by the dangerous barracks alongside. In my article of which "G. M." fell so foully foul, I sought to convey the idea that Mr. Tate's pictures were not so much wanted by the nation (inasmuch as they would have necessitated a Luxembourg) as a wing to the National Gallery in which to form a Louvre. I wrote, "I am aware that it may be objected that the National Gallery idea deals rather with an English Louvre than with an English Luxembourg. Not necessarily, for the enlarged National Gallery may be at once the Louvre and the Luxembourg"; and I went on to urge the acquirement of the works of deceased masters, and not of contemporary. But with the view to harmonising the two sections of opinion, in face of the proposed gift, some thought that the new wing might be used for the two proposed establishments—the Luxembourg as well as the Louvre; the pictures being, of course, removed to the latter after having stood the test of time in the former. But that I advocated the indiscriminate admission of Mr. Tate's pictures within the sacred pale of Trafalgar Square—especially on the same walls as the ancient masters—is, I regret to have to say, another of "G. M.'s" *suggestiones falsi*.

I might add further, and I hope finally—firstly, that the passage of pictures into, and even the permanence of their stay in, the Louvre would always be in the hands of the authorities to regulate; and secondly, that if something be not done to remove the barracks, "G. M." may wake one day to find that we have no Old Masters left to fling at the heads of the Modern.

—Your obedient servant,
Hastings, February 28th, 1892.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE AFRICANDER BOND.

DEAR SIR.—The Rev. Dr. Wirgman's letter in your issue of the 26th of December says some very rude things about me, yet because it affords me an excellent occasion for continuing my report on the Africander Bond's campaign against the native franchise, and because he himself so signally instances the drift and danger of Mr. Hofmeyr's proposals, I have, his rudeness notwithstanding, to thank him for it.

The main thesis of my letter of the 31st of October was as follows: the racial aversion of the Dutch-speaking Africander against the black man is so deep-rooted as to constitute a danger to the liberties of the native races, a danger which has become imminent since the party necessities of Mr. Hofmeyr and the politico-financial enterprises of Mr. Rhodes compelled them into a give-and-take alliance. As an instance of this racial aversion and the way it works, I cited a recent case of a Dutch jury, in face of overwhelming evidence, refusing to convict a Dutch farmer charged with the crime of mutilating a little black boy. Another instance of precisely the same kind of horrible mutilation (mutilation which the Rev. Dr. Wirgman, as a "colonist of eighteen years' standing," must well know is not infrequent) has since occurred near Kimberley; with, however, these differences, that the black boy died almost immediately and the Dutchman was convicted. Now the racial aversion which underlies this peculiar crime, and the disinclination to convict a fellow Boer guilty of it, are explicitly admitted by the Rev. Dr. Wirgman himself when he writes: "I grant that many of them" (i.e., "the Dutch-speaking population of South Africa") "are still ignorant, and that they are not free from race-prejudices." Bilking, however, the practical issues of that ignorance and those race-prejudices as exemplified in the two incidents just remarked on, he goes on, his pen running a trifle wildly, "but to accuse them as a body of being the enemies of freedom and justice is a foul calumny which could only be stigmatised as wilfully wicked if it were not so inherently absurd."

Now what we do accuse them of, we Radicals, is neither more nor less than what they themselves aver they are after—the abrogation of the civic rights of the coloured races; and this in pursuance of their cardinal principle that (as President Reitz phrases it) "there shall be no equality between the aborigines of South Africa and the people of European descent who have made it their home."

Even the Rev. Dr. Wirgman admits that such a programme must "seem a piece of retrograde Toryism to English Radicals," and I cannot, for the life of me, understand why, with this admission in his mouth, he should quarrel with me for speaking of

its authors and advocates as "enemies of freedom and justice." True, he attempts to apologise for them and their "retrograde Toryism" on the opportunistic ground that the fecundity of the black races threatens the "political effacement of the European population." But the apology won't stand. In the first place, he must have odd notions of the make-up of English Radicals if he imagines they would approve any remedies for the multiplicity of the black race except such as consist in the introduction of an industrial European population into those wide spaces which the Colony is content to leave waste and unprofitable, and in the fostering of every agency aiming at the moral and civic elevation of the black race and the conversion of its stores of raw human energy, which the Boer is now allowed to waste and deprave with his untaxed brandy, into a contributory to the national wealth. In the second place, the Rev. Dr. Wirgman's talk (echoing Mr. Hofmeyr's) about the political effacement of the white man by the fearfully fecund black man is "all a hum"; and, as "a colonist of eighteen years' standing," the Rev. Dr. Wirgman must know it is. He must know that the black vote is so concentrated (most concentrated just where it is most barbarian) that the increase of population revealed in the recent census makes absolutely no difference in the electoral balance. In those constituencies where the black man was already dominant it matters not at all whether he votes 1,000 or 2,000 strong; in any case he will carry his candidate. And, inasmuch as he is concentrated into a few constituencies, the black man's political influence is to be measured, not by the number of black men, which is very great, but by the number of black constituencies, which is very small.

Then why, it may be asked, are the Rev. Dr. Wirgman and the Africander Bond—as familiar as ourselves with these facts—so clamorous for what they euphemistically call "the neutralisation of the ignorant native vote?" Well, since my last letter, the President of the Orange Free State, Chief Justice Reitz, has written an article (herewith enclosed) on the "Native Question" in the November issue of the *Cape Illustrated Magazine*, and in that article he has let the cat out of the bag. He enumerates six objects "which civilised South Africa should bear in mind" in its dealings with the black man; and the sixth object, the Alpha and Omega of his policy, is thus stated:—"To adopt the principle, and maintain it steadfastly, that there shall be no 'equality' between the aborigines of South Africa and the people of European descent who have made this land their home."

With this authoritative expression of the mind and purpose of the Africander Bond before them, your readers will have no difficulty in discovering for themselves what lurks behind Mr. Hofmeyr's proposals and the Rev. Dr. Wirgman's apology. I will leave over for the moment the question of Mr. Rhodes's part in this sorry enterprise; all the more because he is just now weighing the price he has to pay for the Bond's allegiance, and has not yet announced how far he will go in the direction demanded by Mr. Hofmeyr. He may yet repent.—I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

J. DAVIS-ALLEN (J. D. A.).

Kimberley, South Africa, January 21st, 1892.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, March 4th, 1892.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & CO. are earning for themselves what we hope they will prize beyond rubies, the gratitude of the ever-increasing band who love good books in goodly form. They display commendable courage in their selection of dead authors, and show a confidence in the public taste which we believe the facts warrant. Of course, Messrs. Dent & Co. do not swamp the market with their dainty wares, but steer a middle course between the hundred copies of the *dilettante* and the hundred thousand of the cheap issue. The edition of Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" which Mr. Charles Crump is now seeing through the press is all the most fastidious reader—and readers of Landor are apt to be fastidious—can demand. It is to be in six volumes, five of which are already published. Their bindings illuminate the shelf with a most pleasing glitter; their printing, though the type is small, is clear; their size does not weary the hand; whilst their price, 3s. 6d. per volume, net, is eminently reasonable.

In the last volume we shall ever have of Mr. Lowell's, that excellent critic, whose hearty, rational enthusiasm for a good book distinguishes him from the fanciful crew of superfine personages whose

tortured devotion to their fantastic favourites makes us at times respond with vehement fervour to M. Verlaine's liturgical utterance—"Et ô! ne parlons pas littérature," declares he envies the man who has before him the reading of Landor for the first time. That happy being could not make friends with the "Imaginary Conversations" on better terms than those offered him by this edition of Mr. Crump's.

There is something—it is perhaps hard to say what—attractive, and even fascinating, in the notion of Imaginary Conversations. We get rid of the categories and play what games we like. No one can be indifferent to the charm of great names which, dull as we may be, yet generally do manage to evoke some sort of an image in our minds; and to have these names focussed before us, and interesting talk attributed to them, excites a vague kind of desire, an almost uneasy joy. Landor, it must be said at once, seldom travels beyond this bare idea. He took great pains with himself, but none with his characters as such. In short, his list of *dramatis personæ* is simply Walter Savage Landor. If he wants to say his say of Lord Bacon, he produces two figures and calls one Barrow and the other Newton, and sets them hard at work discussing the "Essays." If desirous of extolling Locke at the expense of Plato, he presents us with Lord Chatham and Lord Chesterfield, who, between them, make us very pleasantly acquainted with the opinions of Mr. Landor. There is a certain regard paid to style and character, but it is on the surface; and the plan of the book must be pronounced a scheme or literary artifice for presenting us with the views of the author in a way possessing the vivacity, but free from the offence, of the egotist.

It is proof positive how great a writer Landor is that to be one of his masks is an honour. He very often puts very questionable matter into the lips of great men; but there is one indignity from which he always secures them—he never makes them silly. This is the unpardonable offence—to drag a great reality into fiction and make him silly. What have the dead done that they should be treated like this? To creak upon the gibbet of the historian was bad enough, but to dance distractedly at the bidding of the novelist is a far deeper damnation. The grandeur of Landor's style, his stately eloquence, free his Imaginary Conversations (though the one between Pitt and Canning is the exception) from any trace of impertinence. The thoughts are sometimes distended and not always weighty; still thoughts they always are, and clothed in dignity. Besides this, they are Landor's thoughts and no one else's. They are not disfigured with half-obliterated trade-marks or other signs of previous commercial usage.

The endless variety of these volumes is one of their charms. It may not be a book for all moods, but when you are in the mood for it you will not easily grow tired. It is like the bottom of the ocean, it is so full of things. Take an example. Are you fond of talking about our poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth? You have but to turn to the conversation between Southey and Porson to find yourself listening with both your ears to the most admirable talk that ever was talked on such subjects. To come suddenly across such a thing in the course of your reading is like unexpectedly inheriting a fortune. Anxiety for the future ceases. What more do you want? Of course, after a bit, one does want more; but Landor has plenty more to give you. The two conversations between Southey and Landor fill more than a hundred pages of the fourth volume of Mr. Crump's edition, and are full of enjoyment of the same kind.

Landor is certainly one of our wealthy authors—whose treasuries can stand a run. Sometimes, it is true, the reader is not quite certain whether he has been paid in cash or not. It is this, perhaps, which makes Landor, with all his finery of apparel and magnificence of deportment, a little teasing. He does not lend his mind out, he is more splendid than fertilising; but he is something to be proud of, an author to brag about.

It should never be forgotten that Landor's supreme excellence, his crowning victory, is his verse. The new and popular edition of MR. LOCKER-LAMPSON'S "Lyra Elegantiarum," which can be had for a florin or less, containing, as it does, thirty-eight of LANDOR'S pieces, is doubtless doing much to extend his fame and to compel recognition of his incomparable felicity and careful charm. It is fortunately possible in this connection to lay one's proofs upon the table.

"Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache; my lips are dry.
Oh! if you felt the pain I feel—
But oh! who ever felt as I?
No longer could I doubt him true.
All other men may use deceit;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

"Various the roads of life—in one
All terminate—one lonely way
We go, and 'Is he gone?'
Is all our best friends say.

"How many voices gaily sing,
O happy morn!—O happy spring
Of Life! Meanwhile there comes o'er me
A softer voice from memory,
And says, 'If loves and hopes have flown
With years—think, too, what griefs are gone.'

"Mild is the parting year, and sweet
The odours of the falling spring.
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmy is its closing day.
I wait its close, I court its gloom,
But mourn that there must never fall,
Or on my breast or on my tomb,
The tear that would have sooth'd it all."

Landor wrote scores of such things. Absolute perfection is their attribute, and humanity their atmosphere. Yet you may still meet people who think his best chance of being remembered is in the tradition that he is Lawrence Boythorn in "Bleak House," but this breed is fast dying out.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

HEGEL IN AMERICA.

STUDIES IN HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By J. Macbride Sterrett, D.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1891.

WHEN the sun goes down on this side of the Atlantic it rises upon the other. To write about Hegel in Germany, or even England, with the hope of being much read, would be like going out to find daylight at one o'clock in the morning. Even at Leipzig, that largest of German book-markets, Hegel in complete form is hardly to be had and seldom in demand. Everyone knows that when bad German philosophies die they go to Oxford. But in Oxford, who, since the days of Professor T. H. Green, has taken Hegel seriously? Mrs. Humphry Ward may have extracted a little moonshine from him, by the reflected light of her master in criticism, to cast a flickering beam over the path of Robert Elsmere. But those that once were Hegelians have repented of their belief; and those that never were seem to be dropping metaphysics and studying Julius von Sachs on the "Physiology of Plants," or Weismann on "Hereditarity."

In America the world gets up later than we do, and things are not so far advanced. Dr. Sterrett,

for instance, who is a Broad Church professor of ethics in "the Seabury Divinity School," and an earnest, eloquent writer, believes that with the assistance of Hegel we may give Christianity a fresh impulse. He dislikes the old "apologetics," which taste to him quite differently from old wine, and appear to be the worse for keeping. "The new," he says, "is better." And by the new he understands Hegel. Are we to suppose that he has taken Von Hartmann's advice to Christians, that they should freshen up the stale lees of dogma with a dose of Pantheism? "No," he answers, shudderingly, "not Pantheism, for Heaven's sake! Hegel was no Pantheist, though wicked men have so made him out; he was a good Lutheran, even when he did not go to church." And so he may have been, we reply, but have not various critics found that Luther, like most of the Germans who preceded or came after him, from Meister Eckhardt to Schopenhauer and Heine, was in his heart a Pantheist, and only a Christian on the surface? What will Dr. Sterrett say, then?

At all events, Hegel has in America followers who desire to be orthodox Christians as well as Hegelians, if the mixture can be attempted without explosion. They are learned men, of course; for to the general reader Hegel in any version would be somewhat less intelligible than English printed backwards. In his proper form this most provoking of veiled prophets is mere darkness visible. "Who," exclaimed Professor Ferrier, "has ever yet uttered one intelligible word about Hegel? Not any of his countrymen, not any foreigner, seldom even himself. With peaks here and there more lucent than the sun, his intervals are filled with a sea of darkness, unnavigable by the aid of any compass. Hegel is impenetrable, almost throughout, as a mountain of adamant." Encouraging, truly, for the man who means to get a new scheme of Christian evidences out of him! But mountains may be worn down into fruitful soil in the course of ages; and since Professor Ferrier's time Caird and Green and Wallace have begun to spread great lumps of Hegelianism over the fields of religious and philosophic literature, possibly with good effect.

To put the matter sharply, it comes to this. Hegel uttered the magic word Evolution, and suddenly taught the science of our time, its "form and pressure." He perpetrated the most astounding mistakes in science himself; but that signifies nothing, for he was not a scientist, but a philosopher; and the secret of method which he announced was of more consequence than any number of discoveries. He wrote history *à priori*, as though it were algebra; but his contention that thought in the race goes through the same series of developments as in the individual has been endlessly fertile, and puts into our hands the only possible "key to all mythologies." In natural science we recognise the same law as determining the growth of the individual and of the species on parallel lines—"ontogeny" corresponds to "phylogeny," and *vice versa*. It is in religion, however, that the consequences have been most striking. Not, as will be readily understood, that Hegel was the first to observe that Christianity, like every other living thing, has grown from a seed or a cell to its present form and dimensions; but that he first became aware of the law by which development proceeds, and applied it to "the absolute religion"—to the Bible, the Church, and the history of the contending sects and heresies. The old crystallised forms, whether of Dissent or Orthodoxy, found themselves moving on the stream of time, and their purpose and origin explained. They were all "moments," or stages, in a great general process of thought which is going forward still; none of them was simply "made"; all of them, even the most unchangeable and recalcitrant, had once been fluid and flexible, bore upon them the scars of their birth and early struggles to live, and could not deny that they had grown by degrees, not fallen straight down out of the sky. This was a

master-thought, and Hegel's name is rightly associated with its discovery, although Lessing, Herder, and Goethe may each lay claim to their share in it. Hegel is just as certainly the philosopher of "evolution" as Kant is the teacher of the "limit" and Spinoza of the "one substance." But while we may reject the notion of the limit and turn away in disgust from the one substance, we cannot deny that evolution is both a real fact and a law of the world's history.

Dr. Sterrett has laid hold of Hegel on this side, and will not let him go. From the comparative study of "religions"—granting all that "inverted Hegelians" like Mr. Herbert Spencer can prove with their "ghost theories" and their "ancestor worship"—we may rise, he argues, to the Christian faith as the one perfect form of "religion." Christ is "the great surprise of history," yet he came in the "fulness of time." The standard of comparison, as we turn from one stage of religious development to another, is still confessedly the New Testament, with the living Figure of which it is at once the biography and the memorial. For Christ is "formally, at least, invited to the highest seat in the world's Pantheon." Instead, however, of dividing religions into the one true and the many false, Evolution with Hegel would distinguish them according as they contain more or less of the "idea"—that is to say, of the spirit which gradually makes itself known as Thought, Righteousness, and Love. Not by what they do but by what they promise would Hegel estimate them, seeing always, as another has said, the end in the beginning, and the fruit in the seed. Or again, two elements in every religion strive for the mastery, as letter and spirit. The Highest may be conceived as "substance" only, a dark, omnipotent power which has nothing in common with man, or as a "subject," as self-conscious thought, in whom dwells the fulness of all that we describe as "personality." The nature-religions are pre-Christian; the New Testament, penetrated through and through with the light and air of the "idea," teaches that God is a spirit, and makes the deepest, tenderest, and most intimate communion with Him possible to all men. Its religion is philosophy by anticipation, "abbreviated knowledge"; and philosophy is nothing else than the Christian truth become self-evident to constructive and ideal Reason. Nature, history, conscience, and all lights of genius, are simply aspects or manifestations "of the infinite Divine side of man's environment"; while Christianity is the perfect organism to which they all point, and in which they find their scope and meaning.

Did Hegel say as much as this? Undoubtedly. In his view the adequate cause of evolution is the Divine Idea, which seeks to realise itself in things, stage after stage, until they return, by a cyclic process, to the point from which they set out. "What is real must be rational," he said. There is no understanding the course of things if we deny Thought; and the Thought here meant can never be that of individuals who come and go like shadows on a screen; it must be commensurate in time and space with the process which it alone explains and sums up. Our science is merely a chapter we have successfully deciphered in the volume where all the laws are written. Every fresh stage seems to deny the old while fulfilling and transcending it; for life is something quite unlike mechanism, and matter will not account for spirit and sense. But creative Thought reconciles first and last in one grand consistent scheme. The historical process, though it may seem at times to be utterly lost and to have gone astray in the midst of wild confusions, as when the Roman Empire was broken up, or Christendom in the course of theological disputes fell to a hundred pieces—is still seen to be an unfolding, a "self-explication" of some great mental plan which will not suffer itself to be defeated. In outward semblance it is continually yielding to foreign, or even hostile,

powers; Christianity "began to be corrupt in the days of the Apostles," and to the Puritan mind is ruined whenever it goes near the secular world that marries and gives in marriage; yet, somehow, in the end it not only survives, but is found to have spoiled the Egyptians. Three hundred years ago it began to absorb the Renaissance; now it seems, in many quarters, to have been hypnotised by modern science, German criticism, and even the Hegelian philosophy. But, if old experience may be trusted, will it not awake from the enchantment, carry away fresh ideas, and develop into something larger and more spiritual than heretofore? That is Dr. Sterrett's argument, we think, although not quite in his own words.

Of the Spencerian school, he remarks, not without point, "it agrees with Heraclitus that 'religion is a disease,' nay, it finds religion at the cradle of every nation, and agnostic philosophy at its grave." We cannot, however, he declares, lie down and rest in the Unknowable. For there is an ascertained agreement between the laws of thought and the contents of experience; and how, we ask ourselves, did it come about? Does it not imply some common ground, *not* ourselves, in which thought and being are identical? If this be granted, philosophy, metaphysics, the "Science of sciences," will return, and in its train theology, not as an "artificial patch-work" of doctrines, but as the world of the spirit, organised and self-balanced, in which man shall find himself at home once more. No one that thinks seriously can pretend to be satisfied with physical science as the last word of knowledge. It does not satisfy. On the contrary, we feel how irritating are its many answers, which start a multitude of questions to which it gives no reply except a new mathematical formula, and not always that. We want more; and, by hook or by crook, more mankind will have, if not in the form of absolute religion, then in the form of absolute superstition. Can we not make the attempt to reach our ideal, by taking the "concrete view of the Divine immanence," and finding Thought at the origin both of science and of religion? Is it unreasonable to hold that the inside of things is just as real as the outside? Or that religion is "spirit answering to spirit," and not the last infirmity of noble minds? The great cathedral is built of stones and mortar, every particle of which had a history more or less traceable in the geological strata. But neither stones nor mortar built the cathedral; it is due to the architect's idea, which is whole in the whole and whole in every part, which gives it the beauty of design and the utility of purpose. Who can suggest a more satisfying view of the Christian faith, in its origin as in its progress from small beginnings to a creed which covers the facts of human existence, or seems on the way to cover them? This we may fairly describe as an argument worthy of its object—large, precise, and candid—granting all that the most resolute critic or historian may demand, yet only strengthening its persuasiveness by following truth wherever it leads. Religion will never be put aside as a delusion, until metaphysics, science, and thought itself, are taken to be delusive. For these are, in fact, all of a piece; and he that will banish the "Idea" from one department of experience should banish it altogether.

Nevertheless, if Dr. Sterrett will permit us to say so, we need not apply to Hegel, unless largely diluted, for this comforting draught. Hegel has said much that is shrewd and serviceable, much even, as Ferrier grants, which sparkles with light. Dr. Sterrett quotes to the purpose, and dexterously avoids what may seem too uninviting for human nature's daily food. But the real work was done when Hegel's thought (not his triads and endless repetitions) had made a home for itself in European culture. We shall no more be persuaded to take down his Philosophy from the shelf where it reposes, than to study Descartes and Leibnitz again. These

famous books are their own sepulchres. When we apply the idea of development to Christianity—as, more and more, we shall apply it—the general form which Hegel has left us will not be forgotten, because everyone has learned it in the natural course. But knowledge has grown immensely in depth as well as in breadth during the last half-century; and our chief concern now, granting that the Christian Church *will* grow and cannot die, is to mark out the course of its evolution. On this most difficult problem Dr. Sterrett's volume, save in a somewhat narrow professional manner, does not touch. The form, or essence, of the Christian faith, he would say, is inviolable, since it is nothing else than Reason incarnate. But the question which men have begun to ask is, What are its contents?

THE BEGINNINGS OF BALLIOL.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF BALLIOL COLLEGE. By Frances de Paravicini. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

THERE are two classes of readers for whom this book is not intended. The man who has not the spirit of historic inquiry, who cares not for old documents and the lives of forgotten worthies, may be warned not to attempt to read it. Another sort of man, even less worthy, will find in its pages nothing to please him; for the book is written in praise of a college, and colleges have their enemies. It is strange that it should be so; but there are certain folk in the world who regard Balliol College as the author of all the evil in Oxford which does not proceed from Keble. It may be as well to tell them that this book is too good to serve them as a stimulus to invective. But for a reader of the true sort, one with a proper respect for a mediæval charter, and a lively conviction of the worth of a Balliol scholar, few books could be better. First, he can turn to the story of its foundation, and read (on p. 46) an instructive tale: how in the year 1260 Lord Walter de Chirkham was bishop of Durham. The Chronicle of Lanercost says of him: "He was of such authority in the exercise of his office that he was honoured and feared by the mightiest, and sternly checked those who rebelled against him. Now it happened that a baron of his diocese, the most famous in the whole of England, had gotten himself drunk with beer, quite contrary to the fair esteem of his rank." One may be permitted to wonder whether "*nimium cervicisse*," or "drinking too much beer," would by itself have disgraced a baron of the date. But that was not all. The chronicler becomes mysterious: "He did other evil disrespectful to the Church." What this other evil was, we can only conjecture. It may be that, being baronially drunk, he went to church; it may be that he even assaulted the bishop. When reproved, he added scorn to effrontery; that is, he swore at the holy man. Such a story could have but one end under a bishop like Walter de Chirkham. At the door of Durham cathedral the proud baron humbled his back to the episcopal scourge, and promised, moreover, that he would give a yearly sum to be employed for ever in the maintenance of poor scholars at the University of Oxford.

Now, when the wise reader has meditated upon the eternal connection between beer and learning, he may go on to another point. Dervorguilla his wife—that is, the wife of John de Balliol—was one of those great women who illustrate the century she lived in; but, so far as we can read her character, she was of a softer nature than the other heroines of the time. She came, it is true, of a wild stock; her father was Alan of Galloway, a semi-independent prince of a wild people; but her own life is one of piety and learning. In Scotland she founded "Sweetheart Abbey," so called by a pleasant pun on the rough Scotch name concealed behind "Duquer," "Douce Cœur," as the French called it, latinised into "*Dulcis cordis*." In England, where abbeys were more abundant, she founded Balliol College,

giving her husband's scholars a home which still endures; she gave them also a rule of life, which is not yet wholly dead. There was to be strict frugality, "the scholar's armour." The richer members are so to live "that the poorer be in no way oppressed by the burden of expense." Even to this day the Balliol scholar is said to moisten his dry learning chiefly with toast and water. Learning was to be cultivated; "our scholars shall commonly speak Latin," on pain of exclusion from the company at the dinner-table. Latin at meals is not favoured in these days, and even at other times the scholars speak as much English as learning will allow to them. Another precept is more strictly kept. The statutes of the foundress prescribe that every other week one sophism shall be debated among the scholars. Modern times have surely bettered this instruction—forty sophisms a day were a moderate reckoning.

The origin of Balliol chapel must always be a subject for speculation. About the present building there is no mystery; it sprang from the too fertile brain of Mr. Butterfield. But Dervorguilla's college had no chapel. Close to the college stood the church of St. Mary Magdalene, which men call "Archipelago"; and in one of its many aisles the earliest undergraduates kept their chapels. But in the year 1293 they appealed to the Bishop of Lincoln to spare them this journey. "We are often unable," they plead, "owing to our time being engrossed by lessons and disputations, to attend the parish church for the divine offices." Even in the thirteenth century reading men had no time to spare for chapels. The bishop was pleased to give the college leave to celebrate the divine offices at home.

Of Sir Philip de Somervyle and his statutes, of many another benefactor, of the scholars who adorned the college, we have no space to speak. Duke Humphrey must go unmentioned, and George Nevil also. Are they not written in the pages of *Ballio fergus* and transcribed into this book—which book, we do protest, we have read through with much pleasure, and found but three things to cavil at. And these are: Firstly, Ingulf is mentioned as an authority for ascribing to the University an antiquity reaching to the days of King Alfred; Ingulf is not a very good authority, and the particular passage referred to lies under the gravest suspicion. In the next place, when both original documents and translations are printed consecutively in the text, the reader is under the necessity of either skipping, dexterously or of reading the same thing twice. Were not appendices devised for such cases? Thirdly, and lastly, several of the Latin documents are printed in an abbreviated type. In a book of this kind this is a needless complexity. But if it is done, it should be done correctly. Dervorguilla's statutes are perhaps conspicuously the worst printed; but in every case there are many misuses of abbreviations—so many, indeed, that it is clear that the copyist had never mastered the meaning of the signs used.

But these are small matters. There are the biographies of mediæval masters to turn to. There is the best of all the masters from 1282 to the present day. The eye travels down the record, pausing at the name of John Wyclif, until it reaches the last. Long may it be before another name is added to the roll.

GESSI PASHA.

SEVEN YEARS IN THE SOUDAN. By Romolo Gessi Pasha. Collected and Edited by his son, Felix Gessi. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1892.

THE materials for a worthy history of the achievements of Gessi Pasha probably do not exist, and the record compiled from his writings by his son is necessarily broken and incomplete. The translation is, however, peculiarly opportune at a time when military ambition at Cairo evidently aspires to an Egyptian reconquest of the Soudan. General

Gordon's brilliant lieutenant was not the man to do justice to his own deeds; but his letters and diaries throw fresh light on the methods of Egyptian administration, and the proceedings of the officials to whose iniquities the Mahdist revolt owed its origin and its strength.

A friendship dating from the siege of Sebastopol, and subsequently renewed in Roumania, led Gordon to propose that Gessi should follow him to the Soudan in 1874. From Khartoum Gessi was sent straight to the Bahr-al-Ghazal province, where his wonderful energy and organising power were at once displayed. Having accomplished his mission, he was despatched on an expedition to explore the Albert Nyanza and the outlet of the White Nile. With small means and under great difficulties Gessi succeeded in his task, and returned to Dufile without losing a man. This success led to a curious scene at Khartoum, where, Gordon having innocently remarked, "What a pity you are not an Englishman," the impulsive Italian instantly resigned his commission and returned home. The fever of African travel was, however, unabated. He soon returned to the Soudan, and, after failing to reach Kaffa by way of Fadasi, was planning an ascent of the Sobat river when the dangerous revolt of Suleiman Zubair broke out. Gordon, forgetting or ignoring the past, immediately offered Gessi the command of the expedition which was to be sent to stamp out the slave-trade in the Bahr-al-Ghazal, and the latter entered upon the crowning period of his career.

The insight afforded by the book into the horrors which the slave-trade entailed on the Soudanese is as vivid as painful. There are few gleams of light in the dark story of human misery. Through vast inundated districts, in famine and pestilence, without a single European assistant, Gessi dauntlessly made his way. He had to create a military force, to lead it to victory against overwhelming numbers, and to break up a formidable rebellion whose strings were worked from Cairo; and around him was a network of Egyptian treachery and intrigue. The Herculean task was accomplished; Suleiman was caught and shot; for the time the slave-trade, root and branch, was stamped out in the Bahr-al-Ghazal. But Gessi was no Stanley, and only between the lines of his simple, modest narrative can the magnitude of the achievement be discerned.

The earlier rebellion of Zubair had been characteristically met by nominating its author as Bey, and creating him Governor of a huge province; but the Egyptian Government seems to have taken alarm at the growing power of their official, who, after a successful course of slave-dealing and intrigue, had amassed a great fortune. He was created Pasha, and recalled to Cairo. Though practically a prisoner in his palace, Zubair, with agents throughout the Soudan and a secret postal service, was able to aid his son's revolt. Thus, Gessi, to his astonishment, found letters showing that a large quantity of powder sent to Suleiman by his father had reached the Soudan, passing through the hands of endless Egyptian officials, and that Zubair was transmitting orders such as "Free Bahr-al-Ghazal from the Egyptian troops: attack and make yourself master of Shakka." There is no doubt that the insurrection was the beginning of a widespread movement which, but for the presence of Gordon at Khartoum and the splendid successes of Gessi, would have anticipated that of the Mahdi.

Mr. Gladstone's Government has been bitterly censured for refusing to send Zubair to the Soudan in 1884, at a time when Sir H. Gordon had grave doubts of the safety of the step. This work goes far to justify those doubts, and to show that the noble and generous-minded hero of Khartoum was frequently deceived by the men he trusted and honoured. Shortly after leaving Khartoum for the Bahr-al-Ghazal, Gessi captured a Government dahabia loaded with slaves, and in the cabin was "an officer of the regular army. . . . I ascertained that the cargo belonged to Colonel Ibrahim Fauzi Bey, Governor-

General of Central Africa." At Fashoda, and at Gaba-Shambé also, the trade was in full progress, a Government steamer being employed. Everywhere the Egyptian officials were involved.

"A thousand reflections passed through my mind," sadly writes Gessi. "I thought in what a labyrinth Gordon was. I remembered all the favours distributed by him to those treacherous officials. . . . I thought of Ibrahim Fauzi Bey, who, from a simple cadet, in the space of five years had been raised by General Gordon to the grade of Colonel, and entrusted with all the Equatorial Provinces."

Elsewhere he states—

"Gordon Pasha found himself in a bottomless pit in everything relating to the slave-trade. All, without exception, were interested in not betraying their friends. The very officers and officials near his person took the greatest care that none of this should reach his ears."

The slave-trade of the Nile "began in 1860," and was the principal result achieved by the parody of government inflicted by Egypt upon the Soudanese. The pressure of the European Powers, and especially of England, could make itself felt at Cairo; conventions could be drawn up and signed; but even if Ismail Pasha had been honestly determined to end the iniquitous traffic, he was wholly powerless to control his own corrupt officials. While Gordon ruled at Khartoum, the traffic was sternly checked. No mercy was shown to the trader caught red-handed. Yet, as Gessi plainly shows, the principal criminals escaped. Yussuf Bey, a scoundrel deeply implicated in the blackest deeds of the slave-trade, was, after Gordon's departure, created Pasha and made Governor of Sennar. It has been estimated that in fourteen years "more than 400,000 women and children were taken from their native country and sold in Egypt and Turkey." Even this appalling figure gives no idea of the sum-total of cruelty involved. Not only did the capture of these thousands entail wholesale slaughter, but the waste of the traffic was enormous. From Dem Zubair, it is stated that for twelve days the track can be followed by the skeletons of murdered slaves. The efforts to prevent the trade on the rivers added to the suffering, since the wretched slaves were made to walk for months over mountains and deserts, short of food and water, so that "only a third part of the caravan reaches its destination." That slave-dealing could be stamped out over a great district, Gessi proved; but, with Egyptian officials controlling the administration, his achievement could have no permanent result. "Will Gordon remain many years among us?" asked an Arab. "And, after him, will another Gordon come?" Before the end of 1889 Gordon had gone, and Raouf Pasha, whom he had twice dismissed for oppression, reigned in his stead.

On the 12th September, 1880, Gessi embarked on the *Sofia* at Meshra-el-Rek, on his return to Khartoum. The painful story of the voyage is told in his diaries. The treacherous Sud blocked the channels of the Bahr-al-Ghazal. Starvation overtook the party, and only on the 5th January, 1881, after enduring terrible suffering, the survivors were rescued by the *Bordeen*. Gessi never recovered from the horrors of this voyage, and though tenderly nursed by the Italian Sisters, who afterwards fell into the hands of the Mahdi, he reached Suez only to die on the 30th April. He had given his life to the cause of the slaves, thousands of whom he had set free; yet he must have felt the bitter mortification of knowing that his work would be undone. His last letter to Captain Camperio tells the shameful story of his treatment at the hands of Raouf, the chosen representative of the Government he had served so well. Intrigue had been rampant and successful at Khartoum since Gordon's departure. Gessi, dying, was held almost as a prisoner, till the Austrian and Italian Consuls succeeded in alarming the Pasha on his behalf, and he was at length allowed to proceed to Berber:—

"Raouf until the last moment pitilessly showed his cruel sentiments towards me, by deducting ten thousand francs from my pay. . . . What a sad period I have passed through! It distresses me to describe it; you will learn the details from other sources. And

this has been my reward for having saved the Soudanese possessions for Egypt, and contributed to the prosperity of the exchequer by the introduction of products, and the communications I have opened! But I will not complain. A Raouf cannot destroy all I have done, and public opinion, which is the glass of truth, will one day give me the recompense I have merited."

Readers of this book will be able to judge whether Egypt has not for ever forfeited all right to resume her misgovernment of the Soudan, and whether England would be justified in aiding or permitting the attempt. They will learn that the Soudan is a country not difficult to govern by means of a pure administration, directed by men possessing something of the genius of Gordon and of Gessi. They will form some idea of the rich resources awaiting development in these vast regions, and of the simple, loyal spirit of the hero whom Gordon loved and Egypt flung aside. But full and adequate justice still remains to be done to the gallant memory of Gessi Pasha.

BIOLOGICAL TEACHING.

LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY BIOLOGY. By Professor T. Jeffery Parker. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

DURING the last ten or fifteen years the education of students of science and medicine has been under the dominion of a series of schedules and type specimens, which have in some respects tended to reduce the methods of the teachers to a dull uniformity. When the importance of giving our students a general outline of the laws of life and the conditions under which it can exist was first recognised, it was naturally found expedient to draw up catalogues of both animals and plants, any one of which would serve as a text for a discourse on the structure of living organisms as well as on their functions. Such lists are from time to time issued by the Universities and other examining bodies, and numerous text-books of very varying value have been written with the view of supplying the students with the information they are expected to acquire. The earlier of these books were to a great extent practical guides to laboratory work, and the necessity of the student seeing, handling, and dissecting the type specimens was strongly and rightly insisted upon. The system of biological teaching which has thus grown up has two dangers to guard against: one is due to the fact that the schedules of the examining bodies are only modified at long intervals, and thus an opportunity is afforded for the preparation of cram-books dealing with the types selected for the examinations, and this in a narrow and unintelligent way, paying much attention to diagrams and synopses, and neglecting the broader generalisations. The other danger is the great tendency for a student to over-estimate the morphological side of the subject at the expense of all the others. It is easy for a student to see for himself the various parts of the alimentary canal of a crayfish or a frog, but he must depend to a large extent on his teachers and his books for a knowledge of the functions of the various organs.

The admirable work whose title stands at the head of this article will do much to correct the errors which may have crept into the teaching of biology in this country. It gives a singularly clear, and at the same time thorough, account of the structure of living beings and the conditions under which they carry on their existence. The author begins his work by the consideration of the simplest and the most lowly forms of animals and plants—indeed, half the book is taken up with unicellular organisms—and gradually advances to the consideration of the higher multicellular animals and plants. As the object of the book is to enforce general biological principles, and not to give an account of certain isolated forms, the preponderance given to the less complex organisms in which these principles are exhibited in their simplest terms is amply justified.

In proceeding from the lowest to the highest our author has moved in opposition to the recently expressed opinion of Professor Huxley, who, in the new

edition of his "Practical Biology," commences with the higher forms and gradually works downwards. This may be the most advisable course in a practical handbook, but in a work intended in the main for study the reverse course of arguing from the simple to the more complex is more logical. If a student would follow out any single problem—such as the methods by which unicellular organisms are gradually succeeded by others whose cells are arranged in a linear, then in plate-like manner, and ultimately in three dimensions of space; or the various stages and modifications of the reproductive process as it passes from the simplest method, that of binary fission, to the union of the ovum and spermatozoon—he will feel that this course is amply justified.

As an example of clear exposition and concise statement, we would refer the reader to those chapters which sum up at intervals the results of the preceding sections of the book. One of these deals with the conception of a "species" and the principles of classification, another with the distinctive characters of animals and plants, a third with the connection of unicellular with diploblastic animals—all of these are admirable, and of the greatest use to the student.

The book is provided with an index which serves at the same time as a glossary, and is illustrated by numerous figures, many of them new, and most of them engraved especially for the work by Professor Parker's brother.

TWO STORIES.

1. THE CITY OF THE JUST. By Thomas Terrell. London: Trischler & Co. 1892.
2. WON IN SPIKE OF HIM. By Rev. Charles Houghton. London: Digby, Long & Co.

The opening scene of "The City of the Just" lies on the black mountains of Carmarthenshire. Here we meet the two heroines, Barbara and Winifred, the two daughters of the rector of the parish of Pen-cwm-garw. Both were beautiful, but Barbara was lame and a little crooked. She walked with a stick and had a noble soul, reminding us somewhat of that heroine of the stage who exchanged rescues with the Duke of Guisebury. To them enters one Effingham Winstaple, the villain of the piece, proprietor of a "bucket-shop" in wicked London. He was attracted by Winifred, and thought about her afterwards:—

"How supremely luscious!" he exclaimed, which summed up in three words his idea of woman and love, and all that is beautiful, or noble, or graceful, upon the world."

The lines quoted are certainly illustrative; after reading them, we feel that we know Mr. Effingham Winstaple. He had dealings with the simple rector of Pen-cwm-garw—a name which we would very much sooner write than pronounce. The main lines of the story now begin to dawn upon us. A hero, Dr. Eccles, loves Winifred, and Winifred loves Dr. Eccles. But, on the other hand, Effingham Winstaple wishes to marry Winifred, and he controls the rector, and the rector does his best to control Winifred. Then we have a second heroine for whom to provide. A noble poacher—admirably drawn, by the way—loves Barbara, and she loves Dr. Eccles. But the book is chiefly concerned with the fortunes of the Silver Streak Gold Mining Company and its fraudulent promoters. It is an exposure of financial villainy, and it is written by one who knows. There is enough plot in this one-volume story for a three-volume novel; it is melodramatic at times; it needs restraint; it has a purpose; and yet it is undeniably interesting. We do not care greatly for the title. Miss Charlotte Yonge writes a novel called "That Stick," and shows us that the hero was by no means a stick. Mr. Terrell calls his story "The City of the Just," and proves that London is the city of the unjust. As Artemus Ward says, "This is Sarkassum." It is an old, wearisome trick. Nor did we care for the preface, which is naïve, knowing, and displeasing. But the story itself, with all its faults,

has some originality and strength. We would recommend the author to consider the possibility of a story without a purpose; he has been political and he has been financial; we think it would be worth his while now to tell a story for its own sake.

We do not intend to criticise "Won in Spite of Him." It is a book which is beyond criticism. But we think that perhaps a word or two of description may be interesting. The keynote of the book seems to us to be struck, as it were, in the very first page. The hero had refused to attend a lawn-tennis tournament, and this provoked his mother to a touch of sarcasm. She said: "Wonder if anything but a cigar could arouse that drowsy, indifferent nature of yours!"

To this he made no reply, "but blew a vigorous cloud of smoke from a fragrant vanilla." A fragrant vanilla! We indeed cannot criticise. We can only repeat the words again in ecstasy, "A fragrant vanilla!" and pass on to other gems.

He was perfectly willing to play tennis when the heroine, Saga Windsor, invited him. Why are not more girls called "Saga," or even "Vanilla?" Both are pretty names. However, the hero was amenable to the wishes of Saga. "'I'm at your service,' he said, throwing away the remaining bit of cigarette." Her service, by the way, was very much better than his own, as he himself acknowledged. "True, I've got the strength, and can shoot a ball as far as anybody, but that isn't play." Then he commenced to shoot balls. "What he lacked in skill he made up in strength. Indeed, his excitement was so great that he sent the ball spinning in all directions, and more than once shot it into the eye of one of his opponents." Of course, the hero had a rival in the villain, but Saga—it is a sweet, succulent name—did not love the villain. She found the villainous name inscribed in her text-book:—

"'See!' she cried with emphasis. 'I will rid my book of your unworthy name,' and she dragged out the offending leaf, tore it into a thousand pieces, and threw it behind the fire-screen. After this she became calmer; went and brushed her hair just as Mr. Windsor came bustling in to tea."

She got but little reward for brushing her hair. As soon as she came downstairs her father called her "a vain, strutting peacock." Indeed, the people of this story are, possibly, a little too much inclined to severity. Sometimes they are almost rude. There is yet one more passage which we must quote. There was a time when we thought that we had seen something of mixed metaphor, but never in our wildest dreams have we imagined anything so mixed as the following:—

"Could he have blotted it out like a dream, that would have been the very acme of bliss. But, no; it surged into his mind like a torrent, wringing his heart, and searching, lance-like, into the fibres of his being."

Here we pause; we will not tell the story. But if the Rev. Charles Houghton goes on writing, we trust that he will never improve. If he gets at all better, his work may become very bad and very dull. In its present form there is much which to a jaded reviewer is simply delicious; as a book we cannot regard "Won in Spite of Him," but as a joke it is well-nigh perfect.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE briskest articles on the London County Council are those in the *Nineteenth Century* by John Burns and R. E. Prothero. It is common to fall into those errors we detect most swiftly, and Mr. Burns does not succeed in escaping that prolixity which he points out as the disease of the time. But all the personal paragraphs are interesting. Mr. Burns's temperament may lead him astray when he talks of the Council being "endeared to the masses of the people." It is an expression the supercilious are likely to enjoy. When he puts it in another way, and says, "Deep down in the abyss of London's poverty can be found thousands who in the gloom that there prevails see with hopeful eyes the light the Council has for the first time shed over the lot of

their degradation and toil," he strikes a chord at the sound of which Mephistopheles himself, wishing for his own purposes to keep on good terms with society, dare not sneer. Mr. Prothero, though caustic, does not sneer. He expresses plainly his opinion of Mr. Burns's qualifications to make a wise use of his, Mr. Prothero's, money, and puts the case for the Moderates as well as he can.

The appearance of "General" Booth's name in the *Contemporary* is even more startling than that of Mr. Burns's in the *Nineteenth*. One cannot help thinking of the time when both of these agitators would have been made "shorter by the head." Instead of the rack and the stake, a seat in the County Council and a voyage round the world; instead of an enforced silence, an invitation to expound their doctrines in what are really the highest pulpits in the land! Burns and Booth deserve a share of attention; but the saying of the prophet has come true: he is now most widely hearkened to who is best able to secure an audience, not he who is best worth hearing.

"General" Booth's courage becomes audacity. He announces openly that he trades upon the ignorance, the simplicity, and the foolishness of men: people must be treated like children or sheep. We believe in the "General's" sincerity, and we recognise his great ability; but we think in religion he begins at the wrong end. His method is reactionary. He would give the people a creed, and educate them afterwards. This method applied to social reform has more to recommend it. To provide work for every healthy person and make idleness a crime is what the State has been trying to do indirectly. Mr. Booth would do it directly, and at once, by a *coup de main*. He means to transfer the surplus population from the crowded centres to the Colonies; and if the Government won't advance money immediately he will borrow, and have this thing done on which he has set his heart. There is no religious leader of past times comparable to Mr. Booth. In aim and method he is quite original. His success is enormous and unaccountable, until we remember that he combines the policy of Macchiavelli with the religious enthusiasm of an apostle.

Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for pensions has produced much criticism. Canon Blackley (*Contemporary*) is temperate, and would be willing, although alive to its deficiencies, to have the scheme tried. He is certain that a trial would be the precursor of a more thorough and comprehensive plan. Dr. Wilhelm Bode (*National*) gives a very depressing account of the insurance laws in Germany, and hopes to see England remain true to the social politics of the school of patience. Doubtless the Doctor is very wise and logical. Has he heard of the proverb, "Live, old horse, and ye'll get corn"? Let him preach patience to the thousands of old men who are to-day starving and freezing to death in and out of poor-houses. Patience is the noblest of virtues; but it is much easier to be patient for another than for one's self, just as it was pleasanter for Principal Shairp to be penitent for Principal Tulloch's sins than for his own. Talking of Mr. Chamberlain, there is an exceedingly clever characterisation of him in "The Stranger in the House" (*Macmillan*). Although not unfriendly, the lancet is used more dexterously than the rose-water sprinkler.

The panic which has overtaken the Coalition appears in its most ridiculous form in a letter to the *National Review*. The British Constitution, being unwritten, depends entirely on custom, principle, and precedent, therefore the position of Mr. Gladstone is at this moment glaringly anomalous, not to say absolutely unconstitutional. Marry, how? Because Mr. Gladstone is in his eighty-third year, and has taken care of his health during an exceptionally fatal winter; and because, being no longer able to lead either Opposition or Government, the return of his party to power to be led by others is unconstitutional, anomalous, and something very like a fraud. Of course, the association of Mr. Gladstone's name with fraud is only to be excused on account of

the panic of the writer. Even supposing Mr. Gladstone's accession to power at his present age were as unconstitutional as it is without precedent (Palmerston was Premier at eighty-one, but then he was quiescent, which Mr. Gladstone does not mean to be), since our Constitution depends on "custom, principle, and precedent," why should not Mr. Gladstone introduce a new custom, establish a new precedent? In the course of centuries it is not likely that a greater than he will arise to establish the precedent of premiership at the age of eighty-three. As for the question of principle involved in Mr. Gladstone's finding himself unequal to the task of leading, Mr. Dicey raises it on another issue (*Contemporary*). We must not, he says, "assume the majority of the House of Commons to represent the will of the people." We do not; at present we believe the majority of the House of Commons represents the will of a minority. But we think that if Mr. Gladstone is returned with a majority he has the people's sanction for Home Rule for Ireland and for the necessary constitutional change. It resolves itself into this: Mr. Dicey and the writer in the *National* are of opinion that the Liberals are about to obtain a majority under false pretences, namely, of Mr. Gladstone's leadership and of an undefined measure of Home Rule. The whole periodical press has been hammering on the latter string for months, for the panic of the Coalition began long ago. As regards leadership, every Liberal in the country hopes that Mr. Gladstone will be equal to all its more important duties, but knows there are able men to undertake them should he be incapacitated. The suggestion of fraud in this connection is inconceivably inept. Now, if never before, it is upon a measure, not a man, the people are about to divide. That, indeed, is the whole tenor of Mr. Dicey's paper, until its disingenuous conclusion. As for the idea that any constitutional change could be passed in Parliament against the will of the people!—it is panic, panic, panic!

There is much interesting folk-lore in the magazines this month. Mr. Baring-Gould's "Among the Western Song-men" (*English Illustrated*), is quite an enthralling paper, with its Elizabethan village and its old singers, bringing right into our midst, and that not by the printing-press, but by oral tradition, songs and music that were sung before Shakespeare's time. Portraits of two of the old song-men are given and many specimens of songs. "Green Broom" with its echoing rhymes is priceless. In "Peasant Songs of Provence" (*Monthly Packet*), the author of "Mademoiselle Mori" writes with intimate knowledge of that popular poetry, so naïve, so deeply impressed on the heart of the Provençal, and which like the stock-in-trade of our own song-men, seems to have made itself. From "Patch-work in Black and White" (*National*), by Lady Blake, we learn that the songs of the West Indian negroes are mere gibberish, and very inferior musically compared with those attributed to the negroes of the United States.

Since the *Quarterly Journal of Science* died we have not had any periodical making a systematic attempt to interpret simply and without extensive technicalities the main results of contemporary work in Natural Science. *Natural Science*, the first number of which appears this month, is going to take up this work. It means to keep us all right, and has a word to say both to the *Daily News* and to *Cornhill*. "Finland" (*Macmillan*) is a very fine study by Professor Freeman. In "The Mastery of Pain" (*Longmans*) Dr. Richardson attempts to distribute accurately the wrongly-adjudged laurels in the discovery and application of anæsthetics. The Earl of Dunraven's "A Word with the Physicians" (*National*) is very sprightly. A popular paper on "Egyptology" (*Cornhill*) may be read along with Mr. Charles Wood's "In the Lotus Land" (*Argosy*). Mr. Cole has surpassed himself in his engraving of Giorgione's St. Liberialis (*Century*). It is adorable; no one who looks at it will resent the "precious" epithet.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"FACES AND PLACES" is the attractive title of the new volume of the "Whitefriars Library," and it is written by *Punch's* vivacious representative in Parliament, Mr. H. W. Lucy. The first half of the title is represented by pen-and-ink portraits of the Prince of Wales, poor Fred Burnaby, Dean Stanley, Mr. Spurgeon, and a group of prominent members of the House of Commons when the century was eighteen years younger. The justification of the second part of the title is to be found in the sketches of Lugano, Hythe, Quebec, Monaco, Arcachon, and other "places" near and far. Mr. Lucy, who always writes sensibly and to the point, in an open letter addressed to those about to become journalists, gives to the young man of the period the goal of whose ambition is to "write for the papers" not merely a bit of his mind, but a bit of his own autobiography. Like other successful journalists who have fought their way to the front ranks of a profession in which, if anywhere, promotion of necessity is by merit, "Toby, M.P." has had his full share of attention from people who evidently were of opinion that he could place them, with a stroke of his pen, on the editorial staff of the leading journals of the day. He seeks, with genial candour, to disabuse this class of correspondent that his desk is literally "clogged with blank appointments" which only require to be filled in like an infirmity letter. Here is a piece of sound advice, which the young aspirant will probably disdain, and that for the very reason that it is precisely the sort of counsel to which he ought to give diligent heed:—"This I put in the forefront of friendly words of advice to those about to enter journalism: Get rid of the fatal idea that someone will open the door for you and land you safely inside. You must force the door yourself—with incessant knocking, if need be—prepared for searching inquiry as to your right to enter, but certain of a hearty welcome of fraternal assistance when you have proved your right." There are other brief essays in the book, over which, if space allowed, we would gladly linger; but we have, at least, said enough to make it clear that there is no lack of good reading in the book of a shrewd, bright, and good-natured sort.

When James Russell Lowell was nine-and-twenty he took the world by storm with "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and—in quite another mood and metre—"A Fable for Critics." Before us lies a new edition of the famous *jeu d'esprit*, which Lowell himself confessed that he "scrawled at full gallop as far as that goes, in a style that is neither good verse nor bad prose," and the special attraction of this issue consists in the vignette portraits of those concerning whose achievements in prose and poetry the youthful occupant of "Diogenes' tub" took up his parable. Broadly speaking, Lowell wrote of his contemporaries with genial appreciation, good-natured banter, and shrewd insight, though now and then his audacious verdicts were marked by caustic severity concerning one or other of the "tuneful herd." There is a touch of droll caricature in the majority of these estimates, but neither the vigour nor the vivacity of the clever performance is open to question. The lapse of forty years has, of course, made havoc with a good many literary reputations on both sides of the Atlantic, and there are quite the usual number of flies in amber imbedded in Lowell's verse, by which, indeed, they will be remembered long after their own has been forgotten.

"Pensions For All at Sixty" is the title of a little book in which the "Chairman of a Yorkshire School Board" sets forth his scheme for the amelioration of the lot of the conscripts of toil. Instead of shortening the working-day, he thinks that we should shorten the working-life—not, of course, by compelling men and women to cease work at the age of three-score, but by giving them, at all events, the chance of doing so. He has come to the conclusion that possibly about twenty-eight millions a year would be required to give effect to his ambitious scheme, and he proposes that one half of the money should be raised by increasing the duty on wines, spirits, and beer, and by creating a new tax upon all aerated and other table waters, so as to bring the teetotallers into the net. As tricycles are usually owned by young men who escape both local and Imperial burdens, it is further proposed that this method of locomotion should no longer escape

the penalties of civilisation. Nothing is said about a tax on riding horses; but if tricycles are taxed, Rotten Row of necessity must likewise replenish the national exchequer. The "Chairman of a Yorkshire School Board" is apparently a well-intentioned and kindly enthusiast, but we are afraid that neither in this Parliament nor the next will his dream be realised.

Years ago, a journalist who had been commissioned to write a brief biography of Mr. Spurgeon, ventured to ask the great preacher if he possessed any "materials" for such a sketch. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "send up to my house one of Pickford's vans!" Now that Mr. Spurgeon is dead, there are rumours of biographies, big and little, and doubtless ere long a score of books will be written about him as preacher and philanthropist. Meanwhile, Mr. Shindler, an old and personal friend, has written an admirable summary of Mr. Spurgeon's career: "From the Usher's Desk to the Metropolitan Pulpit." The proof-sheets of the book were revised at Mentone in the autumn under Mr. Spurgeon's supervision, and a final chapter has been since added. It is by no means a profound or brilliant study of the facts and forces which met in the ministry and character of the late Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, but it is written with care, good sense, and right feeling, and doubtless will prove welcome to the rank-and-file of Mr. Spurgeon's admirers.

Our old friend "Dod"—the book, not the man—is at sixty years of age better qualified than ever to play the part of guide, philosopher, and Parliamentary companion to all in search of a little exact information concerning noble lords or honourable members. "Dod" gravely assures us that there has been "no serious crisis in the annals of the House of Commons during the past year," and then almost in the same breath he seeks to quiet our forebodings by the solemn assurance that it "seems likely that the present Parliament will draw to its appointed end without any remarkable change in the present constitution and division of parties." This reminds us, in style and spirit, of Zadkiel, or shall we say Old Moore, but "Dod" is better than his preface, and full to overflowing of concisely-worded and accurate statements of fact.

Three other hardy annuals of a similar kind are Mr. Edward Walford's shilling volumes on "The House of Commons," "The Baronetage," and "The Knightage." These little volumes long ago made their own welcome, and have survived the change and change of eight-and-thirty years. Mr. Walford, as everybody who knows anything at all about such subjects is aware, is an authority on all that relates to the titled classes, and with admirable enthusiasm and patience he contrives to keep himself completely informed of the changes and new combinations which are constantly taking place in the ranks of privilege. One reason why these diminutive volumes have secured so considerable a vogue springs out of the circumstance that the facts and dates they contain are submitted before publication to the correction of the families most nearly interested in the accuracy of the record.

Mankind, at all events in the British Isles, may be roughly divided into those who take an interest in dogs and those who detest them. The former class embraces all sorts and conditions of people, and, as a matter of fact, it is large enough to create a demand, year after year, for a goodly array of books, manuals, and journals which may best be described collectively as the literature of the kennel. It is to this class of readers that "The Dog Owners' Annual" makes its appeal, and does so, apparently, with a considerable degree of success. It is written by experts, and nothing that relates to the welfare of the dog in health or disease seems to have been overlooked. Special attention is given to the work of the various kennel clubs, and a fair amount of space is devoted to forthcoming dog shows. The law concerning dogs is explained, and a somewhat glaring anomaly in it is pointed out. We refer to the fact that the Legislature has not so far thought fit to consider a dog a "chattel" in the legal sense in which that term is used for horses and other valuable animals. This omission renders dog-stealing a comparatively light offence. There are a number of illustrations of dogs of distinction in the book and many useful and practical hints on kennel management for the benefit of their masters.

NOTICE.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. GOSCHEN has some quaint ideas of political encouragement. He finds the South Derbyshire election encouraging, as well as the return of MR. COMBE for Chertsey, though MR. BROAD's majority was larger than MR. WARDLE's in 1886, and the Chertsey Liberals did better than at the General Election. It might be thought that the Chancellor of the Exchequer could extract little comfort from the County Council elections; but he appears to have thoroughly enjoyed himself in retailing to a Conservative club choice passages from the writings of MR. SIDNEY WEBB. The Fabian Society must be gratified to have MR. GOSCHEN as an advertising medium; but what consolation MR. WEBB's Socialism can afford to dejected Tories is not plain. The Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to give a series of readings, including the memorable petition of the Duke of Westminster in the character of an oppressed ratepayer, and the most humorous clauses of the Irish Local Government Bill.

As some anonymous wight, who styled himself a foreman of Irish Grand Juries, wrote a letter to the *Times* to maintain that the dissolution of corporations under MR. BALFOUR'S Bill was warranted by precedent, SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT retorted by showing that the most famous precedent was the attempt to dissolve the Corporation of London in 1683. This unconstitutional act was sustained by the judges—an example which the Irish bench would doubtless be expected by the Unionists to follow in dealing with Irish County Councils charged with "oppression." It is significant that no Tory lawyer has undertaken to defend MR. BALFOUR'S proposal, which has no friend except an Irish Grand Jurymen, who has been muddling his head with STEPHEN'S "Blackstone." The Cabinet, it is said, would gladly transfer the jurisdiction in the Bill from the judges to the Irish Local Government Board, but they are deterred by the reflection that this Board will be of small service to their friends in Ireland when the Liberals are in office. But why distress themselves at all about a project which is as defunct as the STUARTS?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN had very little satisfaction to impart to his entertainers at the Criterion. He told them that in the next Parliament they would be strong enough to defend and maintain their cause. This is a somewhat negative assurance, for a cause can be defended and maintained by a very small body of adherents—to wit, the Fair Traders, who rejoice in the solid phalanx of MR. HOWARD VINCENT and MR. JAMES LOWTHER. MR. CHAMBERLAIN was confident that the Liberal Unionist programme would fascinate the electorate, and he enumerated land purchase, which is a total failure; Local Government, which in Ireland has made the Ministry a laughing-stock, and in London has seated the Progressives in office with an overwhelming majority; and Free Education, which, so far as any mortal can see, has not gained for the Conservatives a solitary vote. While CHAMBERLAIN père was hinting that the Tory rank and file had treated him very badly, CHAMBERLAIN fils was assuring the Tories of East Worcestershire that he

would vote even against Disestablishment for the sake of their support. The hereditary qualities of the CHAMBERLAIN family ought to find their climacteric in a peerage.

By an exquisite stroke of management MR. STANHOPE made his speech on the Army Estimates before the House of Commons was in possession of the report of LORD WANTAGE'S Committee. It is quite clear that the War Office has no intention of adopting any reforms. The Army, according to MR. STANHOPE, is perfectly organised, and the soldiers have nothing to complain of. The Wantage Committee thinks differently; but when did a bureaucrat pay any heed to Committees on the condition of our military defences? MR. STANHOPE apparently believes that eighty thousand men could be put into the field at once—an opinion which is shared by no military authority outside the War Department. Some day it may dawn on the War Office that the home army is not invigorated by perpetually moving fragments of it between England and the Colonies, and recruiting the remnant with boys under eighteen.

ON Wednesday afternoon the Government—virtually, if not technically—met with a serious defeat. The Places of Worship Enfranchisement Bill, which secures the enfranchisement of leaseholds of chapels where the lease is for more than thirty years, was passed by 238 to 119—a majority of precisely two to one. Landlords have been required by law to grant sites for churches since 1813; and despite MR. BALFOUR'S opposition, the Tories and Dissentients, who will soon have to face the electorate, could not afford to offend either their Wesleyan supporters or those Unionists among the other Nonconformist bodies of whose merits we have heard so much.

THIS week we have had an unpleasant reminder that, in spite of all that is said by the opponents of MALTHUS, the world is getting unpleasantly full. Birmingham has gone to Parliament with a demand to appropriate seventy square miles of land at the head waters of two tributaries of the Wye, to evict three hundred farmers, destroy the rights of a multitude of commoners, and substitute "beautiful lakes," which MR. CHAMBERLAIN expects to prove a great attraction to tourists. London and South Wales have both put in their claims, and it was probably the incautious statement of SIR THOMAS MARTINEAU that Birmingham must be beforehand with London, that chiefly induced the reference of the Bill, after it had passed its second reading on Monday, to a strong hybrid committee with power to consider the whole question and take evidence. Some day posterity will wonder why its ancestors took pure water at enormous expense and then used it for dye-works and flushing sewers. Meanwhile, we hope the population of the Wye Valley, as well as the London County Council, will have something to say to the proposal.

THE long letter we published last week from a correspondent in Quebec will have prepared our readers for the elections of Tuesday last. MR. MERCIER'S collapse is complete; and he has formally withdrawn in consequence from public life. Fifty-five